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SATIRICAL POEMS
OF THE
TIME OF THE REFORMATION

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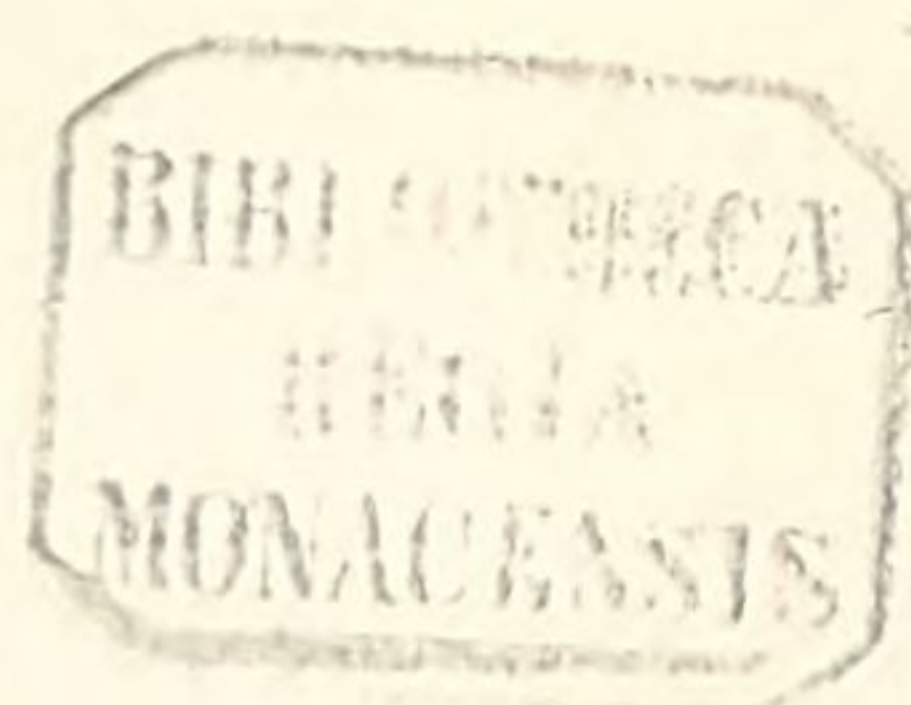
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SATIRICAL POEMS
OF THE
TIME OF THE REFORMATION

EDITED BY
JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—PERIOD AND CHARACTER OF THE POEMS.

THE Poems in this Collection cover a period of nearly twenty years (1565-1584). They are almost all of a political or party nature, and are largely tinged with the satirical element. To writings in this vein the Scottish people of the Reformation time were no strangers, for the trenchant productions of Dunbar and Lyndsay had thoroughly permeated the national mind.

The fierce struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, the avarice and tyranny of the nobles, the unsettled and lawless condition of the Commons, the corruption and immorality that everywhere prevailed, furnished endless themes for the balladist and the satirist. As a natural result, during the latter half of the sixteenth century the country was literally deluged with ballads containing rough-and-ready pictures of passing events ; circumstantial details of deeds of darkness ; satirical effusions directed against those who, from their position or abilities, took a prominent part in affairs secular or sacred ; and in some cases ebullitions of spite and rancour and personal abuse.

Considering the way in which these productions were got up and issued—printed in Black Letter on one side of single leaves of paper, and hawked about the country by chapmen and pedlars—the marvel is that any one of them has survived the ravages of chance and time. Fortunately a few have been preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of London, and the Library of the Faculty of Advocates of Edinburgh.

Every poetical broadsheet of Scottish origin belonging to the Reformation period, known to exist in these stores of the treasures of the past, is included in this collection. Interspersed with these will be found several manuscript poems which possess considerable interest, inasmuch as they supply missing links or throw additional light on the manners and customs of the time. A few reprints of unique or rare impressions complete the series.

II.—SUBJECTS.

These Poems, or Ballates as they were generally termed, mainly relate to Queen Mary, Lord Darnley, the Regent Murray, Sir William Maitland of Lethington, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, and events in the regencies of Lennox, Mar, and Morton. Some of them are of a purely personal character. A few are of the coarsely humorous type. The bulk of them issued from the side of the Reformers. The Catholic interest is meagrely represented by “A Lewd Ballet,” “Ane Exclamatioun maid in England vpone the Delyuerance of the Erle of Northumberland furth of Lochlevin,” and “Ane Admonition to the Antichristian Ministers in the Deformit Kirk of Scotland.”

III.—STYLE AND LANGUAGE.

Interesting as they are as representative of the popular literature of the latter half of the sixteenth century, these ballads evince almost none of that poetic sentiment which so powerfully appeals to human sympathy in the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Indeed they are characterised by an almost total absence of poetic feeling. In a literary point of view only two or three at the outside can lay claim to a high degree of merit. Their chief value lies in their *bona fide* character—in the perfect sincerity, so to speak, in which current events are presented by actual observers. The sameness of subject in many of them detracts from their general interest. They exhibit, moreover, the language in its decline. The growth of the old tongue received a withering check through the influence of the Reformation; while the repeated appearances of the forces of Elizabeth in the country, the want of a translation of the Scriptures in the Northern dialect, and the scarcity, in the vernacular, of such devotional books as were in use among the early Reformers, opened up the way for the introduction of Southern words and spelling and turns of phrase. Even in the short period of twenty years covered by these poems, the change is very marked. The continued accessions from Southern sources had made sad havoc with the language of Dunbar and Douglas and Lyndsay, and destroyed its dialectic integrity.

IV.—AUTHORSHIP.

Of the forty-eight poems brought together here, twelve are admittedly by Robert Sempill; three by Sir John Mait-

land of Thirlstane; three by John Davidson, one of the leaders of the party of the Reformation; one by Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange; one probably by Nicol Burne, the Roman Catholic controversialist; and one—the first of the series—by Thomas Jenye, a Yorkshire gentleman, who was associated with Thomas Randolph in his embassy to Scotland, and afterwards played a conspicuous part in the Rebellion instigated by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. The remaining twenty-seven are either pseudonymous or anonymous; but from internal evidence a considerable number of them, notably those emanating from “Maddie,” may be confidently ascribed to Sempill.

V.—NATIONALITY.

All the pieces are of Scottish birth except the first, ninth, and thirty-fourth. The first, entitled “Maister Randolpes Phantasey,” though dated from Edinburgh, is, as above noted, the work of an Englishman; hence its claim to appear among Scottish texts may be questioned. In language and style it is thoroughly English; but the subject-matter, as well as the circumstance that it is the first of a pretty long series of compositions in verse bearing on a singularly interesting time in our national history, seems to warrant its presence among pieces the reproduction of which more immediately concerns the Scottish Text Society.

A similar plea must be entered for the ninth poem, which is English in form if not of English origin. It will, however, be welcome to some as an antidote to pieces devoted, for the most part, to the aspersion of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and the indiscriminate and effusive laudation of the Regent Murray.

The thirty-fourth poem is necessary in its place for a proper understanding and appreciation of the two pieces immediately following.

VI.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.

As all the bibliographical information I have been able to glean regarding them is prefixed to the different poems, it is almost unnecessary to do more than refer to the matter here. Suffice it to say that most of them have been issued in some form or other. Those in the Maitland MS. were printed by John Pinkerton in 'Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight' (London, 1786), 2 vols. crown 8vo. Pinkerton was not the most conscientious or painstaking of editors, but it is by his transcript alone that many pieces in the Maitland MS. have hitherto been accessible to the English reader.

Several of the longer pieces were printed by Sir John Graham Dalyell in his 'Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century' (Edinburgh, 1801), 2 vols. 12mo. Of the general merit of these volumes it is impossible to speak too highly.

A much larger collection was issued in a handsome volume entitled 'The Sempill Ballates,' by Thomas George Stevenson (Edinburgh, 1872), 8vo. The typography and general appearance of the volume are all that could be desired, but errors in transcription render many passages wholly unintelligible.

The Poems by John Davidson are known to a few readers by Maidment's extremely limited edition of forty copies (Edinburgh, 1829), 1 vol. 12mo; and by 'Three

Scottish Reformers,' by Dr Rogers (1874), 1 vol. 8vo, issued to the Members of the English Reprint Society.

A few of the pieces have a place in Sibbald's 'Chronicle of Scottish Poetry' (Edinburgh, 1802), 4 vols. crown 8vo; while the three by Sempill at the end of the volume have long been familiar to the public through Allan Ramsay's 'Evergreen' (Edinburgh, 1724), 2 vols. 12mo.

It would be too much to expect that the text of the present edition is perfect, but every care has been taken by a rigorous collation to render it as faultless as possible. It would have been an easy matter by a slight change to mend many of the lines; but it does not seem to be consistent with an editor's duty, in works of this kind, to tamper with originals. Much mischief is often done by reckless though well-meant attempts at emendation. Doubtful passages and apparent errors in the original will be considered and discussed in the Notes.

To add to the completeness of the book, the titles, ornaments, and colophons have been carefully reproduced.

VII.—CONCLUSION.

In a compilation like the present, demanding an exhaustive investigation and a careful collation of all available originals, I have found it necessary in some instances to solicit the aid of others. It is pleasant to record that I have always met with the utmost willingness to help.

To the officials in her Majesty's Record Office, in the British Museum, in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of London, in the Libraries of the University and the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, and in the Pepysian

Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, I first of all tender my grateful thanks.

I have also to acknowledge valuable aid, in the way of suggestions and otherwise, rendered by John Skelton, Esq., C.B., LL.D.; Æneas J. G. Mackay, Esq., LL.D.; and the Rev. Walter Gregor, LL.D., Members of the Council of the Scottish Text Society.

To William Tough, Esq., M.A., of the Royal High School of Edinburgh, I am under special obligations. Not only has he made an independent collation of the pieces in the Edinburgh Libraries, but he has been fortunate enough to discover two MSS. of "The Legend of the Bishop of St Androis Lyfe,"—one in the Advocates' Library, the other in the Drummond Collection in the Library of the University. The former—the source apparently from which Sir John Graham Dalyell took the text in his 'Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century,'—has been lost sight of for nearly ninety years.¹ The latter seems to have hitherto escaped notice. Singularly enough, both are bound up with the MS. of Richard Bannatyne's 'Memoriales of Transactions in Scotland, 1569-1573.'

To the late Walford D. Selby, Esq., of H.M. Record Office, I was much indebted. His abilities as an expert in MS. reading were always at my service during my search in the State Paper Office, and every MS. I transcribed was subjected by him to a careful revision.

My thanks are also due to M. Louis Barbé of Glasgow for the loan, for the purpose of collation, of a copy of

¹ "This poem of Semple is supposed to have been printed from a manuscript, but where the MS. is to be found the editor has not thought proper to inform us."—Irving's 'History of Scottish Poetry,' p. 440, note.

“Maister Randolpes Phantasey,” which he had had transcribed for his own use ; and to the Rev. James C. Smith for a transcript of the poem ascribed to Nicol Burne, made from the copy in the Library of Blairs College.

J. C.

ROXBURGH HOUSE,
STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
February 1891.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

I.

THOMAS JENYE.

THOMAS JENYE—his name appears also as Jeny, Jenny, Jennings, Genys, Gennynges, &c.—played an important part as a traitor and rebel in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He seems to have been a native of York,¹ but of his early years I find no trace. He emerges into view as a subordinate in the diplomatic service in connection with Thomas Randolph and Sir Henry Norris.²

There is no doubt that Jenye was in Edinburgh with Randolph, and that he was the author of “Maister Randolphes Phantasey.”

“The Phantasey” was circulated in the early part of 1566, and caused Mary great grief and anxiety. She openly accused Randolph of being the author of it, but he strenuously repelled the charge.³ Randolph, however, had by this time, for various reasons, become obnoxious to the Queen of Scots. His crafty spirit, his persistent misrepresentation of her conduct to Elizabeth and Cecil, and, above all, his connivance with Murray in carrying

¹ His name and designation are given among those indicted for the Rebellion, under date 17th Nov., Eliz. An. xi., as Thomas Jenny *alias* Jennynge, City of York, gent. See Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569, by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, p. 230. Lond., 1840. 8vo.

² See p. xx, *infra*.

³ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Randolph to Cecil, 26th May 1566. Vol. xii., No. 65.

out his ambitious designs, had rendered the very name of Randolph distasteful to her. Having come to the conclusion that he was the author of the poem, she made matters so unpleasant for him that he found it necessary to entreat his withdrawal from the Scottish Court.¹

In a letter dated 13th June 1566, Elizabeth remonstrated with Mary on her harsh and unjust treatment of her representative, offering, however, to inflict condign punishment on the author of "The Phantasey" ("Le Songe") should he be found in her dominions.²

Mary, it is evident, was in error as to the authorship of the poem; but it is noteworthy that Randolph in his letters to Cecil, while repudiating the authorship of it and disclaiming all knowledge of the writer, never once mentions Jenye, who had proudly inscribed to him his "myte of fame."³ It is clear, however, that he knew the author well, and was cognisant of all his doings.

For a time we lose track of Jenye; but he turns up soon after as an *attaché* of Sir Henry Norris, Elizabeth's ambassador at the Court of France.

In Wright's 'Queen Elizabeth and her Times'⁴ there is a letter from Jenye to Cecil, dated Rye, 13th July [1567], from which it appears that the writer had been despatched by his superior to Dieppe to secure an English barque for the escape of the Earl of Murray to England. In the event of his failing to find one, he was to proceed to Rye, whither he went without delay. Apparently he was successful in his mission, for he says he was prepared to return to Dieppe as soon as wind and tide were favourable, for the purpose of taking Murray on board. Thereafter it was his intention to return to England with his charge, and to convey to Cecil some message which it was deemed unwise or unsafe to commit to writing.

¹ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Randolph to Cecil, 7th June 1566. Vol. xii., No. 68.

² MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Queen Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots. Vol. xii., No. 69.

³ Page 3.

⁴ Queen Elizabeth and Her Times. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. i. p. 255. Lond., 1838. 2 vols. 8vo.

In 1568 he was probably in Belgium; at all events in that year he published at Antwerp a translation of a work by Peter Ronsard,¹ which he inscribed to Sir Henry Norris, just as he had associated his earlier effort with the name of Thomas Randolph.

Jenye was back in England in 1569. In that year he took part with the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in the rising in the North. It is difficult to say how much Jenye had to do with fostering the rebellion; but the famous Darlington Proclamation assumes a fresh interest from the fact of its having been written by Thomas Jenye "at the dictation of Marmaduke Blakiston, and by command of the Earl of Westmoreland."²

In a list issued 17th November Eliz. xi., Jenye's name appears among those of a number of Englishmen "indyted for the Rebellion," and again, two years after, among "those attaynted," in "An Acte for the confirmation of the attaynders of Charles, Earle of Westmerlande; Thomas, Earle of Northumberland; and others" (xiii. Eliz., cap. xvi.)³

Jenye's own account of his share in the matter—I quote from the abstract of Sir Cuthbert Sharp—is as follows: "In answer to certain interrogatories, he said, That he was not privy to the enterprise; yet perceiving matters growing to trouble, he sent to the Earl of Northumberland at Beamish, eight or nine days before the rising, who appointed to meet him at Allerton, where he 'perswayded and disswaded' with him not to resist the Queen's orders. He left York in consequence of a message from Lady Northumberland to speak with her at Topcliff, being in great 'hevyness'; and after an hour's conference of comfort with her, he was returning to York when he heard that the Earl of Sussex had intelligence of his doings: still, however, he

¹ A discovrs of the present troobles in Fraunce and Miseries of this tyme, compyled by Peter Ronsard, gentilman of Vandome, and dedicated unto the Queene mother, translated by Thomas Jeney, gentilman. Dedicated to Sir Henry Norries, Knight, L. Ambassadour resident in Fraunce. Printed at Andwerpe, 1568. 4to.

² Sharp's Northern Rebellion, p. 42 note, where is a copy of the Proclamation, from the original in the Harleian Collection, No. 6990, 44.

³ Lemon's Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1547-1580. April 1571. No. 64. Sharp's Northern Rebellion, p. 139.

proceeded, when he met Mr Ratcliffe, who was going towards Brancepath.¹

“To the question, Of what charge or credit he had about the Earl of Sussex, he says—None; that he was always entertained aloof as a stranger; and hearing that the Earl had some suspicion of him, and had let fall some ‘displeasing words,’ he had an explanation with him, which ended in the Earl’s desiring him to choose whether he would remain or not, and he determined to remain.

“To another question, That he had been considered a principal doer in the ‘action,’ a secretary and a chieftain, and was employed in practice with foreign powers, he says: ‘I never practised with any foreign princes, neither first nor last; nor to my knowledge never the Earles nor none of ther confederacy. To the Secretaryship, indeede, I drew them ther last proclamation, which I did at Dorrington, being commanded thereto by the Earl of Westmoreland, who tooke me by the arme and said, “Since you are amongst us, we will make you do the thing we will,” and thereupon commanded one Mr Blaxton to give me instructions, and I penned it accordingly; and then was the first that ever I knew what they intended in taking up armes. More, I writt three letters at Rypon to the Erles of Darby, Cumberland, and the Lord Wharton, declaring only the manner of proceeding by the form of proclamation inclosed, requyring there assystance unto the action; but I know not whether they were sent or no, for I delivered them penned to one Mr Athington [Heighington], my Lord of Northumberland’s Secretary. For any office in the Campe I have none, for I was a mere stranger to all the companye saving the two Erles; indeed at Knaresboro my L. of Northumberland made me Lievetenant of his horsemen, which I accepted, depending but on one daye’s service.’

“ ‘You were holden for a protestant and trained up in credit under Sir Henry Norris and Mr Randolphe in the Quenes Majesties service both of France and Scotland?’ ‘Indeed I was very diverslie holden therin, and likewise brought into

¹ Egremont Ratcliffe was younger brother of the half-blood to the Earl of Sussex. He joined the standard of the Rebels at Brancepath. Sharp’s Northern Rebellion, p. 71.

great suspicion . . . for my religion ; and then that I was employed from the E. of Sussex to dischiffer and discover their doings. The awctor appered one Thomas Markenfield, who had said I was not just to the Erles : upon which words I challenged him at Brampton to have delt with him, which was forborne for that instant upon cause ; but at Exam I complained to my Lord of Northumberland how I was delt withall, who told me that he was gladd I had intelligence of some other than he what Markenfield had reported. Marry he told me that I should know more, so that I wold promys hym to forbear any challenge or revenge for that season.'"¹—*State Papers*.

It does not appear when or where these answers were given ; but it is certain that Jenye and his associates lost no time in making their escape from the country. Lord Hunsdon, writing to Cecil from Berwick, 17th March 1570, says, "Egremont Ratcliffe, Jenny, and the Patryarck, with others of the Rebellion, are prepared of a ship to pass into Flanders ;"² and again, under date 1st April 1570, he writes : "Egremont Ratcliff, Jenny, and the Patryarck and some others, having some ynkling of my preparations for them, are sent by my Lord Heaum to Orkney to be conveyed to Flanders that way by Captain Logen, to whom he gave £40 sterling to pay for the vyttail."³

On reaching the Continent the associates parted company. On the 27th of June we find Jenye in Brussels, from which he writes to his "dere frēde raytclyffe," who had been suffering from pleurisy, assuring him that he has been doing everything in his power to forward his interests, and inviting him to join him, "as this is the beste place for him."⁴ On the same day he writes a letter, to be delivered either to the Laird of Lethington or to Lord Seton, in which he speaks of the arrival of the Queen, who was at Spire on the 8th, and begs the forwarding of a letter to the Countess of Northumberland.⁵ Of

¹ Sharp's Northern Rebellion, pp. 271, 272 note.

² MS. Letter, State Paper Office.

³ MS. Letter, *ibid*.

⁴ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Thomas Genynges to Mr Egremont Ratcliffe, 27th June 1570. Vol. xviii., No. 67.

⁵ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Thomas Genynges to the Laird of Lethington or Lord Seton, 27th June 1570. Vol. xviii., No. 67.

the same date also is a letter to Mr George Hacket, begging his assistance in conveying some letters to Lord Huntly's, where he supposes Lord Seton and Lady Northumberland to be.¹

Brussels, it would appear, was too quiet or too uninviting a field for the restless spirit of Jenye, for we soon find him in Spain in the secret service of the Spanish monarch.² Here he was in regular communication with a number of his old fellow-rebels—Englefield, Markenfield, and others—who were engaged in a series of perpetual intrigues against the English Queen. Shortly afterwards he turns up in Paris, where he continued to act in concert with Englefield, Ratcliffe, Steukley, and other traitors.³ No fewer than twenty-eight English rebels were at this time enjoying handsome pensions from the Spanish Exchequer for their contemptible services.⁴

Till the year 1574 it is manifest from authentic documents that Jenye was in the receipt of a Spanish pension.⁵ He next appears at Milan. In 1576 he was in Flanders with the Earl of Westmoreland, Steukley, Ratcliffe, and other fugitives from England, several of whom had entered the service of Don John of Austria.⁶ Here Ratcliffe got mixed up in a conspiracy against

¹ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Thomas Genynges to Mr Hacket, 27th June 1570. Vol. xviii., No. 68.

² Strype's Annals, i. § 412; ii. §§ 45, 334.

³ *Ibid.*, ii. § 45.

⁴ The list is given in Strype's Annals, i. § 412.

⁵ "The certain notes of such Yngles gentlemen that came into Spain for entertainment at the king's hands, and what the king gave to each man in money at times: Thomas Genny, 2 May, 1572. Given him in September 200 duck., and in January 1573, 100 duck. And more 20 duck. per month."—Strype's Annals, Appendix, § 76. In 1574 a paper fell into the hands of the Lord Treasurer, containing a list of English men and women in Spain and the Spanish dominions who were the King of Spain's pensioners, written by Sir Francis Englefield, and sent by him to the Duke of Feria. The authentic character of the document is established by the endorsement in Lord Burleigh's own hand, "Pensioners in Spain, 1574; sent from Sir Francis Englefield to the Duke of Feria." The figures opposite the names appear to denote ducats. The number 30 stands against Jenye's name.—Strype's Annals, ii. § 334.

⁶ "In February 1576 Dr Thomas Wilson, who was sent into Flanders to procure the banishment of the fugitives, writes that 'the rebels swarm about Don John; the lewde Erle, Stewkley the romanist, and Jenny that was at Milan.'—Sharp's Northern Rebellion, p. 272.

the life of Don John, for which he was executed at Namur in 1578.¹

Jenye and Sir Francis Englefield were both concerned in the conspiracy for which Francis Throckmorton suffered in 1584. Throckmorton met Jenye at Spa, and Englefield somewhere in Flanders—each busily pursuing his path of plot and intrigue, and straining every nerve to induce the Spanish king and his governors in the Low Countries to invade the dominions of Elizabeth.²

I have been able to trace Jenye's career no further; but I find that one Thomas Brookesly *alias* Jennings³ figures in the investigations relative to the Gunpowder Plot (1605). Whether this person can be identified with the subject of the present notice deserves inquiry. Jenye at that time would presumably be about sixty years of age.

Having seen what a discreditable character Jenye was in political life, it remains for us to consider his merits as a versifier. He is known to us as an author by two pieces only—"The Phantasey," and a version of Ronsard's "Discours." Both are written in very indifferent verse, and their claims to recognition as poems are exceedingly meagre. The "Epistle Dedicatorie" prefixed to "The Phantasey" is a very clumsy piece of prose, and certainly one of the most obscure and laborious attempts thereat which any one could possibly encounter. The MS. in the State Paper Office may be an inaccurate transcript; but if it is an original or a true copy, it shows us of the nineteenth century what a terrible instrument of torture Elizabethan prose could become in the hands of a rebellious spirit like Jenye afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*.

The groundwork of the introductory and concluding portions of "The Phantasey" is to be found in Horace, whose odes on the golden mean, the fickleness of fortune, and the instability of

¹ Sharp's Northern Rebellion, p. 73. Ratcliffe's death is commemorated in a ditty of twenty-two verses (Cotton. MSS., Vespas. A. 25) entitled, "A ballet of the deathe of Ratlyffe which rose with the Earle of Northumberland, Lord Pearse, which he maide a lytle before he was handged."

² Calderwood's History of the Kirk of Scotland (Wodrow Soc. ed.), vol. iv. pp. 66-68.

³ Green's Calendar of State Papers, Dom. Ser., James I., vol. i. pp. 250, 292, 293, 297, 303.

human concerns were favourite subjects for translation and imitation by the early English poets. The verse in these portions is far superior to the prose in the "Epistle Dedicatorie"; indeed many of the lines are very fine. But one has great difficulty in ascertaining how much is by Jenye and how much by other hands. Had Jenye confined himself to imitations of Horace, one might have been disposed to credit him with the anonymous versions of the *Venusian*—the earliest, with perhaps a single exception, in the language, preserved in that exceedingly popular collection of the period, *Tottel's Miscellany*. These versions, by whomsoever made, have been largely laid under contribution by Jenye. In all his work he was dishonest. He had no compunction in appropriating ideas, lines, and even long passages, from his antecessors and contemporaries. A cursory glance at the notes to "The Phantasey" will suffice to show the nature and extent of his poetical pilferings, and to convince any one that the parallels are no mere imitations or pardonable borrowings, but deliberate and impudent thefts. The cool effrontery with which he steals from Surrey, Grimoald, Sackville, and others, as well as from anonymous authors, will strike most readers with amazement. Still, after making all abatements, there is merit of a kind in the piece, and we are glad that we possess "The Phantasey." It was no small achievement to weave the disconnected lines of others into a fairly consistent whole. The copious allusions, too, to men in past times who owed their ruin to reckless tyranny or immoderate ambition, evince a creditable acquaintance with ancient history and biography. But, perhaps, as his poetical touches are drawn from *Tottel's Miscellany*, his ancient lore may have no deeper foundation than the "Mirror of Magistrates."

Jenye was at best a literary cockroach, stealing the sweets stored by the industry of others. From the fact, however, that the proceedings of the latter half of the year 1565 are incorporated in their order of succession in this medley, and more especially that the details, which are singularly accurate, embody the views of an actual spectator, the piece acquires an uncommon interest for the student of Scottish history. The long discourse put into the mouth of Queen Mary is sorry doggerel, and must be looked upon as an utterance "in foraigne form."

Considered as a whole, what with its minute historical details, moral reflections, and unblushing plagiarisms, "The Phantasey" must be pronounced one of the most curious productions of its own, or indeed of any age.

II.

ROBERT SEMPILL.

Of the personal history of this writer nothing definite is known. All details of family and upbringing that concern one who made considerable noise in his day have been lost for lack of a biographer. There has therefore been an open field for the deviser of fables and fanciful conjectures, and, as might be expected, we have sundry theories as to the personality of Robert Sempill.

Sibbald, in his 'Chronicle of Scottish Poetry,' considers this writer of ballads and invectives to be Robert, fourth Lord Sempill.¹ The conjecture is almost too absurd for notice, and might be allowed to remain unchallenged but for the fact that his Chronicle is still, with many, an authority in the matter of Scottish poets and Scottish poetry.

Before considering Sibbald's position, let us turn for a moment to the family of Sempill. Robert, the third baron, known as "the great Lord Sempill," was a devoted Catholic, though politically attached to the party of the young king. He died in 1571, and was succeeded by his grandson, Robert fourth Lord Sempill, only son of Robert, Master of Sempill, by Barbara, daughter of Archibald Preston of Valleyfield. Though, like his grandfather, he was a devoted Catholic, during all the attempts of the King of Spain to overthrow the Reformed religion he kept aloof, and thereby secured the gratitude of the king, who was led to esteem him as a man of sterling honour and loyalty. But notwithstanding the king's kindly disposition towards him, he could not, on

¹ See pp. xxvi, xxvii, *infra*, where Sibbald's argument is cited.

account of Lord Sempill's creed, which that nobleman never for a moment dissembled, employ him in any of the civil offices of the State, though few men could have discharged the duties of an important office with greater zeal and efficiency.¹

Lord Sempill was a friend and relation of the poet Montgomerie, who addresses him on his return from France in words of warm welcome :—

“ Then welcome hame, my lord,
 Suete Semple, welcome hame;
 Quhais vertues wan the word
 That formest flies with Fame,
 Quha-of all cuntreyis crakis,
 And [the immortall maks.]

Thou wan the flour in France
 With eviry kynd of armes,
 As dager, suord, and lance,
 In pastyme and alarmes;
 Thy leiving no man laks,
 Bot the immortall maks.

.

Sen poets maist profound
 Thy praysis do proclame,
 My trumpet, to, sall sound
 The famphar of thy fame,
 Quod he vhom siknes wraks,
 And the immortall maks.”²

This accomplished, refined, and high-souled peer is the man whom Sibbald wishes us to accept as the writer of the ‘Sempill Ballates.’

In Robert Birrel's Diarey, 1532-1605, it is said that “in 1568, the 17 of Januarii, a play was made by Robert Semple, and played befor the Lord Regent and divers uthers of the nobilitie.”³ On this statement Sibbald builds up a theory which he enunciates as follows :—

“The noble family of Semple having produced at least one poet

¹ Crawford's Peerage, pp. 440-442. Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 494. Edinb., 1813. 2 vols. folio.

² Montgomerie's Poems, pp. 196, 197 (S. T. S.)

³ Dalzell's Fragments of Scottish History, p. 14. Edinb., 1798. Sm. 4to.

in the reign of James VI., it seems probable that a play written by one of that name would scarcely be suffered to perish. The only dramatic piece in the Scottish language that has any appearance of being composed about that period is 'Philotus.' In style and manner this play is extremely similar to the poems of Robert Semple in the Bannatyne MS. From Douglas's 'Peerage' it appears that Robert, the fourth Lord Semple, who succeeded his grandfather in 1571, was a man of good parts, and continued to profess the Roman Catholic religion. He died in 1611, apparently at a considerable age: supposing seventy, he would be about twenty-seven when this play and the poems ascribed to Semple were composed. All of them carry the marks of youth and of hostility to the fanaticism of the reformers. This Lord Semple married a sister of the lady who is so highly celebrated by Captain Montgomery; and a person of the name of Semple is alleged to be the coadjutor of Montgomery in the flyting between him and Polwart. From these circumstances combined, it seems rather probable that Lord Semple was the author of the following dramatic performance—'Philotus.'"¹

Sibbald here suggests that "Philotus" is the play referred to by Birrel as being acted in 1568, the year in which George Bannatyne compiled his famous collection. Now there is no ground whatever for supposing that "Philotus" was written before 1603, when that "verie excellent and delectable comedie" was printed by Robert Charteris. It is hardly worth while to consider the style and manner of the piece, though one may be allowed to remark that its freedom of speech—to use no stronger term—is the only point in which it bears any resemblance to the three poems by Sempill in the Bannatyne MS. That Lord Sempill succeeded his grandfather in 1571, was a man of good parts, and died in 1611, are statements not open to dispute; but that he attained a considerable age, seventy for example, is the reverse of what is known to be the fact. From a MS. in the State Paper Office, of date 1st July 1592, giving "the present state of the nobility in Scotland,"² we learn that Lord Sempill

¹ Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 397.

² There is another copy in the British Museum, Cottonian MSS., Cal. D. ii. 80.

was then twenty-nine years of age ; consequently at the time of his death in 1611 he would be about forty-eight. The averment that Sempill's pieces evince hostility to the fanaticism of the reformers is not only unsupported by a tittle of evidence, but negatived by every line he has written. One might as well hope "to extract sunbeams from cucumbers," as to find the faintest suspicion of Roman Catholicism in the ballads of Sempill. We have no reason to doubt Birrel's statement that Robert Semple produced a play in 1568 ; but we know for certain that Lord Semple had no hand in it, and we have every reason for believing that the play in question was not "Philotus."

Lord Sempill, it will be seen, was only a child of four or five years of age when we first hear of these Ballads ; while the author of them, who had been engaged in the siege of Leith in 1560, must have been about thirty years of age.

This being so, it is simply astounding to find William Motherwell, in his 'Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire,' following Sibbald, and adducing fresh arguments in support of his view. "Here," says he, "are two individuals bearing the same name and living at the same period. That these two are one person we have little hesitation to affirm." After what has been said, it is unnecessary to notice Motherwell's feeble arguments in detail, but one or two of his statements must not pass unchallenged.

"According to Douglas's 'Peerage' and Crawford's 'History of Renfrewshire,'" says Motherwell, "Robert, the fourth Lord Sempill, succeeded to his grandfather in 1571, and died at an advanced age in 1611. Sempill, the poet, wrote all his works between the years 1565 and 1573, for in Birrell's Diary occurs the following notice: '1568, Jan. 18. A play was made by Robert Sempill, and performed before the Lord Regent and divers others of the Nobility;' and in Ames's 'Typography of Great Britain,' it appears that the 'Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh' was 'imprintit be Robert Lekpreuick, Anno 1573.'" ¹

These statements, doubtless made in ignorance of the facts, are groundless and misleading.

¹ The Harp of Renfrewshire: A Collection of Songs and other Poetical Pieces, accompanied with Notes, Explanatory, Critical, and Biographical, and a Short Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire. [Edited by William Motherwell.] Paisley, 1819. Pp. xvii, xviii.

It is quite true, as has been already said, that the fourth Lord Sempill succeeded his grandfather in 1571, and died in 1611, but *at an advanced age* is not a *statement* by Douglas, but a *surmise* by Sibbald,¹ reiterated as a *fact* by Motherwell. Again, instead of all Sempill's work being written between 1565 and 1573, his pieces that have come down to us extend from some time prior to 1567 till 1584. These additional pleas of Motherwell, therefore, do not in the least strengthen Sibbald's position.

Mr David Constable also adopts the theory that Lord Sempill is the author of the Ballads, and supports his contention by one or two arguments totally different from, but quite as baseless as, those of Sibbald and Motherwell. In his introduction to his facsimile reprint of the 'Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh' he says: "Spotswood mentions the Masters of Ruthven and Semple as being among the hostages entered in Berwick as pledges for the fulfilment of the articles agreed to between the Regent and the English respecting the siege. That the above-mentioned persons were the Lords Ruthven and Semple there can be little doubt, nor is it likely that any but persons of rank would be given as hostages on such an occasion. We learn by the two following verses that the author was not present at the siege:—

'Bot Hume wes first that our the walis wan,
As I heir say—I wes not thair my sell.'²

And there is every appearance of his being at Berwick when he wrote the poem from the first two lines:—

'Buschmēt of Beruik, mak 3ow for the gait,
To ring 3our drūmis & rank 3our mē of weir.'

"From his printed works it may be observed that after the year 1570 he drops his Christian name, and signs himself merely Sempil. As his father died in the year 1570, he succeeded to

¹ See p. xxvii, *supra*.

² Ll. 121, 122. Mr Constable might also have cited lines 205, 206, as equally helpful to his argument:—

"Sū stuid beside, and gat not worth twa leikis,
As I heir say—I wes not thair to se."

his titles, which were confirmed by charter, Dec. 15, 1572, and this satisfactorily explains the above circumstances."¹

That Lord Sempill—a lad of ten years of age at the time of the siege of the castle of Edinburgh—was one of the hostages entered in Berwick is all well enough,² but that is not the question at issue: our concern here is with the authorship of the Sempill poems, and it has been already shown that he could have had nothing to do with the writing of them. What strikes one as most singular is Mr Constable's ignorance of the family history of Sempill. He might easily have ascertained from either Douglas's or Crawford's Peerage that the fourth Lord Sempill's *father* died in 1569, and his *grandfather* in 1571.³ The circumstance of Sempill's dropping his Christian name, were it a fact, would certainly seem to be a point scored for the peer; but it is not so. The truth is, the name is written indifferently Sempil, Sempill, Semple, Symple, and Robert Sempill. In the Bannatyne MS., written in 1568, two of the poems have "quod Semple," the other "Q. Robert Sempill." In both of the MSS. "The Legend of the Lymmaris Lyfe," written in 1584, is described under the initials R. S. The statement, therefore, is worth nothing.

It has been conjectured that Sempill was "a captain in the army," inasmuch as he speaks of himself as being present at the siege of Edinburgh Castle.⁴ The passage—

"Quhill force did faill, and than I saw thame fane
To cry 'Peccaui' with the waithman noit"⁵—

might lead one to infer that he was in some sort a witness of the siege. A witness of the siege he may well have been—he may even have been in the army of Morton—for the passage

¹ Prefatory Notice to facsimile reprint of 'The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh,' Lond., 1813. Small 4to.

² Spottiswood's words seem to be conclusive on this point: "The Masters of Ruthven and Semple, John Cunningham, son to the Earl of Glencairn, and Douglas of Kilspindie, being entered in Barwick as pledges, Sir William Drury marched with his forces into Scotland, and came to Edinburgh the 25th of April."—Hist., p. 271.

³ Douglas's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 494; Crawford's Peerage, p. 442.

⁴ The Sempill Ballates. Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Preface, p. vii.

⁵ Ll. 143, 144.

above cited proves nothing more than that he was not a witness to the occurrence of which he is speaking. That he had previously been in the army in some capacity is certain. A line in "The Hailsome Admonition," in which he speaks of the valour of Kirkaldy at the siege of Leith—

"During that seige I saw the prick full neir,"¹—

and a couplet in "Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun"—

"Quha could declare our langsum lyfe in Leith,
Fechtand all day, and syne lay in our clais?"²—

clearly establish the fact. Sempill's graphic and circumstantial account of the siege of the Castle, moreover, renders it extremely probable that he was in the city at the time. It would be rash, however, to conclude from the evidence we possess that he held the post of "captain," and that he speaks of himself in the lines—

"Four Capitanis followit at thair bak to byde,
Sempill and Hectour, Ramsay and Robesoun."³

Not one of these conjectures, it will be seen, brings us one whit nearer realising the individuality of Robert Sempill.

To disprove the conjectures of others, however, is frequently a far easier matter than to definitely settle the question at issue. In this case it would be futile to attempt such a thing. Let us nevertheless set down what we know of Sempill from his own pieces, and from the few allusions to him which we find in contemporary writers, that thereby we may be in a position to hazard a more probable conjecture concerning him.

From the Ballads we know that he was a bitter and uncompromising foe to Queen Mary, and a zealous and determined Protestant of the Knoxian or extreme Presbyterian type. He was of an irascible and spiteful temper, and implacable in no ordinary degree. He seems, too, like poets and lampooners in general, to have had but a scanty share of this world's goods; at any rate, he was not of a rank and condition in life to warrant his refusing the ordinary pecuniary rewards given for services rendered, for on the 12th of February 1567/8 there is an entry in the Lord

¹ Poem xxiii., l. 76.

² Poem xlv., ll. 161, 162.

³ Ll. 119, 120.

High Treasurer's books of £66, 13s. 4d. to Robert Semple. That he had at one time a position at Court or in the army is incontestably proved by allusions in his writings, and by his accurate knowledge of State affairs. From the 38th poem he appears to have visited the Continent, and to have made his escape from Paris at the Massacre of St Bartholomew in 1572. After this he returned to Edinburgh, where he probably continued to reside.

The contemporary references to Sempill are few and meagre, but they are in accord with what we know of him from his own writings. Like Lord Sempill, he was well known to Montgomerie. We shall see how the latter speaks of his old friend and crony in a sonnet to Robert Hudson:—

“ My best belouit brother of the band,
 I grein to see the sillie smiddy smeik.
 This is no lyfe that I leve vpaland
 On raw rid herring reistit in the reik,
 Syn I am subject somtyme to be seik,
 And daylie deing of my auld diseis.
 Eit bread, ill aill, and all things are ane eik ;
 This barme and blaidry buists up all my bees.
 3e knau ill guyding genders mony gees,
 And specially in poets. For example,
 3e can pen out tua cuple and 3e pleis,
 3ourself and I, old Scot and Robert Semple.
 Quhen we ar dead, that all our dayis bot daffis,
 Let Christan Lyndesay wryt our epitaphis.”¹

In the ‘Autobiography and Diary of Mr James Melville, minister of Kilrenny in Fife, 1556-1601,’ it is recorded that while he was at Montrose in the year 1570, “there was also ther a post (Jhon Finheaven) that frequented Edinbruche, and brought ham Psalme buikes and ballates namlie of Robert Semples making, wherin I tuik pleasour and lernit sum thing bathe of the esteat of the countrey and of the missours and cullors of Scottes ryme.”²

The passage in Birrel's Diary already quoted probably refers to the writer of the ballads.

¹ Montgomerie's Poems, Son. xxv., p. 101. (S. T. S.)

² The Diary of Mr James Melville, p. 18. (Bannatyne Club.) Edinb., 1829.

David Calderwood, under date 1584, remarks that "Bishop Adamson's behaviour in his journey to, at, and frome Londoun, is sett doun in a certan poem made by Robert Sempell, a Scottish poet, intituled 'The Legend of the Lymmaris Life.'" ¹

Lastly, we have Dempster's panegyric: "Semple, claro nomine poeta, cui patrius sermo tantum debet ut nulli plus debere eruditi fateantur: felix in eo calor, temperatum iudicium, rara inventio, dictio pura ac candida, quibus dotibus Regi Jacobo carissimus fuit. Scripsit Rhythmos vernacule, Lib. I. Carmina amatoria, ut Propertii sanguinem, Tibulli lac, Ovidii mel, Callimachi sudorem, æquasse plerisque doctis videatur, Lib. I." ²

This estimate, written in Dempster's usual grandiloquent style, and formed apparently without the slightest acquaintance with Sempill's poems, extravagant though it be, may be held, so far as the first part of it is concerned, to apply in some measure to the Ballads; but we have no poems by Robert Sempill at all answering to the description of love-poems rivalling the productions of the famous love-elegists of old. Some poems of an elegiac character have been attributed to Sir James Semple of Beltrees, the author of "The Packman's Pater Noster"; ³ and as Dempster gives Semple no Christian name, it is just possible that he has mixed up two people of the same surname.

One thing is specially observable in Sempill's case—his marked silence about himself and his family connections. No allusion occurs in his poems by which we can trace his pedigree or kindred. And on these points contemporary writers are equally reticent. From a casual statement in "The Legend of the Bischof of Sanct Androis Lyfe," he appears to have spent a part of his early life in France. ⁴ In one instance he speaks of himself as a *harum-scarum* bard—"rakles Robert"; ⁵ and from the delight he takes

¹ Calderwood, vol. iv. p. 61. See also Row's Hist. of the Kirk of Scotland, p. 131 and note; Scot's Apologetical Narration of the State of the Kirk, p. 51; and the Miscellany of the Wodrow Society, vol. i. p. 507. (Wodrow Society editions.)

² Dempsteri Hist. Eccles. Gent. Scotorum, p. 602. (Bannatyne Club.) Edinb., 1829.

³ These Poems are contained in a small 4to MS. volume, preserved in the Advocates' Library, and were printed for the first time by Thomas George Stevenson as an Appendix to 'The Sempill Ballates.'

⁴ Poem xlv., l. 979.

⁵ Poem xxi., l. 105.

in punning on his surname, he seems to have been proud of it. Judging by his work, we should think that his education must have been a liberal one, and that his opportunities must have been favourable for his associating with men in responsible positions. All things considered, it is not unlikely that he was a cadet of the great house of Sempill, but of illegitimate birth.

Leaving, then, the vexed question of Sempill's identity, and premising that he was probably born about 1530,¹ that the best part of his poetical career lay between 1567 and 1584, and that his death occurred in 1595, we proceed to consider him in relation to his work.

The stormy times in which he lived presented a rich field to one who was by nature a partisan and a satirist. We are consequently not surprised to find him closely allied to one of the great parties into which the country was then divided. He was a vigorous supporter of the cause of the Reformation, and fought its battles with a willing and unsparing pen. The murder of Darnley and of the Regent Murray, and the sad fate of the young Lord Methven, afford materials for a number of pieces characterised by intense antipathy to the party of the Queen; while his special faculty for vituperation finds ampler scope in invectives directed against Mary, Bothwell, Lethington, Grange, Lord Fleming, and Archbishops Hamilton and Adamson. Darnley, who would have had little claim to human sympathy but for his dastardly assassination, is extolled for his genius and his virtues; while Murray, whose active, useful, and brilliant career does not always merit approval, is held up to public admiration as a spotless hero; Rizzio is portrayed as a double-minded knave who deserved his doom; the accomplished and astute Lethington is a second Machiavelli; the gallant Grange is a traitor of the deepest dye; the unhappy Queen is a very Jezebel; all who are opposed to the "mes" are pure and stainless; all who favour it are steeped in vice. The licence and immorality that existed in the historic Church at this time doubtless deserved the severest reprehension; but many who had joined the Reformers had hands far from clean and hearts far from pure. Hence Sempill's indiscriminate

¹ He can hardly have been born later than 1530 if he was in France in the lifetime of Clement Marot (b. 1495, d. 1544). See Poem xlv., l. 980.

censure of the one and his wholesale laudation of the other savour to modern readers of bigotry and spiritual pride. In his nature there is little disposition to conciliation or compromise, as his virulent pasquinades very clearly show.

Sempill's earliest compositions are those at the end of the collection—viz., "The Flemyng Bark," "Crissell Sandelandis," and "The Claith Merchant"—pieces deemed by Dr Irving "more sprightly"¹ than the others, and characterised by Mr Constable as "remarkable for nothing but their obscenity."² It is certainly extraordinary, but by no means uncommon, to find writers of this period attacking immorality in all its forms, yet themselves producing poems redolent of the tavern and the brothel. In Sempill's case this was hardly to be expected, so much is austere morality the *rôle* of the writer. But then, be it remembered, these pieces were written when he was in the heyday of youth, and evidently no stranger to the ways of those "who had their conversation in the lusts of the flesh."

His political satires are crude and often coarse in expression, but they bristle with pithy proverbs, happy turns of phrase, and vigorous if somewhat unmusical lines. There is a sad want of variety in his pieces, due to his constantly harping on a single set of subjects. One tires of his endless laments and doleful deplorations, his spiteful invective, his arrant dogmatism. But when he attempts a fresh subject, such as "The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh," or "The Legend of a Lymmaris Lyfe," there is no tendency in his muse to droop or flag. In all his work, however, we look in vain for a fresh glimpse of nature. We have murder, outrage, strife, and uncharitable words, but no cool grove or grassy mead, no pleasant fruit or fragrant flower, no sunlit or moonlit sky, no opaline or jasper sea.

Sempill's accurate knowledge of political events, and of the personal conduct of men in high position, point to his having spent much of his time in Edinburgh. In 1572 we have seen he was in Paris, whence he made his escape at the massacre of the Huguenots. In the following year he published "The Sege

¹ Hist. of Scot. Poetry, p. 440.

² Prefatory Notice to facsimile reprint of "The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh."

of the Castel of Edinburgh"—a most interesting poem, evincing much spirit, considerable descriptive power, and great minuteness of detail. Thereafter we have nothing from his pen till 1581. In that year he wrote "Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun," suggested by Morton's downfall—a piece overloaded with classical allusions, but feelingly recalling the achievements of an active and brilliant past, and breathing sincere regard and earnest solicitude for the fallen peer. In 1584 he penned "The Legend of the Bischope of Sanct Androis Lyfe," the most scurrilous and barefaced of his works, but withal the crowning effort of his talent.

Sempill's poems, we have seen, have been ridiculously overpraised by Dempster. On the other hand, they have been somewhat ungenerously disparaged by others. Dr Irving speaks of Sempill as "a copious and voluminous versifier of wars," and "one of the most persevering and unsuccessful of the period." He characterises his poems generally as "indecent and unpoetical," and his "Legend of the Bischope of Sanct Androis Lyfe" as "a compound of vulgarity, passion, and malevolence," and as "a most persevering, gross, and illiberal attack on the character of Dr Patrick Adamson, who was a scholar, a man of talents, and a prelate of ingenuity and erudition, but was not free from the glaring errors into which churchmen are sometimes betrayed by the fatal allurements of ambition."¹ According to modern notions, the indecency must be admitted; and pasquinade, it must also be conceded, is not one of the very highest forms of poetry; but the objection of indecency would hardly have obtained in an age that cherished Dunbar and Lyndsay, Alexander Montgomerie and Alexander Scot. Some reasonable allowance must therefore be made for the time in which the poems were written. With regard to the poetry of Sempill as a whole, though it cannot be put in competition with Sir John Maitland's verse in this collection, it is quite equal to what we find in the majority of pieces of the class and period. Whatever, moreover, may be said of the spirit that animated Sempill in writing "The Legend of a Lymmaris Lyfe," it must be allowed that the piece, though scurrilous, is decidedly clever; and the fact of Adamson being "a scholar, a man of talents, and a prelate of ingenuity and erudition," should be no

¹ Irving's Hist. of Scot. Poetry, p. 439.

ground for glossing a discreditable career, or exempting it from the lash of the satirist.

Dr Irving seems to have taken a jaundiced view of Sempill's work—a view, however, in which he is not singular. The celebrated antiquary and ballad-hunter Joseph Ritson held an opinion of Sempill's Ballates, and of those who circulated them, infinitely lower even than did Dr Irving in his most ungenial mood.¹ On the other hand, Allan Ramsay, whose acquaintance with Sempill's writings was probably confined to the three ballads printed by him in 'The Evergreen,' had a better opinion of the poet, inasmuch as he deemed him worthy of a place among "the auld makars of Ballates, Sangis and Tragedies :—

" Quhen frae the dumps 3e wald 3our mind discharge,
Then tak the air in smiling Semplis berge ;
Or heir him jyb the carlis did Grissy blame,
Quhen eild and spyte takis place of 3outhheids flame." ²

Though one would never think of recommending Sempill's Ballates in a complete form as a cure for the dumps—for surely many of them are lugubrious enough—they are yet well worthy of preservation and careful study. As a portion of the literature of the sixteenth century, they deserve the attention of the scholar ; while, as giving a picture of the Reformation times from the writer's point of view, they possess a distinct and permanent value. The spirit of the pieces is not always to be commended ; but when the satirist is dealing with matters of fact, his statements are singularly accurate. His work, moreover, bears the stamp of honesty on the face of it. Sempill certainly had the courage of his opinions. The effect of the work of such a man in his own day on his fellows is hardly to be overestimated. Newspapers and periodicals had not yet blossomed into existence, and printed books containing any reference to passing events were rare. One can therefore easily fancy how eagerly such broadsheets as "The Regentis Tragedie," "The Poysonit Schot," and "The Tressoun

¹ See Letter of Ritson, printed in the Preface to 'The Sempill Ballates,' pp. xxi, xxii.

² Poem by Allan Ramsay, originally printed as a broadside in double columns without date, and reprinted in the Memorials of George Bannatyne, 1545-1608. Edited by David Laing, Esq., for the Bannatyne Club. Edinb., 1829.

of Dunbartane," hawked about the country by cadgers and pedlars, would be purchased and devoured by the people. Of this avidity for ballads we have had an example in the worthy minister of Kilrenny, and doubtless many of his cloth, similarly situated, longed for the same sort of literary pabulum. Sempill's influence, let us hope, was for good. His voice was but an echo of that of the leaders of his faction. When a man like Murray, highly gifted, immensely popular, but withal unscrupulous, could league himself with assassins and lend himself to the sacrifice of his sister and Queen, and a churchman like Knox could justify and commend a cruel and cowardly murder,¹ we must deal considerately with men like Sempill.

Sempill's character may be sketched in a sentence or two. He was impetuous and uncompromising, but eminently conscientious and trustworthy; venomous and spiteful, and with but little of the milk of human kindness in his nature. That he was not altogether destitute of tenderness and sympathetic feeling is shown by the unaffected pathos of some of his lines, but his strength lay in invective. With all his dogmatism, he would probably have been the last man to claim the name of poet. To speak to his fellows in the character of balladist was perhaps the height of his ambition.

Taken all in all, he is a representative man of his party in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and as a commoner has obtained a celebrity far beyond that of the peer with whom he has been so absurdly identified.

¹ "Lord Ruthven, Father to him that proudly gave Counsaill to tak just Punischment upon that Knaif Davie."—Knox's Hist., Bk. i. p. 34. "That greit Abusar of this Comoun-welthe, that Pultroun, and vyle Knaif Davie was justlie punished the Nynte of Meirche in the yeir of God 1565, for abusing of the Comoun-welthe, and for his uther Villanie, whiche we list not to express, by the Counsaill and Handes of James Douglas, Erle of Mortoun, Patrick Lord Lindesay, and the Lord Ruthven, with uthers Assistars in thair Cumpanie, who all, for thair just Act, and maist Worthie of all Prais, are now unworthilie left of thair Brethren, and suffer the Bitterness of Banishment and Exyll."—*Ibid.*, p. 86. See also MS. letter, State Paper Office, Border Correspondence. Bedford to Cecil, 27th March 1568, with list affixed containing the names of those present at, or privy to, the death of Rizzio, among which appear those of John Knox and John Craig, preachers.

III.

SIR WILLIAM KIRKALDY.

Sir William Kirkaldy, to whom the authorship of the piece entitled "Ane Ballat of the Captane of the Castell" is ascribed, held the Castle of Edinburgh in the interests of Queen Mary from the spring of 1570 till the end of May 1573.

This gallant soldier was the eldest son of Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, High Treasurer of Scotland in the reign of James V. He early espoused the principles of the Reformation, and for his share in the conspiracy against Cardinal Beaton, which led to that prelate's assassination,¹ was banished to France.² He was in the pay of the French king during his wars with Charles V., and was decreed a pension for life on account of meritorious service.³ In 1559, when the French came to Leith to aid the Catholic party, he greatly distinguished himself, and is said to have slain the first foreign intruder in a hand-to-hand encounter—a fact which the Protestants hailed as an omen of success.⁴ In 1566 he joined the conspiracy against Bothwell, and received the surrender of the Queen at Carberry Hill, 15th June 1567.⁵ Thereafter he pursued Bothwell to the Orkneys and scattered his fleet, though in the confusion the object of his chase escaped in a small boat.⁶ On his return he was appointed governor of the Castle of Edinburgh by the Regent Murray, to whom Sir James Balfour had surrendered it for the sum of £5000 in money, the gift of the Priory of Pittenweem, and other important considerations.⁷ In 1568 he filled a critical post at the battle of Langside, and by his personal bravery and military skill contributed largely to the success of the Regent on that eventful day.⁸

¹ Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, pp. 64, 65, Edinb. 1732, fol.; Spottiswood, p. 83; Keith, p. 43.

² Knox, pp. 76, 84.

³ Dalrymple's Scotch Poems of the Sixteenth Century, vol. i. p. 115.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Spottiswood, p. 207.

⁶ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. David Syncler to the Earl of Bedford, [15th September] 1567, vol. xiv., No. 82.

⁷ Keith's Hist., p. 455; Spottiswood, p. 213.

⁸ Keith, p. 479.

Kirkaldy, as has been said, had been one of the earliest converts to the Reformed religion, and from his high character was looked upon as one of the bulwarks of the Regent and his party. To Murray he remained faithful till he was clearly convinced of the factious spirit that animated him and his unscrupulous associates. He strongly disapproved of his selfish and time-serving policy in imprisoning the Duke of Chatelherault and Lord Herries;¹ an act which involved in his eyes an unpardonable breach of faith. His trust in the Regent continued still further to decline after his conduct in the arraignment of Lethington, his former friend and loyal associate.² He now began to manifest a decided leaning towards the Queen's party, and kept the castle in her behalf with consummate ability and dauntless courage during the regencies of Lennox and Mar. At last, however, the English forces under Sir William Drury, Marshal of Berwick, combined with those of Morton, and his united assailants proved too strong for his diminished and now disaffected garrison.³ A spirit of mutiny had broken out among his men, who threatened, in case the siege were prolonged, to hang Maitland over the battlements.⁴ This menace forced Grange to renounce the struggle. He accordingly surrendered at discretion to the English general, well knowing that he would receive no mercy at the hands of the Regent.⁵ As the result, however, of the latter's representations to Elizabeth, Sir William Drury was reluctantly compelled to give up his old friend and companion in arms,⁶ who was hanged at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, 3d August 1573, ostensibly as a warning to traitors in all coming time, but in reality sacrificed by

¹ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Herries to Elizabeth, 5th July 1569, vol. xvi., No. 31; Tytler's Hist. of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 309.

² MS. Letters, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Murray to Cecil, 5th September 1569, and Lord Hunsden to Cecil, 8th September 1569, vol. xvi., Nos. 54 and 55.

³ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 283.

⁴ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Killigrew to Burghley, 20th June 1573, vol. xxv., No. 74; Poem xxxix., l. 180 *infra*.

⁵ MS. Letters, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Killigrew to Burghley, 20th June 1573, vol. xxv., Nos. 73, 74; Spottiswood, p. 271.

⁶ MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Drury to Burghley, 18th June 1573, vol. xxv., No. 71; Spottiswood, p. 272.

Morton at the call of the Reformers,¹ to verify the prediction of Knox, "that Kirkaldy would be dragged with shame from the rock wherein he trusted, and hanged in the face of the sun."²

On the scaffold this high-souled and chivalrous subject, while expressing deep contrition for his sins, to the last professed his warm attachment and unshaken devotion to his captive sovereign.³ His body was quartered, and his head fixed over the gate of the castle which he had so long and so gallantly defended.⁴

The character of Grange has been estimated from different points of view, and by men of widely diverging tendencies. Sempill, the arch-balladist of the Reformation, and Calderwood, its accredited historian, with those of the king's party generally, while recognising to some extent his distinguished abilities and past services to their cause, delight to paint him as a recreant fosterling of Murray, a paragon of ingratitude, a traitor to the cause of justice and of right. Knox alone, perhaps, of the clergy, could estimate Grange at his true value; and it is certain that, vehemently as he denounced the course pursued by his former friend and coadjutor, he loved the man.⁵ Those again, on the other hand, who have not suffered from the influence of the religious and political fever of the troublous Reformation time, and fancy they can descry where might have been a path of comparative peace instead of internecine strife between two uncompromising factions, see in him a man of singular integrity, rare loyalty, and high purpose.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh justly owed Grange a bitter

¹ "Considering what has been, and daily is, spoken by the preachers, that God's plague will not cease quhill the land be purged of blood, and having regard that such as are interested by the death of their friends, the destruction of their houses, and away taking of their goods, could not be satisfied by any offer made to me in particular, quhilk I accepting, should have been cassin in double inconvenience, I deliberated to let justice proceed as it has done."—MS. Letter, State Paper Office, Scot.-Eliz. Morton to Killigrew, 5th August 1573, vol. xxv., No. 84.

² Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 234; Spottiswood, p. 266.

³ MS. Letter, State Paper Office. Killigrew to Burghley, 3d August 1573; Melville's Diary, pp. 26-28.

⁴ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 285; Dalyell's *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, vol. i. p. 134.

⁵ Spottiswood, p. 266.

grudge for his indiscriminate firing on the populace, and his wanton destruction of their fair city—acts which it were vain to attempt to palliate on the ground either of expediency or necessity. His conduct, moreover, was not always consistent; but it was at least unsullied by the meanness and selfishness that were conspicuous in some of his contemporaries, to whom many accorded a blind and willing worship. His career was, on the whole, a brilliant one; and his fame, for a while obscured by the prejudice and narrow-mindedness of his countrymen, has stood the test of time. He was, doubtless, to some extent influenced by the stronger will of Lethington, but withal he was possessed of unusual loftiness and nobility of character. To him, indeed, might with singular aptness be applied the oft-quoted verse of Lucan—

“*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”¹

Many years after he had met his fate, a striking tribute was paid to his memory by James VI., who, conscious of his high merit, and sensible of the services he had rendered to his country, ordered his bones to be gathered together and laid among the ashes of his kindred.²

“The Ballat,” so far as is known the only literary effort of Grange, is interesting from its being written in the measure of “The Bankis of Helicon” and “The Cherrie and the Slae.” In musical cadence and poetic grace it is far inferior to either of these compositions, which are out of sight the most elegant specimens of this kind of verse belonging to the sixteenth century. But, apart altogether from its literary merit, “The Ballat” affords undoubted evidence of rare goodness of heart, as well as of unshaken loyalty and generous attachment on the part of Grange; and it is pleasing to find such a strain amid a host of pieces devoted for the most part to aspersing and vilifying the character of the unfortunate Queen of Scots and her ill-starred adherents.

¹ *Pharsalia*, Lib. i. v. 128.

² *Dalyell's Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, vol. i. p. 135.

IV.

SIR JOHN MAITLAND.

Sir John Maitland, second son of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, was born in 1545. After finishing his education at home he went to France for further culture, and on his return devoted himself to law. As a jurist he soon made his mark, attaining at the early age of twenty-three, on his father's resignation of the office, the post of Lord Privy Seal. By his talent, tact, and untiring industry, he soon rose to the highest positions in the realm. He was made a Senator of the College of Justice in 1581, and filled successively the offices of Secretary of State, Vice-Chancellor, and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Though looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion and distrust by the old nobility, he remained firm to his principles and to the Protestant cause.

A church legislator rather than what would be termed an earnest Christian, he did much to establish the Presbyterian form of worship and government in the Kirk, and was mainly instrumental in framing the Act of 1592—the Magna Charta of the Church of Scotland.¹ In his later years his fair fame was to some extent obscured from his having been concerned in the death of “the bonnie Earl of Murray,”—“a crime which,” in the words of Dr Skelton, “taking hold of the popular imagination, like the death of Darnley, Scotsmen have never ceased to detest.”² But his rare sagacity, courage, and knowledge of the world rendered him indispensable at Court, and raised him to the highest position attainable by a subject. He was the trusted friend and favourite minister of James VI., who, as a special mark of royal favour, raised him to the peerage with the title of Lord Thirlstane,—the dignity to descend to heirs male of his body—18th May 1590.³

The esteem in which Sir John Maitland was held by his con-

¹ Calderwood, vol. v. pp. 162-166.

² Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart, by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D., p. 33. Edinb.: Blackwood, 1887. 8vo.

³ Crawford's Peerage, pp. 252, 253.

temporaries is attested by Alexander Montgomerie in a sonnet which may fitly find a place here:—

“Of Mars, Minerva, Mercure, and the Musis,
 The curage, cunning, eloquence, and vain,
 Maks maikles Maitland mirrour to remane
 As instrument vhlk these for honour vsis,
 Quhais fourfald force with furie him infusis
 In battells, counsels, orisones, and brain.
 It neids no prooffe ; experience is plane ;
 A cunning king a cunning chancellor chuisis.
 Quhat happines the hevins on him bestoues
 Hes trimlie at this trublous tyme bene tryde.
 Thoght worthynes of wreches be invyde,
 3it wonted vertue ay the grener grouis.
 Then, lyk his name, the gods for armis him giv[es]
 Sword, pen, and wings, in croun of laurel lei[ves.]”¹

The three poems attributed to Sir John Maitland in this collection are of a character widely different from most of the others. “Ane Admonition to my Lord Regentis Grace” is a state poem full of dignity, sound sense, and patriotic feeling ; “Ane schort Inveccyde maid aganis the Delyuerance of the Erle of Northumberland,” is a satire of Archilochian pungency and power ; while the piece entitled “Aganis Sklanderous Tungis” abounds in useful maxims, sensible reflections, and that old-world wisdom which is so happily expressed in the homely proverb. All of them breathe the spirit of blameless honour and incorruptible integrity ; and that rectitude of purpose which is their key-note is presented in a setting of signal terseness, force, and correctness of expression.

Sir John Maitland wrote a number of Latin epigrams, which bear testimony to his elegant scholarship and high literary culture. Most of them are included in the “*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*,”² a collection which drew from Dr Johnson the high praise that it “would have done honour to any nation.”³

This accomplished scholar and statesman died 3d October 1595, and was buried in the Abbey Church of Haddington—the resting-place of many of his family and name.

¹ Montgomerie’s Poems, Sonnet ix. (S. T. S.)

² *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum hujus Ævi illustrium*. Amst., 1637. 2 vols. 12mo.

³ A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.

V.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

John Davidson, the author of three poems in this collection, was born about the year 1549 at Dunfermline, where his parents owned some property.¹ We first hear of him at St Leonard's College, St Andrews, where he studied from 1567 to 1570, and afterwards held the office of Regent. He was destined for the ministry, and throughout his life displayed great zeal in the cause of the Reformation. In 1572 the following entry regarding him occurs in Mr James Melville's Diary:—

“This yeir, in the monethe of July, Mr Jhone Daudsone, an of our Regents, maid a play at the mariage of Mr Jhone Colvin, quhilk I saw playit in Mr Knox presence; wherin, according to Mr Knox doctrine, the Castell of Edinbruche was besiged, takin, and the Captan with an or twa with him hangit in effigie.”²

In the early part of 1573 Davidson printed two pieces,—“Ane Breif Commendatioun of Vprichtnes,” in which he extolled the virtues of Knox, and “Ane Schort Discurs of the Estaitis quha hes caus to deploir the Deith of this excellent Seruand of God.” Both are earnest and thoughtful pieces, and pregnant with apostolic zeal. Shortly after their publication, on the Regent Morton obtaining an order in the Privy Council authorising the union of several parishes under the sole charge and supervision of one clergyman, Davidson expressed his opposition to the farming of benefices in a satirical poem entitled “Ane Dialog or Mutuall talking betuix a Clerk and ane Courteour concerning foure Parische Kirks till ane Minister,” which, though printed without his knowledge or consent, brought both him and the incautious Lekpreuik into very serious trouble.³ Davidson was summoned by the indignant Regent to a justice-aire

¹ Charter of Mortification, by John Hamilton of Preston, dated 19th Nov. 1615, in the keeping of the Kirk-Session of Haddington. M'Crie's Life of Melville, p. 476. Edinb.: Blackwood, 1856. 8vo.

² Diary of Mr James Melville, minister of Kilrenny, p. 22. (Bannatyne Club.) Edinb., 1829.

³ Melville's Diary, p. 23. See p. lvii, *infra*.

at Haddington, and sentenced to imprisonment, but was afterwards liberated on bail, in the hope that in the meantime he would make a retractation of the sentiments to which he had given expression.¹ He remained firm, however, and finding that nothing short of a humble apology and an unqualified recantation would save him from punishment, by the advice of friends sought a place of concealment. Making his way into Ayrshire, he was kindly received and hospitably entertained by Robert Campbell of Kinzeancleuch and his wife, a worthy and estimable couple, and intimate friends of Knox.² In gratitude for their kindness, Davidson composed a poem to their memory, which, after lying in manuscript for twenty years, was published by Robert Waldegrave in 1595, under the title "A Memorial of the Life and Death of two worthye Christians, Robert Campbel of the Kinzeancleugh and his wife Elizabeth Campbel." After a time he turned his steps to Argyleshire, whence he addressed a letter of counsel and warning to the Regent.³ From Argyleshire he went to England, and eventually, it is supposed, to the Continent.

In October 1577 the General Assembly presented to the Regent a supplication, asking him to allow Davidson to return to Scotland.⁴ The prayer was granted, and Davidson reappeared among his friends after an exile of three years.⁵

In 1579 he was settled in the parish of Liberton, and in 1581 was appointed one of the Commissioners to examine into the conduct of certain ministers reputed to be leading vicious and scandalous lives.⁶

During the latter year Davidson had a strange and eventful experience. He was face to face with Morton once more, but this time in altered circumstances. The Regent was under sentence of death, and Davidson and several of his brethren

¹ Calderwood's History of the Kirk of Scotland (Wodrow Soc. ed.), vol. iii. p. 301.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 309-313.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 326-328.

⁴ Row's Historie of the Kirk of Scotland (Wodrow Soc. ed.), p. 60.

⁵ Dr M'Crie, in his Life of Andrew Melville, p. 242, by a strange oversight, says that Davidson did not return from banishment till after the death of Morton.

⁶ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 524.

were admitted to his presence to speak words of comfort to him, in view of his impending fate. "Morton," according to Hume of Godscroft, "embraced M. John Davison, and said to him, 'You wrote a Book for which I was angry with you; but I never meant any ill to you: forgive me.' Mr Davidson was so moved herewith, that he could not refrain from weeping."¹

The same interview is recorded by Mr James Melville, who states that Durie and Davidson were the "ghostly comforters" of Morton after his condemnation, which was the more creditable on their part as he had used them both harshly: "the an for his pretching; the other for his buik against the four Kirks."²

In February 1582 he was presented to James VI., who had lately assumed the reins of government, and availed himself of the occasion to give the young monarch some salutary advice. He told him of the horrible confusion that existed in the realm, and entreated him to beware alike of those who had opposed his rule in the past, and those who were sworn foes to religion at home and abroad. The King admitted the excellence of the counsel, and "with that start away," says Calderwood, "according to his maner."³

Difficulties, meanwhile, had been gathering round Davidson, in consequence of the active part he took against Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, who had obtained the Archbishopric of Glasgow from Esmé, Duke of Lennox.⁴ After a good deal of wrangling, Montgomery was suspended by the Presbytery of Stirling. By Davidson's advice he submitted to the Church.⁵ Reviving, however, after a time, his claim to the archbishopric, he was deposed by the General Assembly of April 1582.⁶ Davidson was deputed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh to pronounce sentence of excommunication against him—a duty which he performed with fearless fidelity and evident satisfaction.⁷

¹ The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus, p. 355: Edinb., 1644, folio. Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 573.

² Melville's Diary, p. 84.

³ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 595.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 577.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 604, 605.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 619, 620.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 621. Spottiswood's History of the Church and State in Scotland, pp. 316-320: Lond., 1777, fol. M'Crie's Life of Melville, p. 83.

Lennox was incensed beyond measure at Davidson, whose diminutive figure and undaunted bearing led the Duke to characterise him as *un petit diable*.¹ Davidson's person at this time seems to have been in imminent danger. So serious, indeed, had matters grown, that for ten successive Sundays he had to be accompanied to the pulpit by an escort.² The fury of Lennox, however, was stayed by the Raid of Ruthven, which drove him into exile.

On the 22d of January 1583 Davidson was one of a deputation from the Presbytery of Edinburgh to warn the king against the wiles of M. de Menainville, the French Ambassador. After the other members had left the royal presence, Davidson lingered behind, and remonstrated with the king on his profane habit of swearing. James, in no wise displeased, thanked him for the reproof, and especially for the quiet and gentlemanly manner in which it had been administered.³

As a result, however, of his resolute demeanour and unflinching firmness in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, Davidson rendered himself obnoxious to many who would otherwise have been friendly to him. Affairs, indeed, were beginning to assume an ugly aspect all round, and a second attempt in the following year by the Protestant Lords to secure the king's person having resulted in failure, Davidson, with a number of other clergymen, sought the safe soil of England, where he remained a considerable time.⁴ During his stay in London he acquired some reputation as a preacher, especially at the English Court, where his vigorous oratory and vehement declamation earned for him the designation of "the thunderer."⁵

After his return he was asked to resume his ministerial functions in his parish, but this he declined. For a time he continued to preach at various places in and around Edinburgh.⁶ In 1590 he officiated for a time in the Abbey Church of Holyrood.

¹ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 622.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 402.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. iii. pp. 697, 698.

⁴ Scot's Apologetical Narration (Wodrow Soc. ed.), p. 51. Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. iv. p. 75. Edinb. : Nimmo, 1864.

⁵ Calderwood, vol. iv. p. 247.

⁶ Record of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, 5th Nov. 1588.

Here we find Davidson sorely exercised in the matter of Sabbath observance. The king disliked the dulness of the Scottish day of rest, and resolved to show the people his feeling by having his queen's coronation on that day. Davidson was furious, both on account of the day selected and the prescribed rite of anointing.¹ The king, however, was inflexible on both points. The ceremony was accordingly performed by Mr Robert Bruce in the Abbey Kirk on Sunday 17th May 1590, and the consummation of the solemnity was announced by blast of trumpet and roll of drum, and the boom of artillery from the castle.²

Davidson continued to "admonish"³ the king and to disparage his favourites at every turn. On the restoration of the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran to royal favour, he publicly denounced them as unclean and unfit for the society of Christian men. Whereupon the king swore that he should preach no longer in the town.⁴ "After this time," says Calderwood, "the ministers of Edinburgh and the chiefe of the citie laboured to be ridde of him."⁵

But his furious tirades reached a climax when, on the 22d of July 1593, he characterised the Parliament that had been sitting on the previous week as "black"; declared that arch-traitors had escaped and been absolved; and that the absolving of the wicked meant the punishment of the just. "Let us pray," said he, "that the king, by some sanctified plagues, may be turned again to God!"⁶ In language not less measured did he reprove his clerical brethren who fell below his own standard of duty.⁷

It is clear that, whatever were Mr Davidson's virtues—and we have the strongest testimony that they were both many and great—his unfortunate temper must have been productive of much friction and embarrassment to the clergy of Edinburgh. His friends, therefore, very naturally advised him to accept a country

¹ "The chief of this opposition was Mr John Davidson, an idle and turbulent man, who as then had no charge in the Church, but had gained some credit with certain foolish people that would be thought more holy and zealous than other."—Spottiswood's Hist., p. 381; Calderwood, vol. v. p. 95.

² Spottiswood's Hist., p. 382; Calderwood, vol. v. pp. 95, 96.

³ Calderwood, vol. v. p. 140.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 188, 191.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 192.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 255, 256.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 262, 337 sq.

charge. To Salt Preston he was accordingly "called," and his induction took place on the 5th of January 1596.¹

At this time Salt Preston was not a parish, and had no suitable place of worship; but Lord Newbottle, and Mr Hamilton, the laird of Preston, offered to build a church and provide a stipend for the minister. By-and-by the former refused to fulfil his promise, whereupon Davidson volunteered to erect a church at his own expense. The offer was accepted. A church and manse were accordingly built, and the charge was erected into a parish under the name of "the Vicarage of Preston," 27th December 1597.²

In February of the following year, when a proposal was made in the Synod of Fife to the effect that the dignified clergy should vote in Parliament, Davidson, considering it a mere scheme for the introduction of bishops, opposed it with all the vehemence of which his ardent and impetuous nature was capable. "Busk him," he exclaimed, "busk him als bonnilie as yee can and bring him in als fairlie as yee will, we see him weill eneugh: we see the hornes of his mytre."³ By his strong partisanship and his stubborn attitude he rendered himself more obnoxious than ever to the sovereign, who was always intolerant of interference. If he delighted to "fear God," he certainly did not care to "honour the king." In some cases, indeed, his demeanour towards his Majesty was anything but respectful. In the General Assembly that met in March, he bluntly said to him, "Sir, yee sit not here as *Imperator*, but as a Christian: *ades ut intersis, non ut præsis*"—words which made his Majesty start and chafe.⁴ On the representation of the Church in Parliament being approved by a majority, Davidson read a formal protest, which did not find a seconder.⁵ The king was determined now to have him punished for his perversity, and to that end consulted the Lords of Session. As it did not appear competent to take action in the civil court, the Presbytery of Haddington was requested to deal with the case. Accordingly,

¹ Records of the Presbytery of Haddington.

² Charter of Mortification by John Hamilton of Preston; Row's Hist. (Coronis), p. 420.

³ Calderwood, vol. v. p. 681; Scot's Apol. Narration, p. 99.

⁴ Calderwood, vol. v. p. 683.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 701, 702; Row's Hist., p. 191; Spottiswood's Hist., p. 452.

on the 5th of April, it was brought before that body by Mr David Makgill, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Meanwhile, however, Davidson had been seized with a fever, and for a time proceedings were stayed.¹ On the 15th of July a Presbyterial visitation of the parish took place, but not one individual was found to say a word against the pastor's "walk and conversation."² The action was accordingly deserted.

At this visitation Davidson made over the manse to his parishioners on the condition of their refunding the cost of its erection, with the exception of "400 merks," which he bestowed as "a free gift."³

The king at last had an opportunity to avenge himself on the too outspoken clergyman. Davidson, who for three years had been unable from feeble health to take an active part in Church business, wrote to the General Assembly convened at Burntisland in May 1601 a letter renewing his protest against ministers sitting in Parliament.⁴ This document was seized as treasonable, and on 24th May he was charged to compear before the Council on the 26th. The instruction to that body was to put him in ward "in any cace whatsoever." Davidson at once compeared and acknowledged the document, whereupon, after writing a letter to his Majesty by desire of the ministers of Edinburgh, he was sent to the castle.⁵ This letter does not appear to have been in any sense a retractation, but simply a general request craving the king's favourable consideration of his case.

The only effect of the letter was to call forth from his Majesty a warrant in respect whereof Mr Davidson was transferred from the castle to his manse at Prestonpans, and charged "not to passe furth at the doore of the same to any other part but to his own yaird adjacent therto, till he be farther tryed in that mater for which he is challenged."⁶

These conditions were still further relaxed; for on the 1st of June he received permission "to passe and teache at his or-

¹ Calderwood, vol. v. pp. 709, 710.

² Records of the Presbytery of Haddington.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Calderwood, vol. vi. pp. 110-112; Scot's Apol. Narration, p. 119.

⁵ Calderwood, vol. vi. p. 125; Scot's Apol. Narration, p. 119.

⁶ Calderwood, vol. vi. p. 126.

dinarie kirk, to visite the sicke, and to doe whatsoever belongs to his functioun in quiet maner, within his owne parishe.”¹

On the 22d of June 1602 Davidson addressed a respectful supplication to the king, praying that his wonted liberty as a free subject might be restored, but to no purpose.² On the 1st of April 1603, immediately after James’s succession to the English throne, Davidson, deeming the occasion opportune, renewed his prayer, and approached his Majesty with hearty congratulations, and an earnest desire for his temporal and spiritual welfare. He even requested that he might be allowed to kiss the king’s hand.³ This touching appeal, made “in all reverent and due humiliation,” was refused. A final effort to obtain his release was made by the Synod of Lothian; but the king declared his hands were tied, and that nothing short of a withdrawal of his protest and a confession of his fault would secure the royal clemency.⁴ Unless such were forthcoming, he might “lie and rot” where he was.

Davidson therefore continued in the same modified form of durance till he was released by death about the end of August 1603.⁵

VI.

NICOL BURNE.

The forty-fourth poem in this Collection, which has been attributed to Nicol Burne, affords the only ground for this brief notice.

Almost all that is known of Burne’s life and labours is derived

¹ Calderwood, vol. vi. p. 129.

² *Ibid.*, p. 152.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 212-214.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 221, 222; Scot’s Apol. Narration, p. 124.

⁵ “He died between the 16th August, when a Minute of the Kirk-Session appears in his handwriting, and the 5th September of the same year, when supply for his vacant pulpit was granted by the Presbytery.”—Three Scottish Reformers, edited by Dr Rogers, pp. 48, 49. Dr M’Crie says he died in 1604.—Life of Melville, p. 242.

from a volume which he published in 1581. The work bears the following lengthy and pretentious title: 'The Disputation concerning Headdis of Religion, haldin in the Realme of Scotland, the geir of God ane thousand fyue hundreth fourscoir geiris. Betuix The pretendit Ministeris of the deformed Kirk in Scotland, And Nicol Burne, Professor of Philosophie in S. Leonardis college, in the Citie of Sanctandrois, brocht vp from his tender eage in the peruersit sect of the Caluinistis, and nou be ane special grace of God ane membre of the halie and Catholik Kirk. Dedicat To his Souerane the kingis M. of Scotland, King Iames the Saxt.'

In his Epistle "To the Christian reidar," Burne relates that he was converted from the doctrines of Calvinism, which he had hitherto followed with equal affection and zeal, by the reading of some Catholic works which providentially came in his way. When his heart had been "illuminated," he, like many a fond enthusiast, was eager to advocate the tenets he had espoused. He accordingly went to the Rev. Thomas Smeton, Minister of Paisley, and Moderator of the Assembly in 1579, and declared his desire to maintain and defend the doctrines of the Church of Rome before the General Assembly, expressing the while his readiness to suffer punishment if he failed to perform satisfactorily what he had taken in hand. According to Burne's version of the story, Smeton heard him and admitted the reasonableness and fairness of his proposal, after which he immediately proceeded without warning to excommunicate him. Calderwood, in his 'History of the Kirk of Scotland,' records that in the General Assembly held in October 1580, "Some brethrein were directed to the King's Majestie, to require of his Highnesse, humblie, that he would direct some persons, authorized with his Highnesse' Commission to concurre with them in their Assemblie. . . . *Item*, to crave some order to be takin with Mr Nicoll Burne."¹ According to Burne's account, he was at once apprehended and confined in the Castle of St Andrews, whence he was transferred to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh. Here he remained from October 1580 till the last day of January 1581. The prison treatment was by no means to his liking. Especially he complains of the removal of a purse which he had hung out of his window with a view to obtaining alms.

¹ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 474.

Two days before his release—viz., on the 29th of January—the Register of the Privy Council contains an entry of a “Caution in £500 by Andrew Burne in Leith for Mr Nicoll Burne that he shall within a month hence depart this realm, and in the meantime do nothing in prejudice of the present religioun presentlie professit”—George Burne in Gogar, brother of Nicoll, being cautioner in relief.

Burne seems to have gone at once to Paris, where he published his ‘Disputation’ in the autumn. He is exceedingly bitter against Knox, and his book contains almost all the calumnious statements that had been circulated regarding him. Nor is he more gentle towards the Continental reformers. For instance, he asserts in all seriousness that Luther was begotten of the devil as to his carnal as well as to his spiritual generation—(‘Disputation,’ p. 141).

The poem above referred to was issued anonymously in 1581. The reasons for assigning it to Burne seem to be—(1), the tenor of the piece; (2), the date of publication; and (3), the circumstance of its being appended to a few copies of the ‘Disputation.’ In the copy of Burne’s work in the British Museum, which bears the colophon “Imprentit at Pareis the 1st day of October the geir of God 1581,” the poem is wanting. The text now issued is from a transcript kindly made by the Rev. James Smith of Blairs College from a copy in the library at Blairs. The piece is a weak production; but it is curious, and not devoid of interest from the numerous references to clergymen of the time who had gone over to the Reformed Kirk.

VII.

ROBERT LEKPREUIK, PRINTER OF THE BROADSIDES.

Robert Lekpreuik, the printer of the Black-letter Broad-sides from which most of the pieces in this collection are taken, seems to be entitled to some notice here. He was one of the most prominent figures in the printing and bookselling trade in Scotland during the latter part of the sixteenth century. As early

as 1561 he had made himself conspicuous on the side of the Reformers, and had published "The Confessione of the Fayht and Doctrine belieued and professed by Protestantes of the Realme of Scotland. Exhibited to the Estates of the sam in Parliament, and by thair publict votes authorised as a Doctrine grounded vpon the infallible word of God."

Lekpreuik's means appear to have been but slender, and altogether insufficient for the requirements of his business, as we find him from time to time soliciting and obtaining pecuniary aid from the Church. In December 1562, "for printing of the Psalms, the Kirk lent Rob. Lekpriuick, printer, twa hundred pounds to help to buy irons, ink, and papper, and to fee craftesmen for printing." In 1564/5 he obtained a letter under the Privy Seal, authorising him to print the Acts of Queen Mary and her predecessors' Parliaments, and also the Psalms of David in Scottish metre, his licence being protected by the imposition of a heavy penalty in case of its contravention by any one. In 1567/8 he was appointed Printer to the King for the space of twenty years; and three months thereafter he received a special licence "to print the Inglis Bibell, aftir the Geneva version, for twenty years to come," all others being interdicted from printing the same under a penalty of confiscation of all copies, and a fine of £200 money of the realm. From some cause or other, this important work was never undertaken.¹

Lekpreuik's natural bent and the exigencies of his calling linked him closely to the cause of the young king and that of the Reformers. Unquestionably at this time he had a large business; but it could hardly have been a lucrative one, as, notwithstanding the monopoly he enjoyed, he was constrained in 1569 to again entreat the support of the Church. In answer to his application, it is recorded that "the Kirk having respect to his povertie, the great expensses he hes made in buying of printing yrnies, and the great zeale and love he beares to serve the Kirk at all tymes, hes assignit to him fiftie pundis to be yearlie payit out of the thrids of the Kirk."²

¹ Annals of Scottish Printing, by R. Dickson and J. P. Edmond, pp. 199-202.

² The Booke of the Universall Kirk, vol. i. p. 164 (Bannatyne Club), 1839. 4to.

From the colophons of his different publications we learn that Lekpreuik was in Edinburgh from 1561 till 1571. In the latter year the political aspect of events underwent a total change. The control of the city passed from the hands of the party of the Reformation, and the castle was held by Grange on behalf of the exiled queen. Ever and anon the citizens were alarmed by the boom of his artillery, or by some imperious mandate from the citadel wherein he exercised dictatorial powers. Maitland of Lethington, too, was there, maturing the projects which continued to torture his ambitious and restless soul. The famous secretary had been attacked with ruthless severity by George Buchanan in his satire entitled "The Chameleon," and Lekpreuik was suspected of having printed the pamphlet. More than once the incautious printer had narrowly escaped the clutches of Maitland's emissaries, and his footing was getting daily more insecure. Richard Bannatyne, in his 'Memoriales,' under date 1571, writes: "On Setterday the 14 of Aprile, the lord Hereis and Maxwell with the larde of Lochinvare come to this toun about 10 houris efter noune and lichted at the Castle yeat. This nycht at ewin about xj houris Captane Meluine come vnto Robert Lekprivickis hous and socht him (as he had done twyse of befoir) and louket all the hous for the Camelione which the Secretar fearit that he had prentit; bot he, beand wairned befoir, escapit and went out of his hous with sic thingis as he feared sould haue hurt him, gif thai had bein gottin."¹

Dr Skelton considers the rumour of Lethington's anxiety to prevent the circulation of 'The Chameleon' as ill-authenticated; and besides, that Maitland, "who treated the persistent attacks of the preachers with contemptuous indifference, was not likely to trouble himself about a clumsy and anonymous libel."² It may be so. Lekpreuik may have been wanted on other grounds. The proclamation issued by Grange on 30th April, commanding all who were opposed to him to leave the town within six hours,³ was quite enough to account for the printer's sudden disappearance.

¹ Memoriales of Transactions in Scotland, 1569-1573, by Richard Bannatyne. Edited by Robert Pitcairn, p. 110 (Bannatyne Club), 1836. 4to.

² Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart, by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D., p. 319.

³ Calderwood, vol. iii. p. 71.

In any case, Lekpreuik found it necessary to leave Edinburgh. Accordingly, taking from his premises all papers of a compromising nature, he removed to Stirling, at that time the seat of the Scottish Court. There his sojourn was brief. In 1572 we find him in St Andrews, where he issued no fewer than fifteen works. In the following year he returned to Edinburgh, and was summoned "to underly the law" for printing Davidson's "Ane Dialog or Mutuall talking betuix a Clerk and ane Courteour," which he had taken upon himself to do without a licence. He compeared in obedience to the summons; whereupon he was convicted, and committed to ward in the castle of Edinburgh.¹

To Lekpreuik's recklessness in the matter of his publications we should doubtless ascribe his unsettled and migratory career. That he should have been frequently in danger of arrest need excite no surprise. In the fifth parliament of Mary, held at Edinburgh, an Act was passed, 1st February 1551, ordaining "that na prentar presume, attempt or tak vpone hand to print ony bukis, ballatis, sangis, blasphematiounis, rymes or Tragedeis outhir in Latine or Inglis tounge in ony tymes to cum, vnto the samyn be sene, vewit, and examinit be sum wyse and discreit persounis deput thairto be the ordinaris quhatsumeuer. And thairefter ane licence had and obteinit fra our souuerane Lady and my Lord Gouvernour for imprenting of sic bukis, vnder the pane of confiscatioun of all the prentaris gudis, and banissing him of the Realme for euer."

Again, in 1567, on the 19th of April, an Act was passed "Anent the Makaris and Vpsettaris of Plackardis and Billis"—viz., "Forsamekle as be ane licentious Abuse enterit laitlie and cum in Practize within this Realme, thair hes bene Placardis and Billis and Tickittis of Defamatioun set up under Silence of Nycht in diverse publict Places, alsweill within Burgh as utherwyss in the Realme, to the Sclander, Reproche, and Infamye of the Quenis Maiestie and diverse of the Nobilitie; quhilk dissordour, gif it be sufferit langar to remane unpunyst, may redound nocht only to the greit Hurt and Detriment of all Nobillmen in thair gude Fame, privat Calumpniatoris having be this meanis

¹ See Introduction to Davidson's Poetical Remains, edited by James Maidment. Edinb., 1829. 12mo.

Libertie to bakbyte thame, bot als the Commone may be inquietit, and Occasioun of Querrell takin upoun fals and untrew Sclander. For Remeid quhairof, the Quenis Maiestie and Thre Estaitis of Parlament Statutis and ordanis, That in tyme cuming, quhair ony sic Bill or Placard of Defamatioun beis fundin affixt or tint, the Persoun first seand or findand the samyn sall tak it, and incontinent destroy it, swa that no forder Knowledge nor Copy pas of the samin: And gif he failzie thairin, and that thairthrow outhir the Writing beis copyit, or proceidis to forder Knowledge amang the Peple, the first Sear and Findar sall be punist in the samin maner as the first Inventar, Writtar, Tynar, and Vpsettar of the samin, gif he wer apprehendit: That is to say, The Defamaris of the Quene, under the Pane of Deid, and to extend upoun all utheris to Imprisonment, at the Quenis Grace Plessur, and forder to be punyst at hir Hienes Plessur, according to the Qualitie of the Persoun swa defamit.”¹

In the face of these Acts the foolhardy publisher of the invectives of the irrepressible Sempill must have been in a constant state of feverish alarm. But doubtless he found that the play was worth the candle, for ballads surcharged with hostility to the Queen and her adherents poured from his press literally in shoals. Of the popularity they enjoyed there can be no doubt, as many of them ran through several editions. In the present collection the variants in duplicate and triplicate copies clearly establish distinct issues.

The printing of Davidson's satire cost Lekpreuik his liberty, and almost certainly his licences. How long he remained in imprisonment we have no means of ascertaining, but from his long disappearance from public view it is evident that he was a ruined man—a sad fate for one who had striven hard to keep his countrymen abreast of the events of the time. It is pleasant, however, to know that at least one fellow-craftsman, Thomas Bassandyne, came to his relief with a half-yearly bounty of five merks, and bequeathed to him in 1577 the sum of twenty pounds.

By 1581 he had once more rallied, and started in business on his own account. In that year he printed Sempill's Ballad, “Ane Complaint vpoun Fortoun,” and Archbishop Adamson's

¹ Keith's History, p. 380.

"Catechism"¹—the last of a long series of publications. Doubtless his end was near, for after this we hear no more of him.

A tolerably full account of the various works printed by Lekpreuik will be found on pp. 1486-1501 of 'Ames's Typographical Antiquities,' by Wm. Herbert (London, 1785-1790, 3 vols. 4to); but for exhaustive details of his numerous publications, the reader must go to 'Annals of Scottish Printing,' by R. Dickson and J. P. Edmond (Cambridge, 1890, 2 vols. 4to)—a work of great value and research.

¹ Catechismus Latino Carmine redditus et in Libros quatuor digestus Patricii Adamsoni Opera atque Industria. Edinb., 1581. 16mo.

ABBREVIATIONS.—In the footnotes to the poems the letters B.M., S.A., and S.P.O. indicate variants in the Broad­sides preserved in the British Museum, the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of London, and the State Paper Office respectively. S. and D. stand for Sibbald and Dal­yell.

SATIRICAL POEMS.

I.

Maister Randolpbes Phantasey.

[MS. STATE PAPER OFFICE—Scotish Series—Vol. XI. 31st. Dec. 1565.
Number 108.]

The Epistle dedicatorie

*To the right wurshipfull Mr Thomas Randolphe, esquyre
Resident for the Quenes Maties affaires in Scotlande.*

To auctoryse the ripe Judgementes and passinge skill of Eloquent wryters, what others wth longe perswasions sometyme all in vane traversyes, some that in haltynes of stile, estranged from o^r vulgare and comon phraise of wrytinge, do wonder th' ignorant; some that pure verse whereof the workes of o^r Englishe wyttis discovers, sufficientlie and justlie o^r nation vantethe her stoore; yea, and in noble personages, and suche like of great reputacion, the worthiest wryters, vnyted as It were in a corporacion and civill bodye of stewdyous gentlemen, haith, albeit there excellent workis lernedlie compiled neded no patronage,¹ not onelie appealed to others learned, but sought th' awctorytie of the gravest men to sheld them from th' arrogant, curyous, and Impewdent repre-

¹ MS. pratronage.

hensors: howe ordynarie It is yo^r wysdome can veryffie. To defende the willinge and zelous aucto^r, who by nature and art the warest gwidēs Endevo^r to learne, w^{ch} oft enforceth them rather to persever, cowplinge to there desyres vnavoydable necessytie; namely, in suche as covett rather then mayneteyne; to excuse, but first to propose; althoughe desyrous, hardlie dare aventure there grene travell but under some ripe and grave patronage and favo^r: howe necessarie It is all men can wytnes, howe merytorius fewe can but acknowledge, how gratefull the franke harte reposes and howe profytable yo^r singler Judgement can testyfie. In this my reason proffers to acquyte me; ffor whom hoples or Succorles hav they refused or dismyssed? whom rejected who abideth wyttnes of there Rigor or crueltie? Patrons they have been not onelie of the learned but of the willinge good. Yf ought my gwilt seme more colerable then others or wthowt president to present to yo^r w: the frutes of my Small travell, It may suffice I have not ventured th' unattempted meane. Yf like reason forde like lawe, Sithe Sundrie pamphletē have sought and founde favo^r of learned patrons in noble mens armes, in ladyes lappes, yea, and in princes bosomes, well may I, Knowynge yo^r zelous nature and inclynacion to letters, attempt to royst under the protexion of yo^r name. Who can better judge of theis whole procedingē then you? who can so well wyttnes It as yo^r Dailie attendaunce? who may better defende it then yo^r Learned experyence? who so well deserves the memorye hereof then yo^r longe and wearye service, Especiallie sithence the troblesome broiles and monstrouous exchange in this transformed and blundered comonweale? Who may so well auctoryshe the unlearned aucto^r as yo^r w: to whom justlie awaytinge yo^r Succor simplie I retyre. Yf ought I have done of affection yo^r indeferency can testyffye It, yf ought presumptuouslie that may be offensive, namelie, in theis noble personagē, the truthe may remytt me. What exclusive I meane to wryte to plainelie, suspend yo^r Jugmente. Lett the ffrendlie Reader demurre and argewe in peacemeale. I have delt hereof franklie and, as God iudge me, not pertiallie, as you and all that have seen theis procedingē can veryffie. Yf any hott disposition do swell hereat, lett pacience perswade hym to supple his

owne hewmor in stomblinge on others blocke; yf any be acolde lett hym warme hym at others ffyres; yf the gald will kicke the world will wyttnes It, and my reason shall bothe previleidge and acquyte me. I had not compiled this tragidye, as iustlie I may terme it, yf some my contremen resolved of muche better then I can or ought conceyve of my selffe by there sundrye letters and meanes entreated me to write what I sawe, w^{ch} chefflie by there procurement I have doen; who, havinge care of my well doinge, perswaded me howe profytable and necessarye It was to vse my terme and travell, and Imploy that Talent that might tend to my greate comodytie and avale. Theis indenyable requestes and ffrendlie reasons did so charme me, albeit longe deaffe at there enchantementes, that I cold not refuse to susteane this charge that nowe enforcethe my well meanynge to run post (I knowe) to some vnwelcome gwides, that wth twyned mynde will intercept my meanynge. Thus traned, and, as It were, bewytched wth this vnweldye charge of request, I pushe forthe this vnpolyshed phantasey, a breffe calgulation of theis procedinges. In case there choyse had light so Luckelie as It ought or might have done, I neaded not at this present to plead my perdon, nor yett they bene accessaries yf not principalls in my vnwillinge cryme; whose requeste, as I vouch, to prejudice me, so mencyon I to make my blames more excusable for there Importunytie, who, Implied accordinge, are bothe partyners of my blame and Infamye. Yf any there bee to w^{ch} venture they hazarde forthe my name, I blushe not herewth to thole Ignomynye, yett shall I clere others tho I live a condempned byarde. This hope I have where I am somewhat relyved that yo^r gratefull acceptinge thereof shall It more stronge and hardy against his adversarye, where yo^r w:, as the cheffe parent hereof, shall not refuse to Surname It. Theis dowbtes resolved, and all dredes dismyssed, (not to neclect my dewtie) I yeld me Succorles to yo^r tuicion. Suffice it, good S^r, to tender you this myte of fame to the teasinge of greater wherein I trust my Devoure shalbe no fraunde to me. I offer it francklie and yo^r w: may not refuse It. It is not the gwift but the giver; for of everie benefyte the Receyvors gayne is the harte, and th'

affection namethe the gyft. The mynde sewgrethe everye present. I heave not vpe my handes filled wth liquor of gowld, but wth water so muche prysed by Artaxarxes. Of his well wyslinge Subject I will not voutche the forworn president of the noble prince that disdained not the proffred Rape, nor yet the franke and gratefull acceptinge of colonns roote before the courtyers horsse. I hope I shall spede no worce then my goodwill acceptethe, but that yo^r w. will receyve It gratefullie. The gwyft is of curtesye and so hartelie I presente It. Thus I take my leave at my Chambre in Edenbrughe the last of Decembre 1565.—Yo^r w. bounden servante

THOMAS JENYE.

To the reader.

Advyse the well (reader) ere thou reprove
 my restles mevse to theis estates that tendis ;
 arrest thie Judgement for better behove
 then bewsye brute oft rashelie reprehendes ;
 thie ffrendlie reporte herein lett not to lend ; 5
 for what apparant in this state I see,
 my pen presentes It to thie Judginge Eye.

Maister Randolphe Phantasey: a bresse calgulation of the proceedings in Scotlande from the first of Julie to the Last of Decembre.



FORWERIED wth cares, and sorrowes source sup-
 prest,
 and worldlie woos of sharpe repulse that bredes
 vnquyet rest,
 confusd wth courtlie cares, a seate of slipper stay,
 that yeldes the draught of bitter swete to such as drawes y^t way,

In Silent sort I sought, vnwyst of any wight, 5
 to attempt some meane howe well I cold my heavy burden light;
 where eche delight did strive, attendinge for there torne,
 what fyttest were for feble myndes, and thus the plee begonne:

Abrode, qth my desire, repose the wth suche rest
 as may revyve thie pensive thought wth sorowe so distrest. 10

But tyme bad me retyre, this is no season mete,
 for feldishe sportes be nowe exempt that might thie sprite de-
 lighte.

Qth fansye: then enforce thie selffe from suche dispaire,
 assay yf that thie mevses trades may ought dissolve thie care;
 pervse some pleasunte stile that may delight the brayne, 15
 and prove by practyse of the pen to file the wyttē agayne.

But reason did conclude, who bade be ruled by me,
 Devyne Camenes never cold wth Mavors rage agree,
 Ne yet Minerva mevse wth skill was depelie scande,
 when as Bellona did decree wth bloody sworde in hande; 20

ffor who dothe wrest his will to wrastle in eche wronge
 It is as he shold stope the streame, or sporne against the sone.
 what yeldes no sure hope the wysest men will grutge,
 for what procedes of suche effectē the gravest wyttē may Judge.
 mesure by myrthe some meane that may thie greves disgest;
 Solace the rage of hevmayne cares wthin a gladsome brest. 26

wth Silence them soyorne, except that y^ū canst finde
 a frend on whom thou maist repose thie secretes of thie mynde.
 but rarenes of suche one may warne the to bewayre,
 for Kinde have taught It seldome seen that sewgred speech to
 spaire. 30

suche is the fraude of faith in silent eares that ringe,
 where greater poyson is not founde wthin thie scorpion stinge.
 ffor stedfastnes dothe flie wth winges of often change,
 a flyinge birde but seldome seen, her nature is so strange.

Tho Silence do allay no rage to stormy thoughte, 35
 yet is distrust a bankroote gest, and wronge avalethe nowght.

Th' unadventured meane do seldome hope reteane:
 for what attempt but once atchived to countervale the meane?

ffor, as the watrye showers delays the raginge wynde,
so dothe good hope clene put away dispaire owt of y^e mynde. 40

a toche stone is eche vse that may thie care recure,
and weare away in tract of tyme, for nothing may endure.

It was when awtum had fild full the barnes wth corne,
and he that eates and emtyes all away had awtum worne,
and wynter windes approcht that doth I-bayre the tren, 45
and Saturnes frost^e, that steanes the earth, had perst the tend^r grene;
and dampishe mystes discendes when tempest^e work much
harne,

and force of stormes do make all cold that somer had made warme ;
whose lustie hewe dispoiled cold not possesse thie place,
ne yet abide Boreas blast^e that althing^e dothe deface. 50

what reason had decreed I whollie was enclynde,
I sought by solitarye meanes to recreat my mynde.

But solitarynes is, as the sowthfast sayen,
hewe of dispaire, ffoo to thie weale and friendlie to eche payne.
for Slender are the greves that Silence do vnlade, 55
for who had seen my stepes might Judge what cares was in my
heade.

my dowbtfull pace bewrayed the weary trace I tryed,
for everie stepe did argewe stryffe, to hewmayne myndes affyed.
my mevse was not in plight to alter this discourse,
but bett my branes wth bitter bale and woos of worldlie force. 60

The casualls accident to eche state and degree
I did debate, and what It was from daunger to be free
of Slipper welthe, and howe the worldlie gwiles are sought,
that waistes as winde and faster wears then flame wth fier is
wrought ;

wherewth my bewsye heade presented unto me 65
Such sowre change, suche sodaine fall, as in this realme had bee ;
where I attendant lay in porte of princes pay,
did linger forthe my painefull yers prorogd from day to day,
whereas I might wyttnes this state wth rufull Eye,
from weale to woo, from welth to wast, and worce if ought might
be ; 70

ffor through that forraigne change my credytt crakt y^e string
wth those wth whom in faythfull league I longe before had bene.

I oft bethought howe that Dame Fortune did assay
to flatter me, and sett me upp in court to beare a swaye
wth prince of noble fame, whom if I shold discrye, 75
where nature skilfull poinctē do flowe, or bewtie doth supplie,

I shold but heare mayneteyne a volume of her price,
and so at lengthe Invade by right the boundes of eche devyse ;
ffor at her onelye name my mevses all do stay :
my pen is not in perfytt plight her graces to displaie. 80

and howe Fortune forethought to heape on me that hape,
as trustles to her fickle trades to rowle owt of her lappe,
That wth her friendlie chere bewtycht me wth her wiles,
and wone my wyttē as other mo that trustē her when she smiles.

I sawe the Quene, whose will, occurant wth her yeres, 85
was wone to worke oft that she wold by counsaile of her peres.

It was the winged boy had perst her tender thought,
and Venus Joyes so tickled her that force avaled nought.

On Darlie did she dote, who, equall in this mase,
sought to assalt the forte of fame, defenst with yeas and naves ;
w^{ch} for a while repulst, and had no passage in, 91

but still porsewt did rase the seige that might the fortresse wyne ;
who, stronglie thus beseiged wth battrie round aboute,
at last was forst to yeld the keis : she cold not hold hym owte ;

But rendered Sacke and spoile vnto the victors grace : 95
so rytch a pray did not the Grekē by Helens meanes possesse.

To regall charge of rule she did advaunce his state,
and gave the sworde into his hand that bred Civill Debate.

This was affection force, that blewe this gale of wynde ;
This registreth the found pretence wthin a womans mynde ; 100

This calls vs to reporte, and proves the proverbe trewe,
that wemens wills are sonest wone in that they after rewe.

This brede a brutyshe broile and caused cankred spight,
to move the myndes of suche as did envy a strangers might.

vnder w^{ch} shade was shrowde an other fyrme intende, 105
and so, by color of that change, to doe what he was bente ;

w^{ch} made mucche myserye, and wrought this realme to wrake,
 and sturde a stiveling sture amongst the muffled contre packe,
 that mustred eche where in forme and force of warre,
 and clapt on armo^r for the feld as they comanneded warre. 110

The rechles rule I sawe reduced to my mynde
 the slipper state of worldlie wealth that heare on earth we find.

ffor those whose grave advice In Judgement semed vpright,
 Sawest wth the skill of expert yeres, was clene devorst of might.

There faythfull service sounke, and they, exiled clene, 115
 and other mo did stire the sterne that had least skill therein ;

w^{ch} grated but for gayne, and gropt for private pray,
 wrestinge suche sence of lawes as did there glosing trades bewray.

I sawe howe right was rackt, and shadowed wth wronge,
 and treason shone in feaned mindes as doth the somer sone. 120

I sawe the auncyent race, from noble bloode extracte,
 wth Rigor chast from native shores, there lande and livinge sackt,
 and some I sawe that sought to beare the sway allone,
 who fayred as tho that they cold gwide a shipe against y^e storm ;
 whose practise if were proved in weldinge such a charge, 125
 I do beleve have not the skill in calme to stire a barge.

And some I sawe sytt still whose wisdom well I knewe
 as far excedes as Phebus doth Surpasse Awroras hewe ;
 whose goodlie gwyftes are suche, the more they vnderstande,
 the more they seeke to learne and knowe and take lesse charge in
 hande. 130

I sawe the ffrendliee ffoo howe he did sytt and smile,
 and faund vpon the comon gest wth craft of crocodile ;

I sawe the ffrendlie man wounde in a volwyshe weede,
 and howe the faythfull was enforst with procry to procede ;

I sawe howe trewe report was bankrowt wth the rest, 135
 that hardlie might susteane the force that open wronge profest ;

I saw Adthole abridge wth craft to conquere cost,
 and forge that fact by forraigne foos that his discent might bost ;

I sawe what Morton ment by shufflinge for his share,
 Imbrasinge those that shrowdes the shame of his possessed
 care ; 140

I sawe howe Cassells crowcht, affirmynge yea and na,
as redyest when chaunce brings chang to drive and drawe y^t
way ;

I sawe Crawforde encroche on Slipperie renowne,
that curre favell in the court might retche to higher rowme ;

I saw how Lyddington did powder It wth pen, 145
and fyled so his sewgred speche as wone the wills of men ;

I sawe howe Lyndsey Lurkt, vnconstant of his trade,
alluding by his duble meanes that might his lust vnlade ;

I sawe howe Hewme in hope did hoist the sale aloft,
and howe he anker weighed wth those that most for credyt sought ;

I sawe howe Ruthven reigned as one of gnators kinde, 151
and howe he first prefferd his ple, respondent to his mynde ;

I sawe what Maxwell mente in kindlinge the flame,
and after how he sought newe meanes to choke the smoke agayne ;
whose dowble Dealinge did argewe vnconstant fayth, 155
and shamefull wayes blowes forthe the brute y^t may record his
death.

wth feble force I sawe howe Leonox did entende
as thristie of a princleie rewle to regestre his Ende ;

I saw the weake advise that Darlie did aforde,
as yonge in wytt as fewe of yeres to weld the Regall sworde ; 160

I saw the Quene was bent, wth Rigorus entente,
to subyect to the thristie sworde the blood of Innocente.

And sodainelie I sawe howe Balforde credytt sought,
and howe from nought he start aloft to beare the freey in court ;

and sundrye mo I sawe to wrastle for the tyme, 165
to daunte eche Dome whom they suspect to drawe wthin there
lyne.

ffor Adthole bare the swindge, wth feble skill to rule,
but who, bolder then blinde byarde, the proverbe doth reveale.

ffor, where th' untaught do teach, there hope groves owt of kinde,
that is the wracke to worldlie welthe where blinde doth lead y^e
blynde. 170

Thus slender was there sage of wisdoms clene bereft,
for eche man prowld for private pray: the publicke weale was left;

ffor theis that did awayte to further eche degree,
and floryshe in the comon weale, from counsaile they were free.

ffor Murray constant fayth and ardent zeale to truthe 175
had not the grace to fordge and feane y^t worldlie wyttē pursewthe.

Nor Hamilton cold have no hope to hold his seate,
Nor yett Argile to abide the court: the pirrye was to greate.

Rothose might not resyst that stedfastnes profest,
nor Glencarne cold averde wth wrong y^t Rigor had inc[r]est; 180

Nor Boide wold not attempt the trades of no mystrust,
nor Ogletree concure wth suche as rewled but for lust;

Grange wold not grate for grace, no burden he wold beare,
whose horye head, expert in warrs, did bred the courtyers feare.

By those was right erect, and wilfull wronge supprest, 185
there Judgementē ever vncontrolde did floryshe wth the best.

Theis sought by civill meanes for to advaunce the realme,
and ryfflie did reprove such lawes as damaged the same.

Theis were the gravest wyttē that ever did awayte
by puplishing suche civill lawes as bettred eche estate. 190

Theis were th' afflicted flocke that Rigor did pursewe,
w^{ch} bred the bale in suche as did there hevye myshapes rewe.

There fame dothe wyttnes this that gives them there dewe
prayse,
and comon mouthes dothe mysreporte that wold suche men
Imbrace.

and bewsye brute complaynes vnto eche Silente eare, 195
that want of those shall once enforce a strange estate to appere.

I sawe them chast away, the Quene wold not abide
there grave advise that counsaied her to watch a better tide.

her will had wounde her so to wrastle in this wronge
that no restraint might rest her rage her extremes to suborne. 200

I sawe howe fyckle fame do sore from frend to frende,
and made there mouths a pray to suche as cold them apprehende;
and howe the willinge eare was sowne redust to wronge,
yf ought apperde might proffyt hym or serve to his torne.

I sawe the willinge man howe glade he was to live 205
fre from Suspect, and that his means might no occasion give

to the sedecious sort, where dyscorde dyd attende,
 how to Impeche the giltles wight vnwillinge to offende.
 and some I sawe appeald did hazered to bee free,
 and howe that some wth willinge myndes complande them selves
 to me, 210
 w^{ch} breed me more vnrest, endost from day to daie,
 that with my will a thousand tymes I wisht my selffe awaye,
 that my attendaunce heare might not have wytnest this;
 or termes of yeres might not Import howe sowre dyscorde is
 that Boiles in noble bloodes, when fyerye hart begwynes 215
 to rage and Reve wth civill wars, that all Impacience bringe
 In those devyded myndes that thristes for noble bloode,
 and seekē no Rigor to redresse but by the civill sworde;
 In spight of all respect runs muffled wth there will,
 as mothes vnto there parente prayse there trades do frete and
 spill, 220
 and clowdes there former fame that shone in there forbears,
 and caterpillers to there glorie that doth perteyne to those
 that whilome did floryshe and shone wthin this realme,
 and left no steane vnto there stocke y^t myght Impeche there fame.
 This sawe I clene reiect, regawrde of no myshape 225
 Cold once advyse them to prevent the evell successe y^{ey} had;
 The porpose they profest in comon movthes did ringe
 that there intent was for no wrong y^t might endanger bringe.
 yett sawe I howe they slackt there Interprise profeste,
 I sawe th' occasions they lett slipe that might have helped best.
 But what availeth this? lett theis debatemente goo, 231
 for Gode will shewe his mightie worke and what perteyns theretoo.
 Remembrance of theis did newe cause of cares encrease,
 as thoo that force of nature strive howe to confounde my ease;
 and what my wearie Lyef have wone wth such vnrest 235
 the powdred heires vpon my head can testify It best.
 No practise I cold vse that might vnlade my paine:
 the forge of this mysorder so did beatē wthin my brayne;
 and, restles in this rage, to ease my wearye pace,
 my mevse bade me retyre my selffe vnto my booke a space; 240

whereas I might decerne (wth rufull Eye) what Bale
 was incident in everie estate where Tirant^e do prevale,
 where wicked princes rules, and eke what slaughters made,
 where restles rage of civill wares do cruell hartes Invade.

ffor there bloody pretence do spayre ne kythe ne kyn, 245
 ne frende ne foo that Rigour may vnto his danger bringe;
 where I decerned what ruth oft rigor kept in awe,
 and cruell force had once opprest wth might of tirant^e lawe.

Examples there I sawe, a testymonye plaine,
 that bloodye feict^e dothe aske vengiance and thirst^e for blood
 againe. 250

A president hereof was Cyrus, whose delight
 was ever prest in bloody fect^e for to declare his might.

Tho makeless yet he was in Riches and in might,
 This gwerdon was allotted him—a scharpe revenge of spight,—
 his head dismemb[e]red into a vessell fraught 255
 wth blood of those that felte her force the angry Quene she
 raught,

And wth theis wordes she said: nowe, Cyrus, drink y^e fill,
 nowe slake the thirst wth gore of suche in rage y^u sought to
 spill.

Chambises there I sawe, a mirro^r of myscheffe,
 whose handes enbrewed wth brothers blood did short his wretched
 lief. 260

his hatefull bloody brest, so salvaged owte of kinde,
 record^e at Lenghe his fatall ende, a iust rewarde assinde;
 and while he this conspired, bereft of wytt^e he founde
 a sworde that thrust his body throughe, w^{ch} he of Lief benowmbd;
 and blodye Brutus that his fatall ende might rewe, 265
 and Cassius rightlie gorde hym selffe wherewth he Cesar slewe.

and Bessus tratrous hart, armed wth the murd[r]ers kniffe,
 wth bloodye [fect] against his Kinge bereft his m^r Lyef.

The drerye dewle I rede of mightie Macedoo,
 when Clitus death (the frendlie man) wth teares he sorowed soo;
 who after bent to fane refusinge kinglie foode 271
 had queld hym selffe, a giltie end, had not his frend^e wthstoode.

The prowde Kinge Dionyse, whose Rigor sore opprest
 his realme, reveales how he him selfe at last wth dread was strest;
 wherein Tirant^e may see the fyne of forced feare, 275
 a mirror eke for magistrat^e, in this prowde prince appeare.

No garde his cruell hart of Saftie cold assure,
 for, dreadinge those whom he ought deme of his complice most
 sure,

hym selfe his bearde, his brest wth bornynge brands wold ceere,
 of deathe deserved his gwiltie hart so vexed hym wth feare. 280

me thought this might Suffyce to represent the fyne
 of Tirant^e force, where Royall harts might at there rage repyne,
 And magistrates might see what feares and what vnrest
 in Raginge hartes that thrist^e for blood is equallie Imprest;
 and howe the gwiltles blood that is vniustlie shedde 285

dothe crave revenge (o dredfull thinge!) vpon the tirant^e seade;
 And what sowre Successe suche bloody mynd^e Imbrace,
 and howe the rage of tyrant^e hart^e wth blood rewarded was,
 that oft I wysht some wold of newe there woos discryve
 to warne the rest whom frendlie fayte as yet have left alive; 290

And that the fall of those that in this realme have bee
 might presse abroad amongst the rest, y^t forraigne stat^e might
 see

That there vnfrendlie fayte are equal wth the rest,
 whom frowarde fortune vncontrold wth bitter hapes distrest;
 whereas It might appeare, and all estates might knowe 295
 howe frutfull warnynge is to suche as wold be free from woo.

Thus mewsinde as I satt, I leand my wearye Arme
 vnto a stay that for a while might ease my Rovinge brayne.

But nothings cold avale, so muche was my mysease,
 till, tendinge downe vnto my booke, the watch forsooke my Eyes,
 And swete slepe did attempt to alter this discourse, 301
 that wasted so my wearie corpes wth rage of worldlie force.

whether this restles rage that I cold not vnlade
 It was, or ells that still perforce the hevmors of the heade
 did troble me anewe, as fansyes drives by Dreames, 305
 or Morpheus mynded I shold have a traunce of suche remaynes

as erst I longe foriudged, and so I might constreane
to forme a plote as witt cold worke the braunches in my brayne ;
There sodainelie I sawe one thrust in at the Doore,
who said the Quene is here at hand, and bad avoide befoore. 310
wth that the lighte appeared, the waters were at hande,
and orderlie prepared a place whereas the Quene shold stand.
The great resort that ought to suche estates pteyane
made me to deame that was not she y^t had so small a trayne.
I knewe her at the sight, then reverence made me ryse, 315
and humble me as best became or dewtie cold devyse.
she gave a signe as thoo she wold I should attende
vnto her tale, where I might iudge to what she might pretende.
my Reverence made and done, then Silence did forwarne
the standers by, and all was whusht, & thus the Quene beganne :

The Quenes Ma^{tie} complante of a mysordered comon weale.

WTHIN thie warpe of this thie woful twyne, 321
that y^u entendes (my Randolphe !) to renewe
in forraigne forme, first begwyne wth myne,
nowe dryven to drinke as I did brewe :
Inwrape my woos wthin thie carefull clewe, 325
That, when the recorde is spred every where,
the state of my comber first may appere.

for, seinge the prest to pen as a president,
that may I Imparte the Scotyshe fall of peres,
and rest as a recorde to be residente 330
wthin thie contempt of thie silent eares,
I presse forthe first because thy ex[p]ert¹ yeres
Dailie attendant may truelie² reveale
a whole dyscourse how I did prevale.

¹ MS. exert.

² MS. trurlie.

I presse not forthe amongst the rewfull thronge 335
 of those that in this wretched realme have bie,
 whom vnfriendlie fortune have overthrowen,
 nor yet complayne I of much myserye,
 that ever impecht my Royal dignitie,
 ne yett is there cause whie repyne I shold, 340
 for all thinge Succeded my will as I wold.

I onelie complaine of the myserable state,
 that this dysorder in my weale have wrought ;
 where no redresse in tyme cold dilate
 the extreme wronge that Rigor had tought ; 345
 I ever did deme, the Rokes once vprought
 that resisted my will, I might purchase peace,
 and reconcile the rest wth frendlie grace.

ffor, whollie affected wth th' affyaunce of will—
 a mist of error that princes do blinde, 350
 I wrested such lawes as might my weale spill,
 rather then ruled as wisdom assynde ;
 I mysliked such meanes as Impugned my mynde,
 Ledd wth th' affection, th' onlie springe and Roote,
 that all godlie Goverment clerelie wroutethe owte. 355

This enraged some in Armes to concurre,
 that felt my force as after thou shalte heare ;
 This enforced some wth Silence to demur,
 that durst not doo that I bad forbear ;
 This procured some wth dread to reteare 360
 vnto my trayne, that vnwillinge (God knows)
 in my assistaunce there fayth did repose.

Th' unsure faythe that mystrust procures,
 Th' unconstant ¹ trades that dowbtes do reteane
 appales franke hartes wth treacherous desyres, 365

¹ MS. Thnconstant.

that no frendlie brest may them susteane ;
 in o^r mysorder this appeared playne,
 whereto a while yf thou wilt give eare,
 a whole discourse hereof you shall heare.

I hold It nedles to bragg of my birthe, 370
 by Loyall dascent endowed a Quene ;
 my ffather doth wyttnes it even to his death,
 who in this weale most noblie did reigne,
 and that halffe a Gwyssian by birth I bene,
 and howe the Frenshe Kinge in marag did endowe 375
 me wth Royall right, a madlie wydowe.

But I cold bost of bewtie wth the best
 in Skilfull pointç of princelie attire,
 and of the golden gwyftes of natures behest,
 who filed my face of favor freshe and fayre : 380
 my bewtie shynes like Phebus in the ayre,
 and nature formed my feate^r beside
 in such proport as advanseth my pride.

Thus fame affatethe my state to the stares,
 enfeoft wth the gwyftes of nature devise, 385
 that soundes the retreat to others princes eares
 whollie to resigne me the chefest price :
 but what doth it avale to vant in this wyse ?
 for as the sowre sent the swete tast do spill,
 So are the good gwyftes corrupted wth ill. 390

Merke, Randolphe, heare, for nowe I begwyne :
 This was the brere that blotted my browe,
 muffled affection wth will for to wyne
 that wisdom forbade me oft for to doo ;
 for as the stronge dothe make the weake bowe, 395
 So did my will owtrestle my wytte,
 wthowt the restreant of a sensuall byte.

my ffather in Fawklande yelded his brethe,
 who warelie did wealde this comon weale wth gaine;
 my goodyer in Flowdon was drawen to his death, 400
 by the dynt of a sworde of thie contremen;
 my mother Quene Governo^r of the Gwyssian name,
 who wth civill warrs this weale did awast,
 in Edenbrugh castle she breathed her last.

nowe ryffe report dothe brute all abroode, 405
 that I am a Gwyssian by the sewrer syde,
 rather given whollie to weld wth the sworde,
 then worke that wisdom have firmelie affied,
 or vse advise wth reason alyed,
 that peace propoundeth to purchase me praise, 410
 then to persever in theis Rigorus wayes.

But, ledd wth affection affyed wth trust,
 first I begonne to wedd as I wold
 suche one as I demed wold serve my Lust,
 rather then might my weale well vpholde, 415
 whose tender yeres of counsaile was colde,
 for, prowde of the pray of princelie estate,
 where I gave the cheke was redye to mate.

Then my court encreast wth costlie recourse,
 recountinge the pleasures of youthfull desires, 420
 and wanton delight of effemynate force,
 that staned wth love there lustie attyres;
 for everie man, wounded wth Venus desires,
 was whollie addict to courtlie resyance,
 where they resigned there whole affyance. 425

I hardened my ears against suche advise,
 as tendered my state to advaunce my weale;
 and welded it wth welth suppressing suche vice
 as wraathfull awardement wth wrong did conceale;

Suche there advicement I wold not reveale ; 430
 I reteaned suche counsaile as wold not Invay,
 but, as a fytt instrewment prest to my pray,

ffytlie affirmed what I liked best,
 in Rigor, in rage, in right or in wronge,
 Like subtell foxes, for there behest 435
 allured my ears vnto there sugred songe ;
 but in this league I Lyngred to Long :
 The hye sprynginge floudes may not ay abide,
 but as Tyme apointeth they torne wth the tide.

O pleasinge bayte, y^u faire fyled tonge ! 440
 O craftie crocodile wth feaned face !
 O Subtell Syren wth sugred songe !
 O treacherous hart wth flateringe grace !
 O counsaile corrupt wth craftie encrease !
 O poyson apparent, that danger do bringe 445
 in everye age like the Scorphion stinge !

O cursed advice that tendes to no weale,
 but for private pray oppressethe the poore !
 O sugred Synon, that so do reveale
 thie forged speche vnto thie willinge eare ! 450
 O froward wytt that will not forbear
 to Lysten vnto there duble advyse,
 that dothe interrupt eche good enterprise !

This brede the broile that stirde vs to stryffe ;
 for those that ever tendered my state 455
 cold not abide to see this myscheffe ;
 as I pretended to rule in this rate,
 they ever attendant my wealth did awayte :
 but, muffled with the myst of Ignorance,
 I did mystake there faythfull affyaunce ; 460

w^{ch} caused Envye, the Rancor of right,
 wth fowle pretence to Invade my dome:
 So did Revenge, the sparke of dispight,
 that kindlethe the minde against right or wrong.
 Thus was I provoked rashelie to Ronne 465
 to Seke to Subyeck all to the sword,
 that Impugned my will or resisted my worde.

ffirst, th' erle of Murray I hoisted to the horne,
 and divers that were partakers wth hym
 I deninced them rebells for ever forlorne, 470
 and there retenewe that durst deale therein :
 I debarde intercessors intreatinge for hym :
 no meane might serve this Quarrell to debayte ;
 so muche was enflamed my Rigor and hate.

The more ye stope streames the higher they flowe, 475
 the hastie blastes do oft revive flame ;
 The more ye Lope trees the higher they growe ;
 so It appeared by his mightie trayne
 assembled wth force against me to reigne :
 The more I sought to seperate those 480
 the more¹ they clustred on heapes wth my foos.

Then raged I of newe and not wthowt cause,
 by reason I cold not rule as I list;
 I ordened Decrees, and proscribde theis lawes
 that all men in armes shold me assyst ; 485
 and so wth the sworde to clere vpe the myst
 I waged Sowldgiers to wrastle therein
 that I my porpose more easylie might wyne.

Theis were enduced wth Murray to Rone,
 affyinge there faythe to further his force; 490
 Duke Shateleraut, next heire to the crowne,

¹ MS. they more.

whose Lynyall discente I leave to discourse ;
 Th' erle of Argile, whose might I dred worce,
 abandoned wth the bloody Iryshe crewe,
 that who so they take they helples downe hewe. 495

This savage kinde they knowe no lawe of armes ;
 they make not warrs, as others do, a play ;
 they deale not death by the dredfull harmes ;
 yeld or not yeld who so they take they slea.
 they save no prysonners for Ransome nor for pay ; 500
 they hold It hopeles of thie bodye dead,
 except they see hym cut shorter by the heade.

Off there complice was th' erle of Glencarne,
 Th' erle of Rothose and L. Ogletree,
 Pretcor and Grange and many Arme in Arme, 505
 Rone as assistars in there confederacye :
 Boide and Pretarroo did thereto agree,
 and sundrye mo was of there consente
 to further there purpose as they were bente.

The dread of no Enemy cold me appaile, 510
 nor yett no travell Endaunte my entent,
 I mustred my men in Armes to assale ;
 to practise my porpose as I was bente :
 wth bloody pretence forward I wente ;
 No evell Successe of others mens harmes, 515
 inexpert thereof, cold me forwarne.

howe can the blinde forejudge what is prest,
 or tred the dowbtfull stepinge vnseen ?
 howe can the deaffe reyoce wth eche gest,
 or take delight in the nightingales tune ? 520
 how can th' unwise wth wisdome preseume ?
 Those that bluntlie runs may Light in the breres,
 and put to thir plunge where no dangere apperes.

The Lyttle birde do warne vs bewayre
 that flickereth oft from tree to tree, 525
 mystrusting eche bushe for dread of the snare ;
 The movse shones the bayte that pleaseth y^e eye,
 Dreadinge the trape endaunger to dye :
 Thes showes what harmes often do lye
 in suche sewgred bate as deceyveth the Eye. 530

Warre is a welfayre to th' inexperte ;
 I dreaded no daunger of death to ensewe ;
 No Reason might my Rigor reverte,
 but thristie of blood I did them pursewe ;
 ffrom place to place I sought them of newe : 535
 No stormy blastes cold make me retyre ;
 no daunger of death cold dread my desire.

The amased lewsarde wth the fotemans feare
 from the wandringe gadlinge hastet a mayne,
 that by no compulsion will ells retyre, 540
 but, tried by the trode of her bendinge trayne,
 wth ferefull stinge she tornethe agayne :
 oft hastie porsewers do happen suche hape,
 as may Judge the cause by thafter clape.

I rested not to rone owt this race : 545
 there slender forces durst not abide :
 for, as the wolffe with Ravenynge grace
 The sillie shepe do Scater aside,
 I chast them still, wth Rigor alyed,
 but they pretended to puplishe this polycie, 550
 in eschewinge my force to attrye my Tirannye.

In Glasco towne I entrenched my bandes,
 and they in Paselee not far dystant from thence,
 where erelie on the morrowe, west by the sandes,
 they gave me Larum wth warlicke pretence : 555
 we were in Armes, but they were gone thence ;

to the ffeldes we marcht in Battell array,
expectinge o^r foos, but they were awaye.

Th' erle of Leonox I ordaned generall,
In whom consisted the confidence I had ; 560
I gave hym charge and made hym cheffe of all,
but th' erle of Morton was discontent thereat :
the contencion ryse to have the vangarde :
A creditt oblysht by his amycitree
to w^{ch} request I wold not agree. 565

The m^r Maxwell, somewhat moved wth ruthe,
as It appeared, to reconcile my meane,
on his knees entreated me to hear suche truthe
as his report cold iustlie maynteyne :
his teares appeared to be forged of payne, 570
whose dowble dealinge did after disclose
th' unconstant faith that trechers propose.

He humblie entreated he might retorne,
pretendinge thereby to color his craft ;
who, semyng vnwillinge to deale in this action, 575
I Lycensed whom frelie to departe :
he ran to my foos to maynteyne that parte,
where he betrothed his vnsure trust ;
to whom also after he appeared vnjust.

when fame had brought that the Ll^e were gone 580
to Edenbrough towne to wage men of warre,
to supplie there force and make them more stronge
of expert trayns to Joyne in this Jarre,
I hasted forward to Interrupt them there ;
but by the way I harde they were gone 585
from Edenbroughe, and had clene left the towne.

They fled to the frontyers to further there force,
I rased my campe and retyred my bandes

Into the ffythe, where wthowt remorse
 I rested there goodes and disposed there landes ; 590
 I reatened there forfeitures in my owne hande ;
 Suche as I suspect of there consent
 or favored there porpose in prison I pent.

and some that had Incurred my blame
 by worde, or wronge, or other like meane, 595
 for redye coigne I compounded with them,
 that I might better my soulgiers maynteyne :
 Th' unwonted charge that I did susteane
 was thus considered, in everie Dome,
 To Surpasse the yerelie revenewe of my crowne. 600

All this effect, even as I wolde,
 Th' uneasfull Travell that I did susteane
 bad me retyre whereas I sholde
 rest for a space, to devyse what meane
 I might procure most hurtfull for them : 605
 contented herewth, wth my whole trayne
 To Hollyrowd house I retorned againe.

The Secrete dryftes of there pretended myndes,
 The whole recounthe of theis proceedinge past,
 The great redowbtes that by such meanes we finde 610
 consideratelie weighed and depelie forecast,
 we puplisht decrees and proclaimed in hast
 that all o^r forces shold assemble on a day
 in payn of deathe to assist vs in o^r way.

The tyme was come when that eche man might see 615
 the barraigne ffeldes wth Armed men oresprede ;
 The gredye spoiles where suche a trayne had bee
 made manye a teare wth rufull Eye be shede ;
 we marched forwarde o^r foos to Invade,
 wth Eger thirst to put them to flight, 620
 and seke there deathes that sought to dash o^r dryft.

Amidde w^{ch} rowte yf thow thie selffe had bene,
 and seen howe I my matters did contrive,
 thou woldest have reckened me the lustiest Quene
 that ever Europe fostred heare to Live ; 625
 Yea if Tomiris her selffe had bene alive,
 who dreaded great host^e wth her tyrannie,
 cold not shewe her selffe more valiant then I.

a Sodaine brute was blowen all abroad
 that they had Support of th' englishemen ; 630
 I Somewhat appaled at that comon worde,
 fordreadinge the daunger that I might Susteane,
 and this was mystrusted of my whole trayne :
 the brutyshe sort are oft glade to heare
 of suche vane reportes as delighteth the eare. 635

we came to Domfreis to attempt o^r might,
 but all was in vane : o^r foos were awaie :
 there was none there that wold vs resiste,
 nor yett affirme that I did gainesaye :
 the M^r Maxwell appealed that day 640
 vnto my favo^r, whom I did remytte :
 Loo ! heare th' abvse of a dissembling wytt.

They, vnable to abide or resist my myght,
 entred perforce into th' inglishe pale ;
 in Carlele they all were constrayned to Light, 645
 where the L. Scrowpe entreated them all,
 and th' erle of Bedforde, Leiveten[e]nte¹ generall
 of th' inglishe northe, whose fervent affection
 I ever dreaded to deale in this action.

whose noble hart, enflamed wth ruthe 650
 to see theis Lls thus driven to dystresse,

¹ MS. Leivetennte.

sought the meanes he cold to advance the truthe,
 and God forgive me yf I do Judge amysse,
 that thou thie selffe was perciall in this :
 what racke? Randolphe, thou thie selffe knowes 655
 I retorned a victore wthowt any blowes.

Theis Lyngrynge broiles by past and forworne,
 wth suche Successe as I nede not repyne,
 Theis troblesome broiles clene overbloen,
 the mystes gan clere vpe and eke the sone shyne : 660
 I Injoyed my will and all was myne ;
 then I resolved to reforme myne vnrest
 wth suche delightes as I liked best,

Whereas I sawe oft wth my Rewfull Eye ;
 ffor God endewed me wth naturall Ingyne 665
 To liberallie, that eche man might see
 howe theis goodlie gwyftes in me did shyne :
 as well as the wisest I cold those defyne,
 albeit I was Led wth muffled affection
 and evell advise to stirre in this action. 670

The myserable state this mysorder wrought
 wth wofull wracke in this my comon weale
 I sawe, where oft resorted to my thought
 the sowre myshapes that discorde doth reveale,
 where devyded myndes may nothings conceale ; 675
 but owtbraythinge Envy, debayte, and stryffe
 entendes nothings ells but civill myscheffe.

The morall sentence of good regymente :
 Happie is the realme well governed,
 and is free from th' ambycious consente ; 680
 where gainefull spoiles are not desired,
 nor wth painefull toiles the headie overcharged ;
 but dewe mynystracion of everie charge,
 dewlie executed by suche as be sage,

Enforceth me oft nowe for to Repyne, 685
 recountinge this Sentence in my Silent brayne.
 A tochestone is this where I cold defyne
 the want of those that once did maynteyne
 my publicke weale, while I did reigne
 ffree from eche care that now dothe appeare, 690
 and dailie complaintes enforceth me to heare.

My restles mewse forweryed with this
 can nowe adiudge the great Inconvenyence,
 and howe necessarie a good counsailor is,
 that can determyne with learned experience, 695
 I have bought to Deare to knowe what difference
 is ever apparant where wise magistratē regne,
 and what retchles Successe the blind dotē maynteyne.

The tender youthe to Scence whole Imploide
 accomptes knowledge evell wone wth there labo^r ; 700
 The wounded man w^{ch} must the greffe abide
 of steaching vpe or searinge of the soore,
 Th' onlie meane his health to restoore,
 Impacyentlie repuynynge to Suffer this smarte,
 as all to bad reproves the Sorgyons arte. 705

But as the pacyentē greffe and scolers paine
 cause them deme bad suche as sewre be best,
 so want of wisdomē causeth vs complaine
 of everie hape whereby we seme opprest ;
 The pore do pyne for pelffe, the rytch for rest, 710
 and when th' extremes of such do vs assaile,
 we curse o^r fayte : o^r fortune we bewaile.

I wishe my skill wold permytt my desyre
 to frame my tale wth suche mete Eloquence,
 as my Devoire in this might aspier 715
 to argewe in cause most fyttyst for a prince ;
 for I can say Somewhat of experyence,

what oft is accident in that vnstable stay
where th' unadvysed runs wilfullie astray.

Randolphe, Randolphe, It is fyttest for a prince, 720
and suche as have the regyment^e of realmes,
there Subyect^e hartes wth mildnes to convynce,
and iustice mixt avoydinge all extremes ;
ffor like as Phebus wth his cherefull beames
Do freshlie force the flagrant flowres to floryshe, 725
so rulers mildnes Subyect^e love do noryshe.

Nowe hast thou harde the hole¹ of my vnhape—
my chance, my change, the cause of all my cares ;
and thou hast harde howe fortune doth me wrape
wth world at will to wyne me to her sknare ; 730
But I do dread this warnes me to be wayre
of greater trobles nowe Lycklie to ensewe,
that may enforce me to complaine of newe.

Finis.

Wth that I start from slepe, the Slomber left my Eyes,
fforiudging what I erst forthought, wth hevy moude I ryse, 735
And what prefixt I see apparant in my dreame,
and howe, to answer all my hope, I hard the Quene complaine ;
I dowbted then my pace, thryse did my trowbled thought
Revolt wth woo the Loukles lott that in this world is sought.
I did forecast eche cares that Kyngdomes do resygne, 740
And eke the Sliperie estate of those for fame that clyme ;
I reckened the rule that peres and princes hold
to be a seat that sonest sincke^e when fortune waxeth cold ;
I demed it daungerous in court to beare a sway,
for that my yeres forespent might Judge howe some was worne
away, 745
whose change and sodaine fall wth ruthe recordethe this,
that shewe by prouffe a paterne prest howe bryttle hono^r is ;

¹ MS. thole.

And eke what stepes of stryffe belonge to highe estate,
 for that oftyme the seate it selffe do purchaise prevye hate ;
 The leaves whereof do fall as fast as sprowtes do springe 750
 that cannot last but worne wth such, It is so vayne a thinge.

And howe the clymmynge vpe is dowbtfull to endure,
 and that the hope of honors hold is fyckle and vnsure.

I did foriudge the dread that dothe vnlad eche blame,
 for eke from hye descendē the bolt, the fulgent flashe of flame.

I weighed warelie to shune the shiftes that schrowdes no
 shame 756

of suche as robes the meanest sort engrossinge but for gayne,

And howe in Judgement syttē Rigor wth feaned face,
 Suppressinge some, advansinge those where right nor reason was.

And where Envyē doth regne and beares the chefest price,
 where greater poyson is not founde wthin the cokatryce ; 761

And howe deceyte doth forge and feanethe eke his woo,
 and gives the cupe of bitter swete to pledge his mortall ffoo.

And this I thought most strange, howe nature doth forsake
 the bloode that in her wombe was wrought as doth the lothed
 snake, 765

And howe a feaned frende do powder so his termes,
 wth false effect, that truth can try no trades to trust his meanes,

And howe that slipper trust dothe lett no losse to lend,
 and eke the rarenes to Imbrace th' affyance of a frende ;

And howe fansye abides no longer then she lust, 770
 But as the wynde dothe often chang and is not for to trust.

And when all this I thus had weighed wth many moo,
 and of suche accidentē as theis through eche degree that goo,

And howe everye estate is Subyeck to Rewyn,
 and sowner sinckē the highest sort than they that live in meane.

And howe o^r tyme dothe Rone, as sand owt of the glasse, 776
 even as ech howre apointed is from tyme and tide to passe,

And that my yeres forespent wth sporte of youthfull plaies
 do nowe abridge my losse of gayne wthin my horye herres ;

And howe the ffeble threede of Lief vertewe dothe spyne, 780
 and shewes the end of everie worke before It dothe begwyne.

I then said to my selffe : me thinkes this may assure
all those that clyme to honors seate, there state may not endure.

The hills of highest hight are sonest perskt with sone ;
The Silver streames wth somers drowght are letten oft to Rone ;
The loftiest trees and groves are Ryfest rent wth winde ; 786
the brushe and breres that thickest growe the flame will sonest find ;

The loftie Rewynge towres there falls the ffeller bee ;
most ferse dothe fulgent Lightnyng light where furthest we may see ;

The Gorgyous pallace deckt and reard vp to the skye 790
are souner shokt wth wynter Stormes than meaner bwildinge bee ;

Such hape have loftie myndes that sytte in highest seate,
when hatefull hartē disdeane thereat, and envy therat threat.

Vpon the highest mountē The stormy wyndē do blowe ;
The sewer seate and Quyet lief is in the vale belowe ; 795

By reason I regawrde the meane estate most sure,
that wayteth on the golden meane and harmles may endure.

The man that wyselie workē in welthe doth feare no tidē,
when fortune failes dispeareth not, but stedfastlie abidē.

ffor he that sendeth stormes wth windes and wynter blastē 800
and steanes wth hale the wynter face & fils each soile wth frostē,

he slakē the force of cold, he sendē the somer hott,
he causethe bayle to stormy hartē, of Joy the spring & Roote.

Reader, regawrde this well, as I of force nowe must
appoint thie mewse to merke my verse, thus ruffled vp in rust ;

And Lerne this last of me : Imbrace thie porpose prest, 806
and lett no storme to blowe thie blastē, to lose thie port of rest.

And tho thie gale be great & frowarde fortune fayle,
againē when wynde do serve at will hoist not to hye the saile.

ffor prowffe may toche the stone to prove this firme and plaine,
that no estate may countervale the gyld or golden meane. 811

Finit.

JENYE.

[Endorsed] 1565. Mr Randolpes phantasy of the pcedinge in
Scotland.

II.

Verses underneath an Answer to a Challenge made
by the Earl of Bothwell, offering to prove by
the law of Armes that he was the chief and
author of the foul and horrible murder of the
King.

[MS. STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, vol. xiii. April 13, 1567.
Number 29.]



T is not aneuch ye pure King is deid,
Bot ye mischant murtheraris occupand his
steid,
And dowbell addulltre hes all yis land
schamit,
Bot all 30^r sillie Lordis man be defamit,
And willfullie yai man yame selves mensuir.
God put sum end vnto yis soroufull tyme,
And haue ye saikles Lds not trublit of yis cryme!

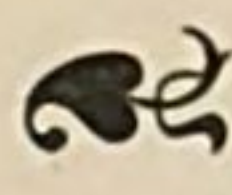
III.

 Heir followis ane Ballat declaring the Nobill
and Gude inclination of our King.

[Broadside in 3 Columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xiii. (May? 1567), Number 47.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



O Edinburgh about vj. houris at morne,
As I was passand, pansand, out the way,
Ane bony boy was soir makand his mone;
His sory sang was oche and wallaway!
That euer I sould byde to se that day! 5
Ane King at euin, with Sceptur, Sword, & Crown,
At morne bot ane deformit lumpe of clay,
With tratouris strang sa cruellie put downe.

 Than drew I neir sum tythingis for to speir,
And said; "my freind, quhat makis the sa way?" 10
"Bludie Bothwell hes brocht our King to beir,
And flatter and fraude with dowbill Dalyday."
I studeit still, and nathing could I say,
My mynde was full of admiratioun:
"My bony boy, tell me without delay 15
The Kingis maneris, forme, and fassioun."

¶ “Narratioun, shir, gif I do tell,
 His cruell murther 3e will call monsterous ;
 For in meiknes he did all men excell,
 And vnto na man was he odious. 20
 To meit his marrow he was audatious,
 On sturdie steid, with craftie feat of weir ;
 Mars fauourit him as fair Ascanius,
 Æneas sone, that weill ane steid could steir.

☞ “In deidis he sould haue bene lyke Deiphoebus, 25
 Had feinzeit Fortoun fauourit him to Ring,
 Or Theseus, or gentill Julius,
 In gentill featis ferand for ane King :
 Dartis about him swyftlie could he fling,
 And rin ane rais and shortlie turne ane steid ; 30
 Cunning of Crosbow, cutthrot, and culuering ;
 Ane flaine lat fle with bow in tyme of neid.

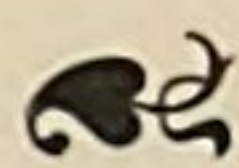
☞ “In gamis glaid he was rycht weill asswetit,
 Rycht featlie on the fluire alswa could dance ;
 Bot Dalila vnto him was vanlatit, 35
 Quhilk causit him oft to be sad and pance ;
 3it neuer did sho se his maik in France
 Off royall bluid, to fang to be hir feir :
 Not hir fyrst spous, for all his greit puissance,
 In portratour and game mycht be his peir. 40

¶ “Cunning of Clergy, of musick meruelus,
 The louing leid of Latine could declair ;
 Sangis set with diuers tunis expres,
 With Instrument maist sweit into the eir.
 With hundis hunt he could baith Da and Deir ; 45
 The faid also rycht feitlie could he set ;
 Ane gay gois Halk vpone his hand to beir ;
 Ane Falcowne fle to se he thocht delyte.

 "With Romaine hand he could weill leid ane pen,
 And storyis wryte of auld antiquitie ; 50
 Nobill him self and Nobill of Ingyne,
 And louit weill concord and vnitie.
 He swoumit in the fluidis of Poetrie,
 And did exerse the science liberall ;
 The facund Phrase did vse of oratrie : 55
 His gude Ingyne was rycht celestiall.

 "In pulchritude to Paris perigall,
 With browis brent and twinkland Cristell eine,
 Of face formois and vult heroycall,
 He mycht haue bene ane marrow to ane Quene. 60
 At ten houris on Sonday lait at euin,
 Quhen Dalila and Bothwell bad gudnycht,
 Off hir finger fals sho threw ane Ring,
 And said, 'my Lord, ane taikin I 3ow plycht.'

 "Scho did depairt than with ane vntrew traine, 65
 And than in haist ane Culuering they leit crak,
 To teiche thair feiris to knaw the appoint tyme
 About the Kingis lugeing for to clap.
 To dance that nycht thay said sho sould not slak,
 With leggis lycht to hald the wedow walkane, 70
 And baid fra bed vntill sho hard the crak,
 Quhilk was ane signe that hir gude Lord was slane.

 "And Maddie meinis sho did in Setou sing :
 Full weill was hir that day that sho was fre,
 And into ioy and out of tray and tene, 75
 So frely fred from all aduersitie.
 O Stewartis stout, ha ! benedicitie !
 War 3e not Royis in this Regioun,
 And ay did vse Justice and equitie ?
 And now 3our glas of honestie is run. 80

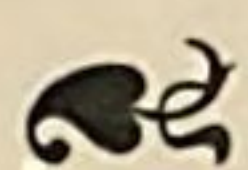
☞ “Unles 3e now sharplie shuit out 3our handis,
 And trewlie try the gyltie of this blude,
 3e wilbe repuite Lowreis ouer all landis,
 And fais to Christ [that] deit on the Rude.
 My Lordis, thairfoir, I think for 3ow gude, 85
 The tresoun try and puneis equallie :
 Lat not 3our landis defylit be with blude,
 And gif 3e do, God shaw his Maiestie !

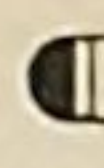
☞ “Quhen Daue deit our Quene rycht potentlie
 Into this Realme did rais ane ryall rout, 90
 Out of this Regioun Lordis gart sho flie :
 Tresoun to try sho was that tyme maist stout ;
 But sho is slak to try this tresoun out,
 And to him Dauy was na perigall :
 Dauy and his, thair state was wont shone clout : 95
 Our cumly King was of the blude royall.

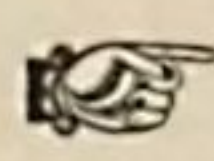
☞ “For dowbill Dauy sho did 3ow expell ;
 Think on, thairfoir, quhill 3e haue sic ane cryme,
 And 3e defend the cruell Jesabell,
 Than Baallis Preistis will cal 3ow verray kynde. 100
 Now, euerie Dowglas of ane hartsum mynde,
 Think on dame Margaret sumtyme in the towre,
 And of 3young Charles prudent of Ingyne :
 I pray God lat thame se ane ioyfull houre.

☞ “O 3e that dois profes Godis worde deuyne ! 105
 Se that 3e sclander not his haly Name ;
 Remember Jesus Judas put to pyne,
 For slak regaird of Godlynes and blame.
 God he is all that layis ane stumling stane,
 Quhilk may the cause be of our bretheringis fall : 110
 Restoir againe 3our foule polluted fame,
 Gif 3e faouore Christ Jesus trew Gospell.

 "The buik of Josua as I did reid,
 And thairin ane exampill did I find,
 How Acan tuik the excommunicat guid : 115
 All Israell war threitnit for that sin.
 The fauour of God be na way could he win,
 Quhill trewlie tryit war faultouris of the faill,
 Quhome Josua in flambis fell did burne,
 And than did ceis Godis wraith celestiall. 120

 "Gif God was wraith at ane small pegrall stouth,
 And for ainis fault ane multitude did shoir,
 Gif diligence to mak the giltie couth,
 Or he will do to 3ow as he befoir.
 3e knaw 3our cryme is wors ane greit daill moir 125
 Nor hunders twa of sicklis siluer fyne,
 To pull ane King fra his hie potent gloir,
 Quhome God did place be ordinance dewyne.

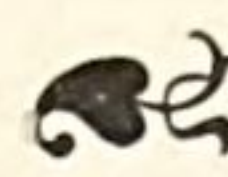
 "O 3e that to our Kirk hes done subscriue,
 Thir Ecanis try alsweill traist I may, 130
 Gif 3e do not, the tyme will cum belue
 That God to 3ow will rais sum Josuay,
 Quhilk sall 3our bairnies gar sing wallaway,
 And 3e 3our selfis be put downe with shame:
 Remember on the vgsum latter day, 135
 Quhen 3e rewaird sall ressaif for 3oure blame.

 "I ken rycht weill 3e knaw 3our dewtie ;
 Gif 3e do not purge 3ow ane and all,
 Than sall I wryte in prettie poetrie,
 In Latine leid, in style Rethoricall, 140
 Quhilk throw all Europe sall ring lyke ane bell,
 In the contempt of 3our malignitie :
 Fy ! fle fra Clitemnestra fell,
 For sho was neuer lyke Penologie.

 "With Clitemnestra I do not fane to fletche, 145
 Quhilk slew hir spous the greit Agamemnon :
 Or with ony that Nynos wyfe dois matche—
 Semiramus, quha brocht hir gude Lord downe.
 Quha dow abstene fra litigatioun,
 Or from his paper hald aback the pen, 150
 Except he hait our Scottis Natioun,
 Or than stand vp and tratouris deidis commend?

 "Now all the wois that Ouid in Ibin
 Into his pretty lytill buik did wryte,
 And mony mo be to oure Scottis Quene, 155
 For sho the cause is of my wofull dyte.
 Sa mot hir hart be fillit full of syte,
 As Herois was for Leanderis deth,
 Hir self to slay for wo quha thocht delyte :
 For Henryis saik to lyke our Quene war laith. 160

 "The doloure als that peirsit Diddis hart,
 Quhen King Enee from Carthage tuik the flycht,
 For the Quhilk cause vnto ane brand sho start,
 And slew hir self, quhilk was ane sory sycht.
 Sa mot sho die as did Creusa brycht— 165
 The worthy wyfe of dowchtie Duik Jason,
 Quha brint was in ane garment wrocht be slycht
 Off Medea throw incantation.

 "Hir lauchter lycht be lyke to trim Thysbie,
 Quhen Pyramus sho fand deid at the well ; 170
 In langour lyke vnto Penologie,
 For Vlyssis quha lang at Troy did dwell.
 Hir duilsum deith be wars than Jesabell,
 Quhome throw ane windo suirle men did thraw,
 Quhais blude did laip the cruell hundis fell, 175
 And doggis could hir wickit bainis gnaw.

¶ “War I ane hund, o gif sho war ane hair,
 And I ane cat and sho ane lyttill mous,
 And sho ane bairne and I ane wylde wod bair,
 I ane firrat and sho Cuniculus, 180
 To hir I salbe ay contrarius,
 Quhill to me Atropus cut the fatell threid,
 And feill deithis dartis dolorus :
 Than sall our Spiritis be at mortall feid.

¶ “My Spirit hir Spirit sall douke in Phlegethon, 185
 Into that painfull fylthie flude of hell ;
 And thame in Styx and Lethee baith anone,
 And Cerberus, that cruell hund sa fell,
 Sall gar hir cry, with mony 3out and 3ell,
 O wallaway that euer sho was borne ! 190
 Or with tresoun be ony maner mell
 Quhilk from all blis sould cause hir be forlorne !

¶ “War Johne Bochas on lyue as he is deid,
 Worthy workis wald wryte in hir contempt,
 Alsweill of tresoun as of womanheid : 195
 Thairto his pen wald euer mair be bent
 Hir for till shame, and bludie Bothwell shent,
 And wald the counsall craif his warysoun,
 The quhilk King James the fyrst in Parliament
 Gaif to his Father for ane hie tresoun, 200

¶ “Quha did forfault him of his land and rent,
 And his leuing annex[i]t to the Crown,
 And to hir shame and to hir greit contempt,
 Quhen that he come vnto ane strange natioun :
 Than sould he mak declaratioun 205
 The causis all of his sory banishment,
 To be for trasoun done vnto the Crowne :
 Gif I do lie, reid the act of Parliament.”

¶ “ My bony boy, thy murning dois me harme,
 Bot thy sweit figureit speiche dois me delyte ; 210
 In poetrie I traist 3ow be na barne,
 Quhilk dois reheirs the Poetis auld indyte.
 At thir traytouris I find thow hes dispyte,
 And I ane Menstrell is and [I] can sing :
 Wald thow in Poetrie thy mater wryte, 215
 In thair dispyte thy scellat sall I ring.

¶ “ Albeit my hart be fillit full of syte,
 And mony troublis tumbland in my mynde,
 3it vnder neth this hauthorne sall I wryte,
 Or my forwereit body preis to dyne, 220
 In Poetrie narratioun of the cryme,
 Quhilk thow may sing, except that thow be red,
 In Inglis toung, quhan will gif place and tyme ;
 And than in Latine leid I think to spred

¶ “ My veirsis prompt in style Rethoricall, 225
 Quhilk pas sall to the Cane of Tartarie,
 And Peirs sall erthe and air Etheriall
 The wickit workis done in Britannie.
 My bony boy ” quod I “ fair mot the fa ” !
 With that he rais and reikit me this bill, 230
 And tuik gude nycht and shuik our handis twa,
 Sa we departit soir againis our will.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik. 1567.

IV.

✿ Heir followis the testament and tragedie of
vmquhile King Henrie Stewart of gude memorie.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Cottonian MSS. Caligula C. 1. fol. 17. (1567).—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, Collected by John Graham Dalyell, Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



HENRIE STEWART, vmquhile of Scotland
King,

Sum tyme in houe with reuerence to Ring
Within this Realme in dew obedience,

Traisting with ane, attoure all eirdlie thing,

Quha was the ruite quhair of I did spring,

5

In honour to liue be Kyndelie allyance,

Putand in hir sic faith and confidence,

Ingland I left, seducit be ignorance :

Scotland I socht in houe for to get hir,

Quhilk I may rew, as now is cum the chance,

10

And vthers learne by me experience :

In tyme be war fra ainis the work misset hir.

¶ Sum tyme sho thocht I was sa amiabill,
Sa perfect, plesand, and sa delectabill,
Lancit with luif she luid me by all wycht ;

15

Sum tyme, to shaw effectioun fauorabill,

Gratifeit me with giftis honorabill,

Maid me, 3e knaw, baith Lord, Duik, Erle and Knycht ;

Sum tyme in mynde sho praisit me sa hycht,
 Leifand all vther, hir bedfellow brycht 20
 Chesit me to be, and maid me 3our King :
 Than was I thocht happy into menis sycht,
 And pur anis did pryse thair Maker of mycht,
 That send thame ane Stewart sa Kyndelie to Ring.

¶ Thus, quhen sho had auancit me in estate, 25
 Hir for to pleis I set my haill consait,
 Quhilk now is cause of my rakles ruyne.
 Hir *licherous* luife, quhilk kindlit ouer hait,
 Cauld hes it cuild and sylit me with dissait,
 Plungeit my corps into this present pyne, 30
 Not onelie 3ow, Lordis, causand me to tyne,
 Bot als, allace ! fra my trew God declyne,
 Quhome I imbrasit for plesoure of hir Mes :
 Justlie, thairfoir, I haue deseruit this fyne,
 Quha for hir saik denyit the God deuine, 35
 That did me bring fra plesoure to distres.

¶ Backwart fra God my Spirite fra sho wylit,
 Daylie with darknes my sycht sho ouersylit :
 My Princelie pretence began to decay ;
 Vaine houpe in hir my ressoun exilit ; 40
 My truethles toung my honoure defylit ;
 My doing in deid sho gart me deny ;
 Fra credite I crakit Kyndnes brak ray ;
 No man wald trow the worde I did say ;
 My leigis me left persauand hir Ire ; 45
 Inland I left, and help was away ;
 God maid hir scourge to plaigue me for ay :
 Be war the scourge he cast not in the fyre.

¶ Thus was I than to doloure destinat,
 Miserabill man and Prince infortunat ; 50

28. The words in italics are crossed in the original, but are quite legible.

Quhomlit in sorow and plungeit in cair,
 Sum tyme in mynde with anger agitat,
 Sum tyme in Spirit pansiue and fatigat,
 Musand the meine mycht meis hir euer mair ;
 Sum tyme with doloure drewin in dispair, 55
 Wariand the warld, welth, and weifair,
 Deid I desirid, hir falset to fle ;
 Sum tyme in mynd thinkand the contrare,
 Sum vncouth vaiage I purpoisit prepare,
 Bot not sa vncouth as was preparit for me. 60

¶ Into the tyme of this my extasie,
 Quhen I was in this fearfull fantasie,
 With *feinzeit* fair and *wylie* wordis discreit
 Scho come to me with greit humilitie,
 Lamentand sair my greit calamitie, 65
 My langsum lyfe and sair tormentit Spirite,
 Promittand, with ane faithfull hart contreit,
 In tyme to cum, with reuerence me treit
 To my degre, in honoure, luife, and peace.
 Traistand into hir *wylie* wordis sweet 70
 My hart and lyfe into hir handis compleit
 I put, and past vnto the Sacrifice.

¶ Quhat sall I wryte how I was troublit thair?
 I wat it wald mak ony haill hairt sair
 For to reuolue my tristsum tragidie. 75
 How that thay bucheouris blew me in the air
 And stranglit me, I shame for to declair,
 Nouthir to God nor honoure hauand Ee.
 I houpit weill to haue na ennymie
 Into this Realme ; fra my natiuitie 80
 Thair was na man quhome to I did offend.
 Dissauit far I fand the contrarie :
 Off Tygeris quholpis, fosterit in tyrannie,
 Ane treuthles troupe hes drewin me to this end.

¶ O faithles flock, denuide of godlynes ! 85
 O Serpentis seid, nurisheit in wicketnes !
 Fostararis of falset, huirdome, and harlatrie,
 Mantenaris of murther, witchecraft expres,
 Tresoun amang 3ow dois daylie increas ;
 Lawtie is banist, Justice, and equitie. 90
 Quhat sall I wryte of 3oure wyle vanitie ?
 On falset is foundit 3our haill felicitie ;
 3our Castellis nor townis sall not 3ow defend ;
 God hes persauit 3our infidelitie,
 And schortlie will plaigue 3our crewell tyrannie : 95
 Of 3our schort solace sorow salbe the end.

¶ Quhat hairt so hard for petie will not bleid ?
 Quhat breist can beir bot man lament my deid ?
 Quhat toung sa thrall in silence suir can rest ?
 To se ane saule in sorow sowsit but feid, 100
 Ane saikles Lambe, ane innocent but dreid,
 Taine be consent of thame he luiffit best
 Furth of his bed, with doloure to be drest,
 By thrawart malice and murther manifest ;
 Jugeit by Law, and hangit syne but dome : 105
 Sair it was to se 3oure Prince with murther prest ;
 Sairar, I say, him, in his place possest,
 The deid that did ; than Burrio, now Brydegrome.

¶ O wickit *wemen*, vennomus of nature !
 Serpentis of Kynde, thocht cumlie seme 3our statue ! 110
 Vnstabill ioy, full of aduersitie !
 In mynde malicious attoure all creatuire !
 Quhais malice taine for euir dois induire :
 Teichit be experience, sa may I testifie.
 3our craftie consaitis cloikit with flatterie, 115
 And mylde meiknes sylit with subtilitie,
 Ar Medeais helters to bring vs in 3our net.

Gude deidis of auld gois furth of memorie ;
 The ruite of euill remaines but remedie
 Ay in 3oure mynde, sum vengeance quhill 3e get. 120

¶ For Dawyis deid, in *Maryis mynde* sa prentit,
 Consaut haitrent daylie mair augmentit ;
 Meik war hir wordis, thocht greit was hir greuance ;
 Oft at command, to mak hir weill contentit,
 In pouertie and paine my self fra court absentit : 125
 Paine could not pleis hir, nor 3it obedience :
 Persaue of *lust* the malice and mischance ;
 Quhair *Venus* anis gettis in hir gouernance
 Sic sylit subiectis felterit in hir snair,
 Wisdome is exilit and prudent puruoyance ; 130
 Nobilnes and honour defacit be ignorance ;
 And vertew banist, fra shame pas shed of hair.

¶ This sentence trew we may persaue in deid
 In sindrie authoris, quha lykis for to reid.
 In luiffis raige, as storyis dois reheirs, 135
 The crewell work of wretheit *womanheid*
 We may persaue in Scylla to succaid :
 For Minos luife, hir Father gaif na grace.
 Deianira hir husband Hercules,
 For Nessus saik, maist crewellie, allace ! 140
 Brocht to mischeif, for all his vassalage.
 And Clytemnestra, for Egistus face,
 Agamemnon, the mychtie King of Greice,
 Hir husband, slew : so vyle was hir vsage.

Off Ancus Martius we reid the greit mischance, 145
 Quha rang in Rome in proude preheminance,
 Slaine be Lucinio at Tanaquillis procure :
 Samson also, for manheid and prudence,
 All Israell that had in gouernance,
 Dalila desaut in vnder couertoure : 150

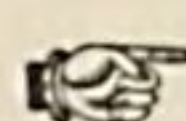
Quhairfoir, lat men be war, and keip thame suire
 Fra wemenis vennome vnder faithles figure,
 And gif na wyfe thair counsall for to keip :
 For as the woirme that workis vnder cuire
 At lenth the tre consumis that is duire, 155
 So wemen men, fra thay in credite creip.

¶ I speik not but prufe, quhilk I may sairly rew :
 Quhat lyfe did thoill, my deid dois try it trew.
 My fragill fortowne sa faithles hes bene heir,
 Wald God the day that I thee, Scotland, knew, 160
 Atropus the threid had cut Lachesis drew.
 So sould not felt the change of Fortownes cheir :
 My Kingdome cair, my wealth was ay in weir :
 My state vnstabill me drew fra Godis feir :
 My plesoure prikis my paine ay to prouoke : 165
 My solace, sorow, sobbing to asteir ;
 My ryches powertie, power to empire :
 My *wratchet wyfe* hes now put out the smoke.

¶ Quhat warldlie ioy in earth may lang induire ?
 Or quhat estate may heir him self assuire 170
 For to conserue his lyfe in sicernes ?
 Quha may sustene the perillous auentuire
 Off fals fortowne, inconstant and vnsuire ?
 Or quhair sall men find steidfast Stabilnes ?
 All warldlie blis is mixt with bitternes, 175
 Springand with ioy, endand with wretchitnes,
 As heir my end reheirsit dois record.
 Quhairfoir let Princes pryde thame not expres
 In warldlie welth, in pomp nor worthynes,
 Bot stablishe thair strenth, with Daid, on the Lord. 180

¶ In earth, thairfoir, sen nocht is permanent,
 My soule to God I leif omnipotent ;
 My Bab and Childe vnder the Counsallis cuire.

To 3ow, my Lordis, of my deid Innocent,
For to reuenge I leif in Testament 185
My saikles bluid, my murther and iniure;
Thocht Princes wald be falset 3ow alluire,
Hurt not 3our honouris, the samin to smuire.
First luik to God, syne to 3our libertie.
Think weill: suppois my death 3e wald induire, 190
Gif Rubbers Ring, na subiect salbe suire
Mair nor the sheip in Foxis companie.

 FINIS. 

 Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
Anno Do. 1567.

V.

Heir followis ane Exhortatioun to the Lordis.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xiii. (June 1567), Number 62.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]

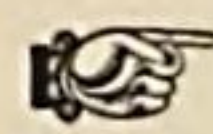


Y Lordis, now, gif 3e be wyse,
 Knaw weil the grace y^t God hes sēd 3ow ;
 Gif to that leuing Lord all pryse ;
 Pray that from dainger he defend 3ow,
 And na way lat 3oure fais offend 3ow, 5
 Bot gif 3ow counsell and curage
 Bauldlie togidder all to bend 3ow,
 That 3e do nouthur swerue nor swage.

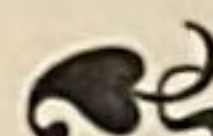
Think it is nouthur strenth nor fors,
 That hes set 3ow a fuite befoir : 10
 Think weill that nouthur men nor hors
 Off sic ane act sould get the gloir :
 Bot he that ringis euer moir
 Hes luikit on 3oure quarrell rycht :
 Gif him all thankis now thairfoir, 15
 And pryse his name with all 3our micht.

I I grant 3our interpryse was gude,
 3our purpose worthy till allow ;
 Bot I considder how it stude,
 And how the cais is cumin now. 20

Had thay keipit thame self fra 3ow,
 And langer taryit in thair strenth,
 Thocht 3our curage was gude, I trow,
 3e had 3it irkit at the lenth.

 Think weil thair wit was thame bereft, 25
 Quhē fulishlie thay tuik the plane ;
 Think thay war to thair foly left,
 Quhen thay in feild come 3ow agane ;
 Think weill 3e aucht for to be faine,
 But bluid, to win the vpper hand, 30
 Quhair nouthēr mā was hurt nor slane,
 To get the Jewell in 3our hand.

¶ Sen 3e it haue, thairof be suire,
 Or els 3e ar rycht far to blame ;
 Gif 3e hir till eschaip enduire, 35
 Think 3e sall haue baith skaith & shame.
 Quha babishlie bourdis with his dame,
 It war weill wairit he gat his quhippis ;
 Think neuer agane to dwell at hame,
 Gif 3e lat ga that is in 3our grippis. 40

 Gif sho had not cum in the feild,
 For to defend the tratoure kene,
 And not laubourit, with speir and sheild,
 His wickit quarrell to sustene,
 3e had done wrang, as sum men mene, 45
 Hir to withald agane hir will ;
 Bot now, quhill trew tryall be sene,
 Sho moste be keipit or all will spill.

¶ Pas fordwart in 3our interpryse,
 Reuenge in haist the cruell act ; 50
 Spair not to gif thame all ane syse,
 Quhome 3e beleif the King did sact.

Be bauld and na way turne abak,
 Spair nouthier midling, greit, nor small ;
 With wysdome syne gude tryall tak, 55
 And cause sum ane confes thame all.

¶ Proclaime that all quha ocht dois knaw,
 To mak probatioun euident,
 With diligence thay cum and shaw
 In oppin and in place patent, 60
 That sinners shortlie may be shent
 And gude men fred from all defame :
 Sen God hes to 3ow power lent,
 Gif ye be lashe ye ar to blame.

¶ The heid traytoure, quhair euer he be, 65
 Gif ye haue fors, se ye persew ;
 Thocht he fra hoill to hoill do fle,
 At last he can not weill eschew.
 Lat him be slaine your King that slew,
 Bring ainis his fylthie lyfe till end ; 70
 Quha wickitlie this beir did brew,
 Wa worth the tyme that sho him kend !

¶ Syne on your self ye tak gud keip,
 And lat na ennimeis heir resort ;
 Be walkryfe and fall not on sleip, 75
 Baith day & nycht gar walk your port.
 Lat gude quarrell your hartis comfort :
 The wark is greit ye haue on hand ;
 Think weill it is not play nor sport,
 Bot outhier man ye die or stand. 80

¶ For Godis saik, aboue all thing,
 Keip clene your handis fra wrāgus geir ;
 Gif ye wald haue his trew blissing,
 Schaw first that ye the Lord do feir.

Exerce your selfis in gentill weir,
 And fle from fylthie auarice,
 Quhilk is, as I in Scriptuire leir,
 The verray ruite of euerie vice.

85

¶ Your brether of the Nobill race
 With all meiknes desyre concur ;
 And your querrell in this cace,
 Quhilk I dout not, will be ane spur,
 So that your pride cause thame not stur,
 Bot your gude gyding thame alluire :
 To cause thame enter, mak ane duire,
 Gif ye do swa, ye may be suire.

90

95

¶ Tak Godis quarrell als in hand,
 And purge vs from Ipocrasie,
 And than ye sall haue in your band
 The townis and communitie.
 Prouyde als for the Ministerie ;
 Reforme the Justice gif ye can ;
 Than sall tryumph your memorie
 Aboue all sen this Realme began.

100

¶ Sen Fergus first come in this land,
 Sic gude beginning neuer was sene,
 That gentilnes, at thair awin hand,
 Sa iust ane quarrell did sustene.
 Reuoltis hes bene ma nor fyftene,
 And Princes in strang presoun set :
 Quhair all from bluid was keipit clene,
 Skantlie can I exampill get.

105

110

¶ Think thā 3e wil performe the work
 That now dois your beginning blis,
 And thocht your ennimeis seme stark,
 He will cause thame thair purpose mis :

115

That all war ane, faine wald I wis ;
 Bot 3it thocht sum againis yow faill,
 This actioun haill sa honest is,
 With Godis grace it sall preuaill. 120

¶ Lat na man throuch yow harmit be,
 And than ye sall na hartis tyne ;
 Gif euerie ane his awin degre ;
 Exclud na man out of his lyne.
 Set all at rest, and efter syne 125
 With all the rest concur togidder,
 To mak ane ordour gude and fyne,
 As your wisdomis can best considder.

¶ Keip weil your Prince, & for him pray
 That God indew him with his grace, 130
 That he increas may day be day,
 To be the best of all his race :
 The trew Religioun syne imbrace ;
 Fra vice to vertew tak the traine,
 His pepill weill in perfyte peace, 135
 And lang in helth with thame remaine.

¶ All vitious wycht fra him exclude ;
 Be walkryfe, wyse, and diligent :
 Gif ony be wald him na gude,
 Lat thame na way be thair present. 140
 To teich him vertew tak gude tent ;
 Lat not his 3outheid be infectit :
 Greit is the gift God hes yow lent ;
 Sair sall ye rew gif ye neglect it.

¶ And thus yow shortlie till exhort, 145
 My Lordis all, I thocht it gude ;
 For men oftime of meinest sort,
 That raknit war of ressoun rude,

Seing the cais and how it stude,
 Hes geuin gude counsall to the wyse : 150
 So wald I now, and, to conclude,
 God blis you and your interpryse.

 FINIS.

 Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1567.

VI.



Ane Exhortatioun direct to my Lord Regent and
to the Rest of the Lordis accomplis.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xiv. (August 1567), Number 72.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



IAN* . . . with hir Court of Poyetis cleir,
Qu . . . is land now plesandly dois
sing,
In sin . . . gis that plesoure is to heir
For io . . . nes our fair 3oung tender King.
Quho . . . hes set aboue vs for to Ring, 5
Will . . . l, quhat I am, hes tane on hand,
Sa b . . . ure, rashely in thair Court to thring,
By th . . . comission lyke Johne vpaland.

¶ T . . . aine thair plesand flowre of Poyetrie
With rurall termis, and sentences denude 10
Of trym figuris, and painted oratrie:
From airt poetick heir I it exclude,
Desyrand 3our Lordshipes to be sa gude
To mark the sentence rather nor the style,
And take it in gude pairt, thocht it be rude: 15
Will God the nixt sall haue ane sharper fyle.

* Torn out in the original.

- ¶ To call to mynde, I think not necessair,
 The warkes of God within this cuntrie shawin,
 Within thir seuin 3eiris or lytill mair,
 Sen Christis trumpet throw this lād was blawin. 20
 Unto baith pure and riche it is weill knawin,
 And als 3our selfes, my Lordis, may cleirly se
 That God wil haue the pride of mā doune thrawin,
 Thocht he war neuer exalted so hie.
- ¶ 3it with myself considdering the estate 25
 Off 3ow, my Lord Regent, quhome God preserue !
 And all the rest, I thocht gude to repeate
 Sum thingis that to 3oure interprise mycht serue,
 Knawing that man is reddy for till swerue,
 Without continuall admonitionis be : 30
 Man of his awin nature is so proterue,
 Thairfoir I pray 3oure Lordshippes, beir with me.
- ¶ How potent was that hornit byke of hell
 Into this land, quhen God did 3ow vpsteir,
 It is weill knawin ; 3e will confesse your sell 35
 3our strength to thairis on na way mycht be peir.
 3it God Almychtie did 3our baner beir,
 And all thair mycht and prydfull pomp ouerthrew.
 Because the Lord of Hostis they did not feir,
 Thairis did decay, and ay 3oure honour grew ; 40
- ¶ Quhill that, allace ! 3e begouth to neglect
 The gloir of God, and sa did seik 3our sell ;
 The maist pairt, I mein, that did infect,
 From feruencie within proces 3e fell.
 Quhilk Godis seruandis from tyme to tyme did tel, 45
 And shew that God wald not sic thingis ouerse.
 3e gaif deif earis, bot God did 3ow compell
 To find his worde effectuell to be.

¶ Ye knaw my minde ; I neid not be mair plane ;
 Ye se all warldly gloir for to be slidder : 50
 Quhen God is greuit, than he spairis nane :
 King, Quene, and Lord, thay pas into ane fiddler.
 Thairfoir I warne 3ow, ane and all togidder,
 To put 3our stay vpone the leuing Lord,
 And all his warkis into this land considder, 55
 Continuing in obeying of his word.

¶ Ye doing this, ye neid not for till feir
 Deu. 28. The boisting of 3our ennemeis without :
 The Lord will blis 3ow baith in peace and weir,
 Leui. 26. And all 3our enemeis rudely ruit out. 60
 Ye sall haue freindis of them that dwellis about,
 Jos. 24. Bot, gif that ye grow slak or negligent,
 The clene contrare sall cum to pas but dout :
 Thairfoir, I pray 3ow, to 3our selfis tak tent.

¶ Sa lang as Juda, in King Asais dayis, 65
 2 Chr. 15. Did seik the Lord with all thair hartis desyre,
 Baith King and people prosperit in thair wayis,
 2 Chr. 16. Bot how sone Asa Benhadad did hyre,
 That he in battell mycht with him conspyre,
 And vsit meanis as God did not allow, 70
 The Propheit threitnit, during his impyre,
 That war and battell sould his land pas throw.

¶ Als by King Saull I think ye may attend,
 Not for till spair quhome God commandis to slay,
 Gif that ye do, I say, behauld the end : 75
 1 Kin. 15. Reid quhat the buik of Kingis of him dois say.
 Siclyke, of Salamon behauld the way,
 3 Kin. 11. And als Jehu with mony vther ma,
 That throuchly with the Lord walkit not ay,
 4 Kin. 10. Thocht thay begouth weill : luik ye do not sa. 80

¶ Fall to stoutly, all fantnes set asyde,
 And throw this land mak reformation :
 Remember thir examp[i]lls, tyme and tyde,
 Quhilkis war amang the Jewis nation,
 Jos. 24. Quhairof partly is maid narration. 85
 Dissaue not vs pure people of this land,
 Quha with ane gredie expectation
 Lukis for gude reformation at your hand.

¶ To heidis politick se 3e geue na care
 2 Chr. 17. Into reforming of this pure cuntrie ; 90
 Bot Godis buik se that with 3ow ye beare,
 With godlie men of wit and feruencie.
 Abuif all thingis haue syc in cumpanie,
 Jos. 34. Obeying thame quhen they command a rycht,
 Without respect of blude or dignitie : 95
 3e doing sa, the Lord sall mak yow wycht.

☞ From officis se that ye first depois,
 But feid or fauour of Kindred or blude,
 All wicket papistis proud, and Christis fois ;
 And Jak on baith the sydis will neuer do gude. 100
 All ignorantis, and sic men ye exclude,
 Syne plat me godly men into thair place,
 2 Chr. 17. Quha equally can Judge the people rude,
 And rychtly reule ouer thame in euerie cace.

¶ Let na Idolater your handis eschaip, 105
 Deu. 7. Or ocht that dois Idolatrie mantene ;
 Leif nathing that belangis to the Paip ;
 Unrutit out as it had neuer bene.
 Jos. 23. Anis of thay Locustis mak this cuntrie clene ;
 3our foulishe pietie did thame spair befoir ; 110
 Thairfoir ye fand thame prickis vnto your ene,
 And, gif ye spair thame, yit sall find thame moir.

- Deu. 15. ¶ Nixt principallie, I pray yow, set your cure
 For till relief the greit penuritie
 Off laubouraris, and of your tennentis pure, 115
 Quha sair opprest hes bene in this cuntrie,
 This mony 3eir, by the Nobilitie.
 Let thame anis knaw the defference betwene
 3ow and the Papistis, by your charitie,
 Quhilk heirtofoir amang yow was not sene. 120
- ¶ Thir thingis to do, luik no way ye neglect,
 Gif ye think lang in honour for till ring ;
 Bot, principallie, I pray yow to eiect
 Ane cursit byke that cheiflie dois maling,
 In Abirdene, of Sophistis the welspring ; 125
 And in thair place put learnit men of God :
 I pray God blis James Stewart our yoūg King,
 And mak him rychtly reule vs with his rod.
- ¶ To thee, my Lord Regent, I turne my sang :
 I pray thee now for till be circumspect ; 130
 In thy default se that na thing be wrang,
 For Godis seruandis thair eyis to thee direct,
 Thinking on na wayis that thow will neglect
 The gloir of God in Scotland to vpreir,
 Seing he hes the rasit for that effect, 135
 That the Lord Jesus baner thow should beir.
- ☞ To yow, my Lordis, als I direct my pen ;
 Proceid into your Godlie interpryse,
 As ye begouth, curagiously, lyke men :
 For quhy greit help into your handis lyis. 140
 Thairfoir stoutlie se ye assist and ryse,
 Hauing Godis gloir alwayis befoir your eine ;
 Than sall ye be haldin hardie and wyse,
 Sa lang as men sall on the earth be seine.

¶ FINIS.

VII.

 ane Declaratioun of the Lordis iust quarrell.

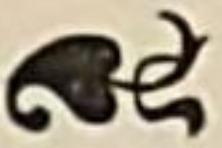
[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Cottonian MSS., Caligula, C. I. fol. 10. Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. ii. 569.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Vol. xiv. (August 1567), Number 73.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



NOT lang ago, as I allone did walk
 Intill ane place was plesand to behauld,
 Twa leirnit men in priuie I hard talk,
 And eich of thame his taill in ordoure
 tauld.

I vnderstuid thair sentence quhat thay wald, 5
 And thocht it guid to put in memorie ;
 Thair Names als as efter 3e sall see.

¶ The taine him self Philandrius did call,
 Quha in vertew and manheid tuik delyte :
 The tother feirfull semt to be at all : 10
 Erideilus he did his Name indyte.
 Off mony thingis thay did togidder flyte,
 Bot I tuik tent, abone all other thing,
 Quhen thay spak of this Realme and gouerning.

 Erideilus sayis : “it dois merwell me 15
 Quhat causit hes the Lordis of Scotland
 Tak on ane enterpryse of sic folie
 Againe the Quene, and aganis hir husband.

Mycht thay not weill, ilk ane in his awin land,
 In quyetnes leifit in peace and rest, 20
 Guyding his awin as him had lykit best ?”

¶ To quhome Philandrius did answer mak,
 And said, “that men war not deuyst onlie
 Without all cair thair awin plesure to tak,
 Bot to foirse the weill of that countrie, 25
 Reularis of quhilk the Lord will that thay be.
 Quhilk charge (he sayis) thay cā not weill refuse,
 Les schamefullie thair office thay abuse.

“Behalding than the actis execrabil
 That in this countrie hes committit bene, 30
 The schame, the lack, the bruit abhominabil,
 That saikles men with sorow did sustene,
 Ane priuat hart it mycht prik vp with tene,
 To seik redres and mend that cairfull caice ;
 Far mair the nobillis of the Royall raice. 35

¶ “To se the King fyrst lychtlit schamefully,
 And not chereist in chalmer nor in hall,
 Syne murdreist downe causeles and crewelly—
 Of that tresoun na tryall taine at all ;
 Thay quhome the bruit did trewlie traytouris call, 40
 Greitest in Court, and chereist all thair best :
 Quhat Lordis hart culd luik on this and lest ?

“To se ane monstuire, full of fylthynes,
 Abone the rest heich mountit vp in gloir,
 Baith Prince and Realme and all power posses, 45
 Ane gled ay gaipand guid men to deuoir :
 Quhat hart sa hard bot this sycht sould mak soir ?
 Quha rychtly than dar thir men reprehend,
 Sic greit mischeif quha menis till amend ?

¶ “ To se the Quene furth rydand on the plaine, 50
 Reft lyke ane huire with ruffians shamefullie—
 And thocht that sum think that was bot ane traine,
 Hir awin wryting dois contrar testifie,
 In France, Ingland, and mony strange cuntrie,
 Pleinzeand that sho was rauyssit by hir will— 55
 Quhat Nobill hart mycht se this, and sit still?

“ To reif, to murther, and wyle licherie,
 The fourt forfault is eikit euin fra hand,
 To testifie that Law and honestie,
 With sic ribaldis, can not ring in ane land. 60
 The Quene is cuplit with ane wyffis husband,
 And farther 3it, he, quha the King did sack,
 But Law the Quene dar into mariage tak.

¶ “ Besyde all this, thair durst na vertuous wycht
 In presence of that proude tyran appeir; 65
 Bludy boucheouris and throtcutters, on nycht,
 War only hard, and only had the steir.
 The Nobill men durst not the Court cum neir.
 The royall hous, refuge to honest men,
 Was maid ane bordell and ane theifis den. 70

“ Our prettie Prince, the peirle of all this land,
 With duilfull deid thay socht for to deuoir,
 That riche relick and thresour of Scotland
 Destroy, as thay his father did befoir.
 Quhat duilfull mynde mycht dewlie this deploir, 75
 In sic dainger to se that innocent,
 For our releif quhome God had till vs sent?

¶ “ Quhat Nobill hart could langer this induire?
 Quhat commoun breist did not for sorrow burst?
 Quhat godly man of him self could be suire? 80
 Quhat stranger thocht bot this cuntrie was curst?
 Quhat preachour this repreif, I pray 3ow, durst?

Quhat chaist woman wyssit not to be deid,
To se sic vice set vp in vertewis steid?

☞ “Gif it was sa, than quha can worthylye 85
Exalt and prais and magnifie the Name
Of thir Nobillis, quha durst couragiouslie
Hazaird thame self to saif vs all fra shame?
Thair laude, thair honour, and tryumphand fame
Salbe disperst in dispyte of Inuy, 90
Quhen faceles fuillis sall not be settin by.”

¶ Erideilus than answer maid againe :
“Thy talk,” he sayis, “is treuth and veritie ;
Bot 3it sum douts thair is, of quhilk rycht faine,
Gif laser lat, I wald resoluit be : 95
And fyrst, tuiching the Quenis libertie ;
For mony thinkis thir Barronis ar to bauld
In strait keping a Princes for to hauld.”

☞ Philandrius to answer than him sped,
And this he said Eridielus vntill : 100
“Gif that a freind with fayis away war led
Be wickit craft, syne tystit war till ill,
Thocht he couet in that stait to byde still,
3it in that caice, his freindis, of dewtie,
Sould wis his weill, and seik his libertie. 105

¶ “And gif his fantasie war sa far infectit,
That to the treuth he could not bent his eir,
He sould not be in folly 3it neglectit,
Bot fairnes than sould mixit be with feir.
And gif all this could him na wysedom leir, 110
Than acht he be of all puissance denude,
To do na euill gif he could do na gude.

☞ “Than sen that bowdin, bludy beist Bothwell
Hes trayterously in myrk put downe our King,

His wyfe the Quene syne rauyssit to him sell, 115
 In fylthie lust, throw cullour of wedding ;
 Thocht sho, bewitcheit, wald in ruttery ring,
 The Nobillis sould nether of thir enduire—
 That lowne to leif, nor hir to be his huire.

¶ “ And gif the poysons in hir hart be sonkin, 120
 That sho will not consent he puneist be,
 Gif with his fylthie lust sho be sa dronkin
 That sho forȝet office and honestie,
 Than man hir Nobillis of necessitie
 Cut of hir force quhill tresoun be reuengeit, 125
 And this confusioun in ane ordour changeit.”

“ In priuat persounis,” sayis Eridielus,
 “ I vnderstand thy taill is trew in deid,
 Bot in Princes it is mair perrillous,
 And few examplis thairof can I reid. 130
 And in sic caice the subiectis all had neid
 Haill to concur with ane authoritie :
 Sic concurrence in Scotland nane I se.”

¶ Philandrius sayis : “ Brother, than considder
 How fyrst began all dominatiounis 135
 Quhen ruid pepill assemblit thame togidder,
 And maid thair Kingis be creatiounis.
 In votis than war variatiounis.
 I trow rycht few was chosin be the haill,
 Bot he was King quhais pairtie did preuail. 140

“ Rycht sa gif Princes sa thame self abuse,
 That of force subiectis man put to thair hand,
 Guid men sould not than to reforme refuse,
 Thocht all at ainis concur not on thair band ;
 Naimly, gif Iustice on thair partie stand, 145
 And maist consent gif quha wald rackin rycht,
 Sen God has gein to thame baith strēth & mycht.

“3ea, thocht it war ane King for to depose,
 For certaine crymis, I think the subiectis may,
 Or fylthy faultouris fast in prisone close, 150
 Rather than lat ane haill countrie decay.
 Thay sould not sturre, thocht sum men wald say nay.
 To ane purpose the haill will neuer conclude :
 They haue aneuch hes force and quarrell gude.

 “ May thay not put ane ordoure to the heid, 155
 Quha in beginning did the heid vp mak?
 May thay not set ane better in the steid,
 Gif it fra vice can not be callit back?
 Les this be done, Realmes will ga to wrak,
 Namely, quhen that the cryme is sa patent, 160
 That nouthar misters Juge nor argument.

 “ As, gif ane King his pepill wald betray,
 And him and thame baith bring to seruitude,
 He sould in this reformat be, I say,
 Naimly be Nobillis and be men of gude. 165
 The Baliols cause—considder how it stude :
 Quhat rycht had Robert Bruice him to expell?
 Because to Ingland he subiect him sell.

 “ And now, gif I durst speik without respect,
 To huirmaisters, to murderers of Kingis, 170
 To throtcutters our Realme was made subiect,
 Quha in thair malice proudly 3it malingis.
 Lat Nobill hartis considder all thir thingis,
 Thay sall weill find that this puire natioun
 Greit mister had of reformatioun. 175

 “ Sic fylthie luste in Sardanapalus,
 Sic crueltie in Nero did not ring,
 Sic brutishe lyfe in Heliogabalus,
 Sic traytour mynde to slay his Lord and King

In feinjit Phocas breist did neuer spring, 180
 Sic beistly bowgrie Sodome hes not sene,
 As rang in him quha rewlit Realme and Quene.

“ And sould the Nobill Barronis of this land
 In hoilis lurk, and this mischeif behauld?
 Quhair is the wittis wont to reule Scotland? 185
 Go, reid the buik, repeat the storyis auld:
 King Euenus was keipit in strang hauld,
 And deit thair. Conarus was inclosit,
 First being dewlie for his fault deposit.

“ For wickit lyfe imprisont was Ferquhaird, 190
 Quha slew him self of proude melancolie.
 Donald the fyft, he gat the same reuaird;
 And Ethus did in prisone priuate die.
 And, gif 3e list to go fra this countrie,
 In euerie land examplis dois abound: 195
 Gif thay be socht thay may be eithlie found.

“ For sic misordour proude Tarquinius
 Was the last King that euer did ring in Rome.
 For lyke crymes the tyran Claudius
 Losit his stait, and gat deid for his dome. 200
 To speik of Nero now I haue na tome.
 Off Commodus, Caius, and Caracall,
 It war to lang for to descriue the fall.

“ Quhat sorow into Naples than was sene!
 Quha knawis the story cleirly thair may reid 205
 Quhen Charlis dochter, Jeane, that catiue Quene,
 Baith honestie forzet and womanheid,
 Hir husband and hir cousing put to deid,
 Syne with his Burrio band ane new mariage.
 Allace! this sample seruis ower weill our age. 210

“ And 3it the Lord he leit hir not eschaip,
 Bot of hir tuik ane punishment conding ;
 Quha first hir husband hangit in ane raip,
 The murtherer syne in his bed did bring ;
 God maid hir paine aggre with hir guyding. 215
 As bedfoly to sic mischeif hir led,
 Euin so sho endit, smorit with a bed.

“ Than to conclude : Thir Nobillis dois bot rycht,
 Gif thay the Quene keip still in sicker gaird,
 Vntill that coward Kingslayar, on nycht, 220
 For his demeritis get ane iust rewaird.
 Than lat thame all concur, baith Lord and Laird,
 Thair Realme and Quene with gude consall to guyde,
 Settand all priuate profit far a syde.

“ Gif thay do this, than dar I say ane thing, 225
 Thair laude and fame sall mont abone the skyis ;
 Thair heich renoune sall in all Regioun ring ;
 Thair name sall gang quhair euer the Sone do ryse ;
 Thay salbe repuite hardy, wycht, and wyse.
 In all storyis thay salbe cleirly kend. 230
 The Leuing Lord bring thame to this gude end ! ”

As this Philandrius did frely talk,
 The tother pairt, Erideilus be name,
 Rais vp and quyetlie away did stalk ;
 And, as me thocht, he waxit reid for schame : 235
 Quhilk, quhen I saw, I rais vp and come hame,
 And put in wryt thair disputatioun,
 As 3e haue hard be this narratioun.

FINIS.

Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1567.

VIII.

Ane Ans^r maid to y^e Sklanderaris y^t blasphemis y^e
Regent and y^e rest of y^e Lordis.

[MS. STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xiv. (August 1567), Number 74.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



REINGAT rapfow ! thocht þow raif,
Skorner of poitis and sklanderus knaif !
Quhat sayis thow bot we knaw o^r sell ?
In spyte of the and all þe laif
The bastard bairne sall beir þe bell. 5

Ouþer thow art ane papist loun,
Hepburne, or Hoitbag Hamiltoun :
Gif þai be þa thow callis þi prence,
War 30^r richt reknit to þe croun
It my^t be laid with litill menss. 10

Blasphemus baird and beggeris get !
The regentis self hes nocht forȝet
How gude King Williā wes ane bastard,
And þow nocht bot ane carlinge pett,
Ane daft fule or ane drukin dastard. 15

And, forthermoir, gif þow wald flyte,
Be weill avisit quhome þow bakbyte,

Recant and sweir þow said it nocht,
 ffor he sall prosper in dispyte
 Off þe and þame þat wald it no^t. 20

Revoik þi wyndie wordȝ vane ;
 Ȝe knew mair quhē ye king wes slane ;
 Spit out and speik mair and Ȝe pleis ;
 Wist I quhome w^t to flyte agane,
 The mater sould be war to meiss. 25

To flyt w^t þe and fyle my lippis,
 The sone, þe mone sould haif þe clippis :
 for all þi quentance with þe quene
 Thay hound þe to þe hangmāis grippis,
 Quhair mony better man hes bene. 30

Sweingeo^r, cum, sweir þe saikles sone,
 Deny þe evill þat þow hes done
 Againis þe man þat maid na falt :
 Allege, Lunatyke, to þe mone,
 Or þan abone ane mask of malt. 35

Euir þe mair þow wald be trowit,
 The les þi lounrie Is allowit ;
 Returnand to þi turpitude
 Thow sould haif waige, durst þow avow It,
 The gallowis, for þi gratitude. 40

Maist like, sum myllare of ane myll
 had maid þe mater of þe bill,
 Ouȝer sum cuikȝ or keching clerke :
 be doand, fule-face ! flite þi fill !
 Men may nocht ding all dogȝe þat barkȝ. 45

Palȝart ! war nocht o^r faith defendit,
 Oure cōmoun weill and knaifrie endit,

Than þow myt writte in gennerall :
 All detours ar bot discommendit,
 That speikē dispite in speciall. 50

In fechting, mā, þow maid þi vant
 þat þow sould sla þe Innocent
 But caus, or cryme of ony querrell,
 Bot, knew I the, þow sould recant,
 Or þan thy pallat ly in prell. 55

Luik þe first letter of euerie werss,
 Hangman ! gif þow can reherss,
 Mark weill my name & set ane day :
 In fechting war þow neuir so ferss,
 Thow salbe marrowit and I may. 60

ffinis, quod Maddie, gar mak þe boun
 To all þe papistis of þis toun.

Robert Symple ys the dooer hereoff.

Note by Sir William Drury.

[Endorsed] An answer to þe Bills sett upp against
 the Regēt of Scotl.

IX.

A Rhyme in defence of the Queen of Scots
against the Earl of Murray.

xi° Decembris 1568.

[MS. LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH. Crawford's Collection of MSS., Vol. ii. pp. 91-101. Press mark 35/1/1.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Cottonian MSS., Calig. C. I. fol. 274.—Printed from the Crawford Copy by Chalmers, in his 'Life of Mary, Queen of Scots,' Vol. ii. pp. 443, sq. London, 1818, 2 vols. 4to.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]

TOM TRUTH TO THE ENUIOUS.



F Momus children seek to know
My name and where I dwell,
I am Tom Truth, and my aboad
I list not it to tell;

For wise men love not to enquire
Who, where, but what is said,
And hold themselves therewith content
Till further proof be made.

5

The following variants occur in the Cottonian MS.:—

Ryme. Q. Scotts.
Earle.
TROATH.

1. seke . . . knowe.
3. Troath . . . aboad.
5. enquyre.

7. holde.
8. proufe.

THE DOUBLE DEALINGS OF THE REBELS
IN SCOTLAND.

If tongue coud tell or pen coud write
 The craftie cloaked case,
 Or yet the treasons to recite
 Of this new Regents grace,
 Then Tullies style, or Virgils verse, 5
 Of God sure woud I crave,
 His shameless acts here to rehearse,
 As he deserves to have.
 But that were far above my reach,
 And more than well could be ; 10
 Sith he all others doth excell
 In craft and crueltye.
 Yet can I not with silence pass
 His vices strange and rare,
 But that I must sett forth the same, 15
 The truth least I shoud spare.
 And now, since that it is my luck,
 Unfittest tho I be,
 This Cacos offspring to advance,
 As seems, to his degree, 20
 I pray you, take it in good part
 Whats'ever I shall say,
 In setting forth his shameless acts
 Whose shame shall not decay.

DEALINGE . . . REBELLS.	9. farre aboue.	19. ofsprings . . . ad-
1. could . . . could.	10. then.	vaunce.
3. recyte.	11. doeth.	20. semes . . . decree.
4. newe.	12. crueltye.	21. parte.
5. stile . . . Vergills	13. passe.	22. Whatsoeuer . . .
vearse.	14. strainge.	saye.
6. would.	15. set furth.	23. settinge furth . . .
7. shameles.	17. nowe.	shameles.
8. deserues . . . haue.	18. Vnfittest though.	24. decaye.

Yet can I not sett furth the same, 25
 Nor in such wise express,
 As fittest were for one past shame,
 And past all godliness.
 This traytor tyrant of our time,
 This Satans seed, I mean 30
 This rebel regent that his prince
 To mate doth not disdain ;
 This perfect pattern of deceit,
 Whose high and haughty mind
 Is pufft so full of pride, that hard 35
 It were the like to find ;
 This sinfull seed of loathsome love,
 This bastard past all grace,
 At Glocester that traytor vile
 A perfect pattern chase. 40
 Who, to obtain the kingly seat
 Of this most worthy land,
 His brothers sons—his nephews dear—
 To guide he took in hand ;
 The Lambs, alas ! unto the wolf 45
 To guide committed were,
 Who murderd them to have their place,
 As storys well declare.
 But shall I say this traitor now
 At him did learn his lore, 50
 Who doth surpass his wilie wit
 A thousand fold and more ?

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 25. set. | 36. finde. | 45. lambes . . . alas . . . |
| 26. expresse. | 37. lothsome life. | wolfe. |
| 28. godlines. | 40. paterne. | 46. guyde comitted. |
| 29. traytor tyraunt. | 41. obteyne that . . . | 47. murdred . . . there. |
| 30. Sathans . . . meane. | seate. | 48. storyes. |
| 31. Rebells. | 42. woorthy. | 49. traytor nowe. |
| 32. doeth . . . disdaine. | 43. sonnes . . . nephewes | 50. learne. |
| 33. patterne. | dere. | 51. doeth surpasse. |
| 34. hawghtye. | 44. guyde . . . toke. | 52. thowsand folde. |
| 35. pufte. | | |

A scholar, sure, of pregnant wit,
 And apt for such a place,
 Who trained up was in the school 55
 Of lying Satans grace ;
 Where he hath learnd a finer feat
 Than Richard earst did see,
 To do the deed, and lay the blame
 On those that blameless be. 60
 For he and his companions eke,
 Agreeing all in one,
 Did kill the King, and lay the blame
 The sakeless Queen upon ;
 And, that this deed in each mans sight 65
 Might seem to be most plain,
 They drew her from her spouse that night,
 By craft and subtile train ;
 And feigned that her sucking son
 Was in great danger brought, 70
 Wherefore with speed to visit him
 The messenger besought.
 Which subtile shift, so feately wrought,
 Was cause men thought it true,
 That she of purpose parted hence, 75
 And of the murder knew.
 For if that both at once had been
 There murderd at that time,
 Then might each babe with half an eye
 Have spied who did the crime. 80

53. scholler.

64. sakelesse queene.

72. be sought.

55. trayned . . . schole.

65. to each.

73. subtill shifte.

56. lyeinge sathans.

66. seme . . . plaine.

74. trewe.

57. feate.

67. drewe . . . spowse.

75. thence.

58. Then.

68. subtill trayne.

76. knewe.

59. doe . . . deede . . .
laye.69. feyned . . . suckinge
sonne.

77. boeth.

78. Ther murder . . .

60. them . . . blameles.

70. daunger.

tyme.

61. eake.

71. Wherfore.

80. cryme.

63. Kinge.

And, this suspicion to encrease,
 They found a new devise,
 That Bothwel, cheifest murderer,
 Was tryed by assize,
 And found not guilty by his peers, 85
 Of whom the cheifest be
 Such as the Kings death did conspire,
 And knew as well as he.
 They cleard him eke by Parliament,
 O traytors false and vile ! 90
 That they their good and vertuous Queen
 Might sooner so beguile.
 And when that he was cleared both
 By size and parliament,
 To marry then they went about 95
 To have her to consent,
 And said that she, the realme, and they
 Should so most safest be
 From danger of all civil strife,
 And outward enemy. 100
 Alack ! good Queen ! what hap hadst thou
 So oft thy foes to trust ?
 Coudst thou not shun those biting beasts
 Whom thou hadst tryd unjust ?
 But who, I pray you, was the man 105
 They willed her to take ?
 Forsooth, the cheifest murderer
 Whom they most clear did make ;
 And that their purpose, once begun,
 Might come unto an end, 110

81. increase.

82. newe.

83. Bothwell chiefest.

84. assise.

85. peeres.

86. chiefest.

88. knewe.

90. A traytour.

92. soner . . . beguyle.

93. boeth.

94. sise.

97. sayd.

99. daunger . . . cevill.

103. these beteing beasts.

104. Who then had tryed
uniust.

107. chiefest.

108. clere.

They caused traitor Lethington
 On her still to attend,
 That this false Machivilian
 Might tempt her evry day,
 Whose poysond words so sugard were 115
 That she coud not say nay,
 But did consent to their request,
 Suspecting nothing less
 Than they such false deceit to mean,
 And use such doubleness. 120
 But, when the woefull wedding day
 Was finished and past,
 Their boiling malice that lay hid
 In rageing sort outbrast.
 For they, that were of council both 125
 To murdring of the King,
 And to the marriage, gan to spread
 How Bothwel did the thing;
 And how he took away the Queen
 By force against her will, 130
 And sought himself to reigne as King,
 And eke the prince to spill.
 But, bastard! now the truth is known,
 How that thy self it was
 That thought to spill both prince and Queen, 135
 And to possess their place.
 But when among the simple sort
 This rumour once was brought,

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 111. Traytor Ledington. | 118. lesse. | 128. Howe Bothwell |
| 112. hir. | 119. Then . . . vile . . . | . . . y ^e thinge. |
| 113. mache vilian. | meane. | 129. tooke. |
| 114. attempt at euery | 120. doables. | 131. raigne. |
| waye. | 121. wofull weding daye. | 133. nowe . . . truthe |
| 115. sugred. | 123. boyleing . . . laye. | . . . knowne. |
| 117. did <i>is wanting in the</i> | 125. Counsell boeth. | 135. sought. |
| <i>Crawford MS.</i> | 126. murdering . . . king. | 136. possesse. |
| ther. | 127. mariage. | 137. amongst. |

It ran abroad from place to place
 More swift than can be thought. 140
 So they, not privy to the sleight,
 Did think it for most sure,
 That she to wed the murderer
 The murther did procure.
 And thus this simple Queen each way 145
 Was wrapt in woe and care,
 For they that have not skill of craft
 Are soonest caught in snare.
 And then the traitor Ledingtone,
 In treason never slack, 150
 At hand, like pickpurse still before,
 Began to start now back,
 And fled unto her faithless ffoes
 Her secrets to betray :
 "Like will to like," the proverb sais : 155
 You know the old said sa.
 Then Murray, that of long before
 This murder did devise,
 Did void the land, the rather so
 To blind the simples eyes. 160
 And then his fellow traitors all,
 The more their cause to clear,
 Did rise in arms against their Queen,
 As though she guilty were.
 But she, to save the sakeless blood, 165
 Not willing to offend,
 Did leave her power and offerd them
 All things amiss to mend.

139. abrode.

140. thot.

146. wo.

148. sonest.

149. Traytor Ledington.

151. y^e pickpurse.

153. fruyteles foes.

154. bewray.

155. saith.

156. sawe.

157. longe.

159. voyd.

161. fellowe Traytors.

162. clere.

163. armes.

165. sackles bloud.

167. offred.

168. amisse t' amend.

The traitors, not therewith content,
 Did lead her home away, 170
 And changed all her brave attire
 Into a ffrock of grey.
 That done, they lead her forth by night
 Unto Lochlevin hold,
 And kept her here in prison close 175
 That no man see her could ;
 And when they had thus brought to pass
 Their traiterous, false desire,
 They send with speed to bastard James,
 And willd him to retire. 180
 Who, coming home for love he bare
 The Prince, as he did say,
 Did take in hand to rule the realm,
 Lest it fell in decay.
 How well this traytor loves this child, 185
 Committed to his gaurd,
 Is plain in that the mother dear
 He kept in cruel ward,
 And caused her there, by forced fact,
 The present death to shun, 190
 Her Royal crown for to resign
 Unto her tender son,
 And make this minion Murray eik
 Cheif Regent of the land,
 Untill the Prince, of lawfull age, 195
 The same shall take in hand.
 Which while he woud, as Richard did,
 If he might have his will,

170. thence away.

178. traytrous.

188. Crewell warde.

171. chainged . . . attyre.

179. sent.

190. shunne.

172. frock.

180. retyre.

191. royall crowne . . .

173. furth.

181. comeinge.

resigne.

175. there.

183. realme.

192. sonne.

176. se.

185. lovs the.

193. mynyon . . . eake.

177. Then when . . . this

186. comytted . . . gward.

194. chiefe.

. . . passe.

187. plaine . . . dere.

197. would.

His nephew young, his sister's son,
 By secret means to spill, 200
 And then he woud usurp the crown,
 As next heir to the same,
 Which does appear in that he doth
 His ffather so defame ;
 And saieth his mother precontract 205
 Was in most solemn wise
 Unto the King, before that he
 Was married to the Guise ;
 Although that wise men know the truth
 This sorceress how she wrought 210
 By rings and witchcraft from the Queen
 The Kings mind to have brought ;
 And thus this traytor doth debase
 The Queen in all he can,
 That from her grace withdraw he might 215
 The hearts of every man.
 A cowle, a cowle for such a Greek
 Were fitter for to wear,
 Than this Apostate deacon shoud
 Such princely rule to bear ! 220
 But where is now true discipline?
 Dare no man take on hand
 To teach such false Apostate monks
 Their faults to understand ?
 And make this base born Deacon come 225
 Home to his former state,
 From whence the Lither Lozell fled
 Lest he shoud live too straight ?

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|--------------------------|
| 199. Nephewe younge. | precontract. | 218. weare. |
| 200. meanes . . . spyll. | 206. solemne. | 219. Then . . . Apostat. |
| 201. would vsurpe the | 208. married. | 220. beare. |
| crowne. | 209. truthe. | 221. nowe. |
| 202. heire. | 211. wichcrafte. | 222. in hand. |
| 203. doeth appeare . . . | 212. minde. | 225. borne. |
| doeth. | 215. withdrawe. | 228. Least . . . should. |
| 205. saith . . . brother | 217. greke. | |

But, sure, no marvel tho Gods rodd
 Hath plagued this noble dame, 230
 That gave to monks shoud serve in church
 Such place of worldly fame.
 Yet he, not all unmindfull of
 This Ladies gratefull deed,
 Did purpose with a cruel death 235
 To quick her for her need.
 But God Almighty, in whose hands
 The hearts of princes be,
 Preservd her from these false attempts,
 And vile captivity. 240
 And when this noble prey was past
 This brothers bloody might,
 He raged like a tyger fell
 Ffor sorrow and for spite.
 So seeing that he coud not then 245
 His noble Queen to spill,
 Upon her faithfull subjects he
 Began to work his will.
 Ffor some he cast in prison deep—
 No cause at all thereto— 250
 And some he thurst out of the realm,
 To work them greater woe.
 And some he put to cruel death
 His rage for to fulfill :
 No means he unattempted left 255
 Her subjects lives to spill.
 Yet, not content in this great rage
 On men to play his part,

229. marvell though.

231. monkes should . . .
churche.

235. cruell.

236. nede.

237. Almightye.

238. harts.

239. Preserue . . . at-
tempt.

240. captivitye.

241. pray.

242. bloody night.

243. rages . . . tiger.

244. sorowe.

245. seing . . . could.

249. depe.

251. thrust . . . realme.

253. cruell.

255. No meanes he left
there vnattempt.

258. pte.

In spight of God, against his Christ
 He gan to shew his art, 260
 And pulled thence both bells and lead,
 With jewels many one,
 That he and his companions might
 More braver therein gone.
 Ffor sure I am that some of them, 265
 Amongst this traiterous train,
 Have on their back more lead at once
 Than covereth churches twain ;
 So that no hardend heart of brass
 But woud lament right sore 270
 To see prophaning of each place
 As served God in yore.
 And, when he had this sacriledge
 Committed every where,
 On lofty towers and castles strong 275
 His rage did then appear.
 On Dunbar first he spued his spight—
 A castle fair and strong ;
 And there he wrought both day and night
 Till it was laid along ; 280
 Then hasteth furth, and Lochnivar
 So seemly to the view—
 He spoiled them first and sackd them then :
 Who coud more cruel do ?
 The Laird of Skirlings house likewise 285
 Did feel the former chance,

260. shewe.

261. boeth.

262. iewells.

266. his trayterous
trayne.

268. Then . . . twayne.

269. hardned hearte of
brasse.

271. se prophaneing.

272. serueth . . . &

yore.

273. sacrelidge comitted.

275. towres . . . stronge.

276. appere.

277. Dunbarre . . .
spite.

278. fayre and stronge.

279. boeth.

280. layd alonge.

281. uisteth furth and
Loghinuar.

282. semely . . . shewe.

283. spoyld . . . sackt.

284. cruell doe.

285. Lord . . . Sterlinges
howse.286. fele ye form^r
chaunce.

Which traiterously he did deface,
 His glory to advance.
 Then Rosslin Bower, of brave attire,
 Which Sinclair doth possess, 290
 Most shamefully he ransackt so
 To work him more distress.
 Lord Herris lands—that Baron bold
 Who let him of his will,
 When he was gone throughout the same, 295
 He did both robb and spill.
 But what shoud I here longer stay
 Each place here to recite,
 Since few there are but that his rage
 Hath now defaced quite? 300
 When he had wrought his wicked will
 And had his false intent,
 To blind the eyes of simple men
 He calld a parliament,
 Where flockd his fellow traytors all, 305
 Both Morton and M'Gill,
 With Lindsay, Mar, and Lethingtone,
 Yea, Balfour lay not still,
 With others of this fruitless flock,
 And falsely did invent 310
 That all things here concluded were
 By full and whole consent.
 Thus sinfull Satan workd his will,
 Through these his children dear,
 That falsehood reigns instead of right, 315
 As here it doth appear.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 287. trayterouslye. | 298. eche . . . recyte. | ington. |
| 288. advaunce. | 299. Sith. | 308. Balfour laye. |
| 289. Roslin . . . attyre. | 300. nowe. | 309. other . . . fruyteles. |
| 290. wch Saintclere . . . | 301. his wilfull witt. | 311. there. |
| possesse. | 303. faithfull. | 313. Sathan workt. |
| 291. ransauckt. | 304. parlament. | 314. dere. |
| 292. distresse. | 305. flockt . . . fellowe. | 315. raignes in steed. |
| 293. Harris. | 306. Moreton . . . Magill. | 316. appere. |
| 297. staye. | 307. Marre . . . Led- | |

Yet have they not so slilely wrought,
 Tho Satan was their guide,
 But that their treason evry deal
 At last is well espyd. 320
 For they, to seem more innocent
 Of this most heinous deed,
 Did catch four of the murderers,
 And put to death with speed ;
 Whereby they hopd to make men think 325
 Therein that they were clear,
 Sith justice they did execute
 On some that guilty were :
 As Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powrie too ;
 John Hay made up the mass ; 330
 Which four, when they were put to death,
 The treason did confess,
 And said that Murray, Morton too,
 With others of their rout,
 Were guilty of the murder vile, 335
 Tho now they look full stout.
 Yet some perchance do think that I
 Speak for affection here,
 Tho I woud so, three thousand can
 Herein true witness bear, 340
 Who present were, as well as I,
 At the execution time ;
 And heard how these, in conscience prickd,
 Confessd who did the crime.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 317. slilye. | 329. Hepburne, Daglace, | loke . . . stowte. |
| 318. Though. | Penory. | 337. perchaunce. |
| 319. deale. | 330. Hey . . . messe. | 338. Speake. |
| 320. as well espied. | 332. confesse. | 339. Though . . . 3000. |
| 321. some were. | 333. Murrey, Moreton to. | 340. witnes beare. |
| 322. haynous. | 334. rowte. | 342. tyme. |
| 325. hope. | 335. guyltye. | 343. hard . . . prickt. |
| 326. herein . . . clere. | 336. Though nowe . . . | 344. cryme. |
| 328. guylty. | | |

Therefore, all princes, take good head 345
 Let this for warning stand ;
 And try before you trust, I warn,
 Lest check be near at hand.
 But though this check it seems so sure
 That mate is now at hand, 350
 Yet may his Queen such guard procure
 As shall his force withstand ;
 And then she may, as he began,
 Bid check and mate with thee,
 And warn him, since his force is done, 355
 To yeild or else to flee :
 To yeild, I mean, from false attempt,
 And fly such vain request,
 And guard himself with reasons rule,
 And set his heart at rest, 360
 And spend no more his time in vain
 Such false attempts to try,
 Lest, if they use them over oft,
 He'l climb, I fear, to high.
 And thus I cease, and make an end, 365
 And wish him to beware
 No more such checks and taunts to give,
 Lest he be caught in snare.

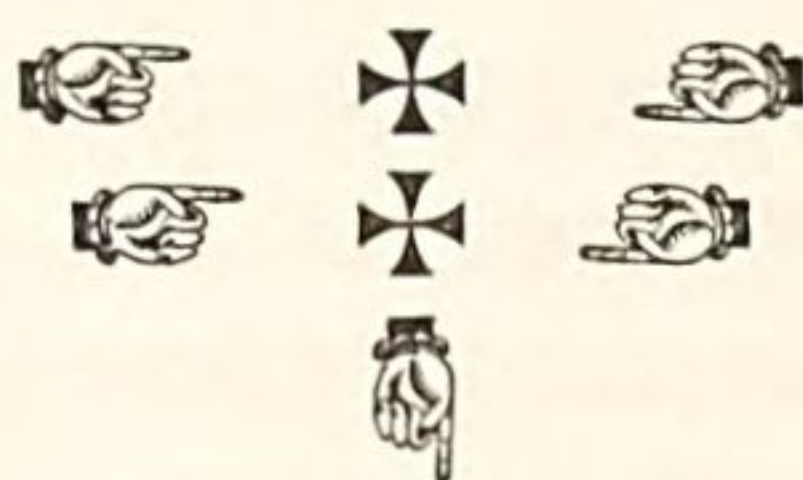
Finis q^d Tom Trowth.

Underneath this piece in the Crawford MS. the following reference to the Copy in the Cottonian MS. occurs :—"Calig. C. 1. This is written by S^r Ro^t Cottons transcriber, who never fails to blunder when he copies any paper written and spelld after the Scots manner."

345. Wherefore . . .	356. yeld . . . els . . .	363. Least.
heed.	flye.	364. Hele clime . . .
347. trye . . . warne.	357. yeld . . . meane.	feare . . . highe.
348. nere.	358. flye . . . vaine.	365. reaste.
349. his . . . semes.	359. gward.	367. tawnes.
351. gward.	361. tyme . . . vaine.	368. Least.
355. warne.	362. trye.	

X.

Ane Tragedie, in forme of ane Diallog betwix
Honour, Gude Fame, and the Authour heirof
in a Trance.



[LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH. Sm. 4to, in Black Letter, 8 leaves, including title. Press mark, H. 29. f. 39.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



IN Januar the thre and twentie day,
Befoir midnycht, in Lythquo as I lay,
Tumbling sum tyme on bed abon the clais,
Now heir, now thair, quhylis doun, quhylis
up I rais ;
Till at the last, in tuinkling of ane Ee, 5
Schir Morpheus the Mair assailzeit me,
With all his sluggische Suldarts out of number,
Quhilk led me Captiue vnto Maister Slumber,
Quha softly said : “Gar keip this pure Catue,
And tak from him his speiche and wittis fue.” 10
Than come Dame Dreming, all clad in blak Sabill,

With Sweyning Nymphis in cullouris variabill;
 Amangis the quhilkis, befoir me thair appeiris
 Ane woundit man, of aucht and threttie 3eiris,
 Paill of the face, baith blaiknit, blude and ble, 15
 Deid eyit, dram lyke, disfigurat was he;
 Nakit and bair, schot throw pudding and panche,
 Abone the Nauil, and out abone the hanche.
 Na word he said, quhairthrow I did misknaw him,
 Because in sic ane stait I neuer saw him. 20
 I wes agast, and sa begouth to feir
 Bot suddanly with him thair did appeir
 Twa graif lyke persounis of greit maiestie,
 And with gude countenance thay said to me:
 "We ar cum heir to the, o wofull wycht! 25
 To cause the write that thing thou seis this nycht;
 For we ar knit, in band maryit togidder,
 And to this woundit wycht father and mother;
 We him begat within thir twentie 3eiris,
 Thocht deid lyke now he so to the appeiris; 30
 We brocht him vp, as our deir Sone and air,
 And he to serue vs na traueil did spair:
 Thocht Atropus hes maid his Corps decay,
 3it Immortall in heuin his corps dois stay,
 And, als Immortall, he sall with vs rest, 35
 And we with him, sa lang as warld may lest."
 "Gude Schir," quod I, "and 3e also, Madame,
 Be not offendit that I speir 3our Name,
 How thay call 3ow, that talkis sa hamely with me,
 And quhat is he that first appeirit vnto me— 40
 That woundit man, quhome 3e do call 3our chylde?
 Quhat is 3our Names, lat se how ar 3e stylde?"
 Quod thay: "My Sone, of that we think na schame;
 Honour I am, heir with my Spous, Gude Fame:
 This woundit chylde of ouris thow may lament, 45
 He was thy Maister ainis, and 3our Regent."
 "My Maister ainis!" quod I, "3it is he so."

"Nay, nay," quod thay, "he is with vs ago ;
 We haif him taine out of that wickit lyfe,
 And red him of all miserie and stryfe ; 50
 Because 3e wordlingis ar ane Cursit Clan :
 3e war not worthie of this godly man."
 "Allace !" quod I, "deid lyke he dois appeir."
 "Be still," quod thay, "and to our sayingis heir :
 Speid, speid, go to : tak pen, Ink, paper and wryte 55
 As we, Honour and Gude Fame, sall Indyte.

¶ "First thow sall wit, he was sone natural
 To James the Fyft, 3our King and Prince Royal ;
 Thocht, beand 3young, to Kirkis he was promotit,
 3it we his hart with Martiall deidis dotit ; 60
 For than the Lord sa blissit his affairis,
 That furth of Fyfe he chaist his aduersairis,
 With help of gentill men and subiectis to him,
 The quhilkis war willing all seruice to do him :
 Thair we begat him, and maid him our awin, 65
 As he is, was, and sa sall euer be knawin.

"Syne, efter that, he passit into France,
 Quhair he did vs, and we did him auance :
 Than, hauing leirnit thair sum Frenche langage,
 He brocht agane with vs his pucelage. 70

"Now, to be schort, it war lang to discern
 The godly giftis that this our Sone did lerne ;
 For as in age he daily did Incres,
 In vertew sa grew he and lawlynes :
 First he did leirne to lufe God abone all, 75
 And syne his Nichtbour with lufe mutuall :
 Trew Faith he leirnit of gude Abraham,
 With hoip and cheritie knit to the same :
 He leirnit als of Salomon the wisdom,
 How with the feir of God to reule ane Kingdome : 80
 Of strang Sampson he had also the fors
 For to resist Gods foes on fute and hors ;
 Thocht thir tratours, that drest him in this cace,

Durst not present thair force befor his face :

He had lykewyse the Justice of Iethro,

85

And als the Chastitie of Scipio :

He had of Dauld the beningnitie,

And of Titus the liberalitie.

Quhat wald thou moir? To tell of all his vertus,

For commoun welthis he did excell Camillus :

90

Quhen pleisit God to send 3ow Scottis ye treuth,

The same to further at Leith he was not sleuth ;

Reforming first his awin with diligence,

In euerie quarter quhair he had puissance ;

Than was he stylit Lord James at that tyde,

95

To quhome 3our Lordis gaif sum reule and gyde.

“Sone efter that, 3our Quene ane wedow was,

The quhilk to bring in Scotland he did pas ;

In France he went, and brocht that Lady hame

Quha efterwart agane changit his name ;

100

Bot 3it we maryit him, quhen we thocht gude,

Unto ane Lady of hie kyn and blude :

Than did 3our Quene make him baith Erle and lord

Of Murray land, to quhilk we did accord ;

Sa condescendit all 3our Lordis togidder,

105

That, nixt 3our Quene, he suld reule abone vther.

Bot than, allace, he did sum thing without vs,

Howbeit that all his lyfetye he did dout vs :

He did permit 3our Quene to haif ane Mes,

Throw quhilk at lēth scho grew in greit proudnes ;

110

Sa did the Papistis all, athort this land,

Aganis the Lord his will, law, and command,

That 3e almaist amangis 3ow wer deuydit,

Wer not be him all wes the better gydit.

“Sa lang in Court as our Sone had the steir,

115

And that 3our Quene wald his gude counsail heir,

Sa lang all thing 3eid weill and wes weill drest,

In quyetnes, peace, policie, and rest:

Nane durst rebell on ather syde of Forth,

Ouir all this cuntrie, Eist, West, South and North. 120
 The hiest of thame all he maid full law,
 That did rebell aganis Justice and Law.
 Than did 3our Quene sum tyme with vs abyde ;
 In France, and Scotland baith, we did her gyde.
 Bot at the last, in hir tranquillitie, 125
 Scho did vs all abandoun wantounlie,
 And turnit day in nycht, and nycht in day,
 All the nycht lang to sport, sing, dance and play ;
 Till at the last, baith Cupido and Venus
 Furth of ye Court gart baneis, chais, and stane vs. 130
 Than come dishonour and Infame, our fais,
 And brocht in ane to reule with raggit clais :
 Thocht he wes blak and Moriane of hew,
 In credite sone and gorgius clais he grew :
 Thocht he wes forraine, and borne in Piemont, 135
 3it did he Lords of ancient blude surmont :
 He wes to hir baith secreit, trew, and traist,
 With her estemit mair nor all the raist.
 In yis mene tyme, cam hame yan my lord Darlie,
 Of quhais rair bewtie scho did sumpart farlie, 140
 The fairest sycht, scho thocht, that euir scho saw ;
 Hir bewtie als did him in hir snair draw.
 For, to be schort, thay lufit sa togidder,
 That thay culd not be hour of day but vther.
 At last scho said, and caist in to hir mynde, 145
 ‘ Quhat, quhat, sall I be thus with Cupide pynde ?
 That will I not, bot go to my purpois ;
 3it first I will my mynde to sum disclois : ’
 Than with gude vult, and visage meik and mylde,
 ‘ Brother,’ (quod scho) scho said vnto our Chylde : 150
 ‘ Will not 3e weill that I marie ane man,
 Baith of our Surname, kynreid, blude, and clan ?
 Lo ! this is he standing befoir 3our face,
 Lustie, gude lyke, and cum of Royall race ;
 Him will I marie and nane vther wycht, 155

Witnes heirof, to him my treuth I plycht
 In 3our presence, desyring 3ow lykewyse
 That 3e be witnes to this Interpryse.'

“Quhat wald thow mair? without all friends cōsent,
 This Lord scho maryit quhen they wer absent, 160
 Quha was bot 3young, and culd not reull the Ring,
 And thay disperst that suld haif done sic thing.
 Sa this stranger, and fallow of na kin,
 In Thuring borne, and wes ane Menstrells sone,
 Begouth to reule, and callit Sein3eour Daud, 165
 Be quhome 3our King and Lords war all dissauid.
 It wald be lang on this mater to stand,
 Our Sone thay chaist syne efter in Ingland
 With sindrie vther Lordis that went vnto him,
 The quhilkis wer all of ane opinioun with him. 170
 Be this Daud 3our Lordis did this sustene;
 Be him 3our King was lychtlyit with 3our Quene;
 Be him all thing was reulit in the Court;
 For him cum all this cummer, stryfe and stourt;
 Throw him, in him, be him, 3our Court was gydit, 175
 Quhill that 3our King and Lordis culd not abyde it;
 The quhilkis schortly in coūsall did cōfider,
 And with ane mynde thay did consent togidder
 Daud to slay, quhair euer thay mycht haif him.
 Concluding thus, on nycht thay did persauie him, 180
 At supper tyme, quhair he was in hir Chalmer;
 Than come 3our king and sum Lords with ane glamer,
 And reft him from hir in spyte of his nois,
 Syne schot him furth quicklie amang his fois,
 Quha stickit him, withouttin proces moir; 185
 Bot all this mischeif come sensyne thairfoir.
 Howbeit scho was sone closit vp beliue,
 Hir Gairdis defendit and hir self Captiue;
 3it culd scho not in hart sic thing for3et,
 Bot baid her tyme, quhill scho hir tyme mycht get. 190

“Than come thir Lords, the nixt morne efter, hame,

And maist humblie our Sone halsit that Dame,
 Quha was with Chylde & neir sax monethis gone,
 And him forgaif, and maid to him hir mone,
 Sayand : ' Brother, allace, had 3e bene heir, 195
 I had not cum in all this sturt and steir ;
 My Secretar is slane in my presence,
 Oh, oh, brother, allace, quhat greit offence !'
 ' Madame,' quod he, ' cair not, that is small tynsall ;
 He wes our fo, and gaif 3our grace euill coūsall.' 200
 ' Weill, weill,' quod scho, ' at leist, brother, lat se
 Gif 3e can set me at full libertie ;
 For I am keipit as in Presoun heir,
 And na servand of myne dar cum me neir.'

" With hir fair wordis, he sat hir clene at fredome, 205
 By our aduyse, quhilk was bot lytill wysdome ;
 For to Dunbar that nycht scho raid in haist
 Behind ane man in poist, as scho war chaist.
 Thair come till her anew of men fra hand,
 Quhilks chaist 3our Lords sone efter in Ingland, 210
 Quhair thay remanit baneist and absent,
 Quhill France and Ingland maid thappoyntment.
 This, quhen we thocht ilk thing wes weill aggreit,
 3it wes 3our Quenis hart na wayis satisfait,
 Bot with Bothwell scho maid conspiracie, 215
 Seikand the way to cause hir husband die.
 Heir we lat pas greit tressounis thay committit,
 Quhilks, for schortnes of tyme, we haif omittit.
 Bot of 3our King, schortly for to declair,
 Bothwell with pulder blew him in the air 220
 At hir requeist, quhilk is ane thing weill knawin,
 As sen syne tauld sum seruands of thair awin ;
 The quhilk Bothwell, for all his fylthie body,
 Maryit he was vnto ane Nobill Lady ;
 Bot 3it 3our Quene, be wrang law falslie forsit, 225
 Maid him and hir from vther be devorsit.

" Than went our Sone schortly in France agane,

Quhair that we thre togidder did remane.
 Sa, in our absence, maryit scho Bothwell,
 Quha did hir husband kill, as thow hard tell. 230
 Of this 3our Nobills culd not be content ;
 With burghis and Cōmounis fordwards furth thay wēt,
 Quhair thay met vther vpon Carberrie hil ;
 Tuke hir ; he fled, and na blude thay did spill.
 Than in Lochleuin scho wes put as in waird, 235
 Thocht efterwart scho had ane sleuthfull gaird.
 3it did 3our Lords auyse thame of ane thing,
 To crowne hir Sone 3our Prince and mak him King ;
 Quhilk act thay did, with his Motheris consent,
 Confermit be the Lords in Parliament ; 240
 And than, because he wes ouer 3young to gouerne,
 Amangis thame selfis wyslie thay did discern,
 For to elect our Sone, in his absence,
 Regent to be vnto 3our 3oungly Prence :
 Than did 3our Lords send for him to cum hame ; 245
 With him come we, baith Honour and Gude Fame.
 All burghs and cōmounis, halelie did yai loif him,
 Bot sindrie said, that thay wald haif nane of him :
 Sa gydit he, ane quhyle, with pacience,
 Quhill he mycht to his fais mak resistence. 250
 Bot at the last 3our Quene wes latten furth,
 Conuoyit away be sum wes lytill gude worth ;
 And spedelie to Hammiltoun scho went,
 Quhair scho fand men anew Incontinent,
 The quhilks dispysit vs, Honour and Fame, 255
 Thairfoir all turnit to thair vtter schame.
 Our sone and we wer than in Glasgow towne ;
 To hald the airis in thay parts he was bowne :
 Than come scho fordwart, with hir strenth & fors,
 Ma than seuin thowsand, quhat on fute and hors ; 260
 3ea, twa for ane, we think thay wer agane vs :
 The towne to leaue, yai thocht than to cōstrane vs :
 Bot we the Langsyde hill befoir thame wan,

And, be Gods grace, disconfeist thame : ilk man
 We tuke and slew ; Scho fled into Ingland, 265
 Quhair scho is 3it, not at hir awin command.

Our sone cryit out, 'Lat na mair blude be sched,
 Bot tak and saif the rest that now be fled.'
 In deid, yat day, yair wes slane, in yat place,
 Ma Hammiltounis nor ony vther race. 270

Howbeit the rest of thame, maist graciouslie,
 He did intreit with pardoun and mercie :
 Thay him rewardit with Ingratitude,
 And traterously this nycht hes sched his blude.

" Efter this feild our Sone in Ingland went : 275
 We left him not, bot wes with him present.
 Than did sum Lords lyft vp yair hornis on hie,
 Quhilks did withstand 3our Kingis authoritie ;
 Bot he come hame agane or euer thay wist,
 And 3air Rebellioun schortly did resist. 280

Sone efter him did cum hame my Lord Duke ;
 For Ciuil weir yan euerie man did luke.
 Bot God the Lord brocht all sa weill to pas,
 That, without blude, all weill aggreit was ;
 Except my Lords the Duke and Hereis baith 285
 Wer put in waird, yair wes na vther skaith ;
 Quhair thay ar 3it, vnto yis tyme and tyde,
 And will be thair quhill sum men get ye gyde.

" Sone efter this to Liddisdail he went,
 Quhairof the theifis, and sic, war not content ; 290
 For to thair Chyftanis he maid biggingis bair,
 As efterwart thay did repent full sair.

Than come he north schortly, he tuke na rest,
 Till all that countrie had componit and drest.
 The hiest of thame all, that wald Rebell, 295
 He maid him stoup and als to knaw himsell.
 This being done, amang all vther thing,
 He maid thame all subscriue vnto the King,
 Baith far and neir, of hie and law degree,

Acknowledgeing the Kingis authoritie. 300

Except Lord Fleming, nane war in this land,
Bot to the Kingis grace had thay geuin thair band.

“Sa hauing stablischt all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdail agane he did resort ;
Throw Ewisdail, Esdail and all the Dails raid he, 305

And also lay thre nychtis in Cannabie,
Quhair na Prince lay thir hundreth 3eiris befoir :
Na theif durst steir, thay did him feir so soir.
And that thay suld na mair thair thift alledge,
Thre scoir and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge, 310
Syne wardit yam, quhilk maid ye rest keip ordour ;
Than mycht the Rasche bus keip ky on ye bordour.

“Quhen he this thocht till haif bene at his eais,
In come on him the Quene of Inglandis fais,
The quhilks to seik he tuke purpois fra hand ; 315
Without delay he gat Northumberland ;
He socht him so, and fand him at the last,
And pat him in Lochleuin, quhair he is fast.

“Than went he suddanly to Dunbartane,
In snaw, sleit, drift, wind, froist, hailstanis & rane. 320
In deid, lyke snaw, thair words wer soft and fair,
Lyke sleit, quhyllis scharp, with promysis maist bair ;
Lyke drift also thay did driue of the tyme,
Til ane fals tratour suld commit this cryme.

Lyke as the froist dois freis vp all fresche watter, 325
Thay freisit him in Stirling on this mater.

Windie it was, and windie was the sessoun ;
As is ye Frēche Prouerb, ‘grand vant, grād tressoun.’
With scharp hailstanis thay schot him traterouslie ;
Lyke rane in greit wind, syne fled suddanlie : 330

Sa may we weill the tyme to deid compair,
For all wes trublit, baith se, land, and air.

“On Sonday than, the quhilk wes 3isterday,
Vnto this towne he come, soupit, and lay,
Dynit this day, and, just at aleuin houris, 335

Thair wes ane knaif of his Conspiratouris—
 Ane Hammiltoun, within the bischoppis stair,
 Quhilk schot him, as thow seis, withouttin mair;
 Syne at the bak 3et suddanlie he fled;
 Sum saw him weill, and followit his hors tred; 340
 Quhilk hors was knawin belāging to Lord Johne,
 Quha with the rest this act maid to be done.
 Bot to our Sone we keipit cumpanie,
 Quhilk in our armes within this hour did die.
 Than deit with him all vertus Cardinall, 345
 Than deit with him Justice Imperiall:
 For in his tyme Gods word was trewly preichit,
 And in his tyme Collegis rychtly teichit.
 Not only lufit he vprychteousnes,
 Bot als he hatit vice and vitiousnes: 350
 Not only did he lufe God, and him ken,
 Bot als he hatit all vngodly men.
 To sessioun als, ilk day he went to se
 Gif Justice wes thair Ministrate trewlie.
 The riche and pure, he did alyke regaird, 355
 Puneist the euill and did the gude rewaird.
 He wald not lat the Papists cause ga bak,
 Gif it wer Just, bot wald be for him frak:
 He wald not thoill the proud oppres the pure,
 Sa far as he had regiment and cure: 360
 He did disdane pryde and ambitioun:
 He lufit men meik of Condioun:
 He did disdane all foull and fylthie word,
 In ony sort, outhir in eirnist or bourd:
 Maist diligent he wes to ryn athort 365
 To gif the wedow and fatherles confort:
 Maist diligent to heir the pure mānis bill,
 And gif answer according to Gods will.
 Sober he wes in meit, in drink, and claithis,
 He wald not thoill blaspheming, nor na aithis; 370
 Reddy to heir quhen ony man spak to him,

- Mistraisting not yat ony wald vndo him.
 Peace and concord ouer all for to mantene :
 The pure durst leif yair bestiall on the grene.
 For slauchter mercy wald he neuer grant ; 375
 Baith murtheraris, theifis, and Witches he did dant.
 For to be schort, lay all 3our heidis togidder,
 Gif 3e can find amang 3ow sic ane vther."
 ¶ "Get vp," quod thay, "it is almaist midnycht ;"
 With yat, all thre, thay went out of my sycht. 380
 Because ane man wes knoking at the 3et,
 Quhair I did ly, and had myself for3et,
 Sa rais I vp, all clad in bute and spur :
 "Quhais yat," quod I, "yat knokis at the dur ?"
 "I, 3our gude freind and nychtbour," answerit he ; 385
 "Gar oppin the 3et, gude brother, now lat se."
 "Brother," quod I, "how dois my Lord, I pray 3ow ?"
 "Departit, oh !" quod he, "and deid, I say 3ow."
 "Allace !" quod I, "I find my Dreme ouer trew,
 And that, full sair, all Scotland sone will rew." 390
 Than to the palice went I and 3eid in ;
 Thair weiping vocis hard I making din.
 Within the chalmer I went quhair he departit,
 Quhilk sycht to se, God wait, maid me sair hartit.
 Than come I furthe agane, and saw my Lady, 395
 Quhais horsis at the foir 3et wer alreddy.
 To Edinburgh scho went with hart full soir.
 Reuenge his deith, 3e Lords ! I say na moir.

¶ Epitaphe.

- ¶ Heir lyis the Corps, gude pepill, of a Prince,
 Quhois Saule in heuin with God is glorifeit : 400
 James Regent was murdreist without offence
 Be ane false tratour, sa knawin and notifeit,

Quha wes anis bound to haif bene Justifeit.
 He gaif him grace, allace, aganis all ressoun.
 O Hammiltoun ! it schawis weill thou wes feit 405
 Be all that Clan for to commit this tressoun.

¶ Quhat mouit the to do yis Insolence,
 And mak yat Clan sa to be falsifeit,
 To quhōe, God knawis, he schew his greit clemēce,
 Thocht thou with tressoun hes him gratifeit? 410
 With all gude vertewis he wes amplifeit ;
 With all foull vice thou hes defylde yair Maisoun.
 Resetting the, now haif thay varefeit
 That thay bene weill contentit of this trasoun.

¶ Indeid, I grant that his greit patience 415
 Aganis him self this deid hes testifeit ;
 For had he put 3ow doun with diligence,
 3our tressoun had not this bene ratifeit.
 3e wer anis all in his will signifeit
 At the Langsyde, sensyne in euerie sessioun : 420
 Now with greit honour is he magnifeit,
 And with greit schame 3e sall thoil for this tressou.

OBIIT XXIII JANUARIJ,
 ANNO DO. M. D. LXIX.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 An. Do. 1570.

XI.

¶ The Complaint of Scotland.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xiii. (May? 1567), Number 48. (Incorrectly entered among the State Papers of 1567, and erroneously described in Thorpe's Calendar of State Papers; Elizabeth: Scottish Series, vol. i. p. 246, as "A ballad, on the death of Lord Darnley.")—BRITISH MUSEUM, Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. ii. 49.—Communicated by Joseph Ritson to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1791.—SIBBALD'S CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Edinburgh, 1802.—SCOTTISH BALLADS AND SONGS. Edited by James Maidment. Edinburgh, 1859.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES. Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



DEW, all glaidnes, sport, and play!
 Adew, fair weill, baith nycht and day,
 All thinge that may mak mirrie cheir,
 Bot sich rycht soir in hart and say:
 Allace! to Graif is gone my deir!

5

¶ My lothsum lyfe I may lament
 With fixit face and mynde attent,
 In weiping wo to perseueir,
 And asking still for punischement
 Of thame hes brocht to graif my deir.

10

¶ Bot lang, allace! I may complaine
 Befoir I find my deir againe,

To me was faithfull and Inteir,
 As Turtill trew on me tuke paine :
 Allace ! to graif is gone my deir !

15

¶ Sen nathing may my murning mend,
 On God maist hie I will depend
 My cairfull cause for to vpreir :
 For he support to me will send,
 Althocht to graif is gone my deir.

20

¶ My hauie hap and piteous plicht
 Dois peirs my hart baith day and nycht,
 That lym nor lyth I may not steir,
 Till sum reuenge with force and mycht
 The Cruell murther of my deir.

25

¶ This cureles wound dois greif me soir ;
 The lyke I neuer felt befoir
 Sen Fergus first of me tuke steir ;
 For now, allace ! decayis my gloir
 Throw cruell murther of my deir.

30

¶ O wickit wretche Infortunat !
 O sauage seid Insatiat !
 Mycht thow not, frantik fule ! forbeir
 To sla with dart Intoxicat,
 And cruellie deuoir my deir ?

35

Wa worth the ! wretche ! wa worth thy clā !
 Wa worth the wit that first began
 This deir debait for to vpsteir,
 Contrare the Lawis of God and man
 To murther cruellie my deir !

40

¶ Throw the now Lawles libertie,
 Throw the mischeif and crueltie,

Throw the fals men thair heidis vp beir,
 Throw the is baneist equitie,
 Throw the to graif is gone my deir. 45

Throw the ma Kinge than ane dois ring,
 Throw the all Tratoure blythlie sing,
 Throw the is kendlit ciuill weir,
 Throw the murther wald beir the swing,
 Throw the to graif is gone my deir. 50

¶ Throw the is raisit sturtsum stryfe,
 Throw the the vitall breith of lyfe
 Is him bereft did with the beir,
 Quhen Gallow pin or cutting Knyfe
 Suld stranglit the, and saift my deir. 55

¶ Ungraitfull grome, sic recompence
 Was not condigne to thyne offence;
 With glowing gunne that man to teir
 From doggis deith was thy defence:
 To the sic mercie schew my deir. 60

¶ O cursit Cain! o hound of hell!
 O bludie bairne of Ishmaell!
 Gedaliah quhen thow did steir,
 To vicis all thow rang the bell,
 Throw cruell murther of my deir. 65

¶ Allace! my deir did not foirsie,
 Quhen he gaif pardone vnto the,
 Maist wickit wretche! to men sinceir
 Quhat paine he brocht and miserie,
 With reuthfull ruine to my deir. 70

¶ But trew it is, the godly men
 Quhilk think na harme nor falset ken,

Nor haitrent dois to vther^e beir,
 Ar sonest brocht to deithis den,
 As may be sene be this my deir.

75

¶ Thairfoir to the I say no moir,
 Bot I traist to the King of Gloir,
 That thow and thyne sall 3it reteir
 3our Campe, with murning mynde richt soir,
 For cruell murther of my deir.

80

¶ O nobill Lordis of Renoun !
 O Barronis bauld ! 3e mak 3ow boun
 To fute the field with fresche effeir,
 And dintis doure the pryde ding doun
 Of thame that brocht to graif my deir.

85

¶ Reuenge his deith with ane assent,
 With ane hart, will, mynde, and Intent ;
 In faithfull freindschip perseueir ;
 God will 3ou fauour and thame schent,
 Be work or word that slew my deir.

90

¶ Be crous, 3e commouns ! in this cace,
 In auenture 3e cry, allace !
 Quhen murtherars the swinge sall beir,
 And from 3our natiue land 3ow chace,
 Unles that 3e reuenge my deir.

95

¶ Lat all that fische be trapt in net,
 Was counsall, art, part, or reset,
 With thankfull mynde and hartie cheir,
 Or 3it with helping hand him met,
 Quhen he to graif did bring my deir.

100

¶ Defend 3our King and feir 3our God,
 Pray to auoyde his feirfull rod,

Lest in his angrie wraith austeir
3e puneist be, baith euin and od,
For not reuenging of my deir. 105

¶ And do not feir the number small,
Thocht 3e be few, on God 3e call
With faithfull hart, and mynde sinceir :
He will be ay 3our brasin wall,
Gif 3e with speid reuenge my deir. 110

¶ Remuif all sluggische slewth away ;
Lat lurking Inuy clene decay ;
Gar Commoun weill 3our Baner beir,
And peace and concord it display,
Quhen 3e pas to reuenge my deir. 115

¶ With sobbing sych I to 3ou send
This my complaint, with dew commend,
Desyring 3ow all without feir
Me, pure Scotland, for to defend,
Sen now to graif is gone my deir. 120

¶ FINIS.

XII.

**The Regentis Tragedie ending with ane
exhortatioun.**

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Volume iii. 2.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xvii. (February 1570), Number 16.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—A few Copies privately printed by W. Williamson, Esq., 23 Carlton Hill, St John's Wood, London, May 1872. Sm. quarto.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



JAMES, Earle of Murray, Regent of Renoun,
Now lyis deid and dulefullie put down,
Murdreist but mercy, murnand for remeid,
Quha lost his lyfe in Lythquo with ane loun
(Giltles, God wait, betraist in to that toun, 5
Slane with ane schot, and saikles put to deid ;)
Feit be our fais throw fellonie and feid ;
Hangman to Hary, now Burrio to hir brother :
Weill may this murther manifest the tother !

¶ Quhat leid in lyfe wald nocht lament his lose? 10
Wais me to want him ! is the commoun voce :
For sic ane Prince sall neuer pure man haif,
Tint be ane Tratour steilling vp ane close,

1. S.P.O. Erle.

Possest in purpois, lyfe for lyfe to cose,
 Bot na compair, ane Kings Sone to ane knaif. 15
 Sen he is gone agane my will to graif,
 Throw all this Realme I dar weill mak this ruse :
 Rang nocht his maik sen buryit was the Bruse.

¶ To keip gude reule he raid, and tuke na rest,
 Baith South and North, and sumtyme eist & west, 20
 All to decoir our commoun weill, 3e knaw.
 Be quhome, lat se, wes Pirats sa opprest ?
 Or 3it the theiffis sa dantonit, dung, and drest ?
 Argyle and Huntlie hid thame baith for aw ;
 And, quhen he mycht, he myst nocht in the Law 25
 Twyse on the day, and sleipit nocht in sleuth,
 To se na buddis suld beir thame by the treuth.

¶ Of this foule fact suppois our fais be fane,
 3it efter Moysis Josua come agane
 To gyde the pepill, geuand the gloir to God. 30
 Suld thay succaid that hes him saikles slane ?
 Be war with that, I wald 3e war not vane
 To haif 3our waik anis wirryit with the tod :
 Think 3e with ressoun thay suld reule the rod,
 With double murther maid vs all ado, 35
 And with our King wald play Cowsauly to ?

¶ Pray, gif 3e pleis, I warne 3ow 3e haif neid
 To keip our King fra cankrit Ked3ochis seid,
 That daylie wayis Inuentis to put him doun ;
 His Grandschir slane at Lythquo gif I leid ; 40
 His gudschir thryse hes left this land in deid ;
 Hary at midnycht mordreist in this toun ;
 His Cousing last, and 3it thay clame the Crown :
 Blynd Jok may ges gif thir be godly deidis :
 Brunt be 3one Bischop in quhome this barret breidis ! 45

- ¶ Cut of that Papist, Prothogall of partis,
 That with his lesingis all the laif peruertis ;
 Syne Joyne 3our forces to the feildis but feir,
 Because 3e tak 3our stoutnes all in startis.
 To Hammiltoun in haist quhill 3e haif hartis ; 50
 Deuyse sum way to pay 3our men of weir,
 Fra he be gane 3e neid nocht gather geir :
 Fecht weill and war yame and wyn the ryches yair,
 And gif 3e de, in deid 3e neid na mair.
- ¶ Curst be 3e baith, bischop and Bothwell-hauch ! 55
 For this foule deid 3our seid man rak ane sauch ;
 Gif 3e twa want the widdie now thay wrang 3ow ;
 Lythquo, lament, 3our burges may luke bauch,
 In beir seid tyme 3our burrow rudis ly fauch
 Cause of this murther laitly maid amang 3ow ; 60
 Or, gif I trowit it helpit ocht to hang 3ow,
 Sa suld 3e die ; and syne 3our towne in fyre,
 Sum part for sythment to asswage our Ire.
- ¶ Ouer thir twa housis, for thair deids inding,
 The hand of God dois ouer thair heidis hing 65
 Thame to distroy ; I dout not, in our dayis,
 Hepburnis will wraik for wyrrying of the King.
 Bot Hammiltounis ! fy ! this was ane foular thing.
 Is this 3our ferme Religioun ? 3ais ? 3ais ?
 Sic tyme sall cum, I trow, as Thomas sayis : 70
 Hirdmen sall hunt 3ow vpthrow Garranis gyll,
 Castand thair Patlis, and lat the pleuch stand still.
- ¶ Apperandly thir plaigis ar powrit out
 To wraik this warld, and wait 3e quhair about ?
 Because we want na vice vnder the heuin ; 75
 Sen double murther markis to reule the rout,
 With Niniueitis lat vs ga cry and schout,
 For to retreit 3one sentence Justly geuin :

3it thow, gude Lord, that Judgis all thingis euin,
 Seand the perrell that ouer the pepill standis, 80
 Lat nocht thair blude be socht at saikles handis.

¶ Now Lordis & Lairdis assemblit in this place,
 Ouer lang we talk of Tragedeis, allace !
 Away with cair, with confort now conclude ;
 As gude in paper as speik it in 3our face : 85
 Gif murtherars for geir get ony grace,
 3e will be schent : think on, I say, for gude ;
 Sen art and part ar gyltie of his blude,
 Quhy suld 3e feir or fauour thame for fleiching ?
 3e hard 3our self quhat Knox spak at the preiching. 90

¶ First on the feildis mak schortly to, lat se,
 We want bot ane, and quhat the war ar we,
 Sen God wes pleist to pas him out of pyne ?
 All men on mold ar markit for to de,
 With tyme and place appointit : sa wes he. 95
 Lat nocht in cair 3our curages declyne,
 For want of ane I wald nocht all suld tyne.
 Gar reid at Roxburgh quhen the King was slane,
 And 3it ane woman wan the hous agane.

¶ Sen than be wemen douchtie deidis were done, 100
 Barronis, be blyith, and hald 3our hartis abone,
 And lat vs heir quhairfoir 3e hapnit hidder :
 Thay ar na partie and 3e speid 3ow sone.
 Albeit that Boyd be daylie in Denone,
 Lang or Argyle be gadderit in togidder. 105
 Quhen all is done, the counsall may considder
 Quhat is the maist 3one murtheraris may do,
 Suppois that Huntlie wald cum help thame to.

¶ Had we ane heid wald stoutly vndertak it,
 The Barronis sayis thay suld be bauldly bakit, 110

Mycht thay for tyritnes trauell of thir tounis :
 Quhy stand 3e aw of Tratouris twyse detractit ?
 Think 3e not schame to heir 3our Lordschipis lakit ?
 Sū feiris yair flesche, sum grenis to gadder crounis,
 Sū happis yair heidis, sū beltis yame vp in gounis. 115
 Luke gif 3our partie prydis yame in thair spurring,
 Keipand the feildis, and fryis not in thair furring.

¶ Wa worth the wyfis that fostred 3ow and fed !
 3e dow not ly vnles 3e haif ane bed ;
 Keip 3ow fra cauld, haif claith within 3our scho : 120
 I think greit ferly how 3e can be red,
 Or fray at thame that last befor 3ow fled
 Wantand thair Quene, syne God agane thame to.
 Quhy ly 3e heir with lytill thing ado ?
 The Barronis biddis 3ow schortly byde or gang : 125
 Curage decayis fra Scottis men tarie lang.

Haue Lyounis lukis, and than mak me ane lear ;
 Be Hanniballis, and heis 3our hartis sum hear ;
 Bot keip not Capua quhil 3one Knaifis incluse 3ow :
 He neidis not work that hes ane gude ouersear. 130
 Nane neid 3e fetch, swa that 3our hairtis war frear,
 Bot, be my saule, my self culd neuer ruse 3ow :
 I knaw weill for this cryme Christ sall accuse 3ow ;
 For spairing Agag Saull was puneist sair,
 Swa sall he 3ow, I dar nocht say na mair. 135

The Lord of Hostes that heuin & eirth cōmandis,
 To keip our King from all vnhappy handis,
 The Quene of Ingland and her Counsall to.
 3e feir the Frenchemen suld ouerlay thir landis,
 Bot I heir say be sum that vnderstandis, 140
 The Doctouris doutis bot thay haif mair ado :

112. B.M. Tratouriris. 115. S.A. thair heids . . . belttis. 116. S.A. thame.
 131. S.A. hartis ; S.P.O. wer. 134. S.P.O. wes.

Our Quene is keipit straitly, thair standis scho :
 Ingland will help 3ow and 3e help 3our sellis,
 And, be the contrair, craif thame nathing ellis.

¶ This fair 3e weill : I flait not to offend 3ow 145
 In sempill veirs, this Schedull that I send 3ow ;
 Beseikand 3ow to schort it gif 3e may.
 Steill 3e away, the wyfis will vilipend 3ow,
 And, gif 3e byde, the burrowis will cōmend 3ow.
 Best wer, I think, mycht we preuene 3one day. 150
 Thair Semblie beis on Sondag, I heir say,
 In Glasgow towne, thinkand to fecht or fle :
 It lukis weill, thair, 3e get na mair of me.

¶ FINIS.

¶ The Tragedeis Lenuoy.

As men recordis, in deid, my Lordis,
 I schrink not for to schaw ; 155
 Suppois 3e crak, 3e ly abak,
 And lybellis be the Law.
 3e mak not to, as men suld do,
 I trow 3e stand sum aw :
 Suppois 3e hecht, to se 3ow fecht 160
 That day will neuer daw.

¶ Is na remeid, fra he be deid ;
 Na man to seik ane mendis ?
 Or quha is heir dar brek ane speir
 Vpon 3one lymmeris lendis ? 165
 3e dar not mum quhill Saidlar cum

145. S.P.O. nocht.

146. S.P.O. vers.

148. S.P.O. Steil.

149. S.P.O. commend.

162. S.P.O. ra he.

166. S.P.O. nocht . . . Sadler.

To se quhat Ingland sendis ;
 Thinkand to sayit, and ay delayit,
 And swa the mater endis.

With sychis, and sobbis, and beltit robbis, 170
 3e counterfite the dule :
 Quhat douchtie deidis to weir sic wedis,
 Except it wer ane fule !
 Mak of the towne, and cow thame downe,
 Now or 3our curage cule : 175
 For Maddie sayis, byde 3e aucht dayis,
 3e be not thair quhill 3ule.

Is this the thing? quha gydis the King?
 3e can not all aggre :
 Now fy for schame ! feche Leuenox hame, 180
 3e haif nane narer nor he.
 Gif he want grace to gyde that place,
 Cheis outhir twa or thre :
 Than war I fane, bot all in vane,
 To wis and will nocht be. 185

And sum thair bene waittis on the Quene,
 Bot gaip ay quhill thay get hir :
 And war scho heir, I tak na feir,
 The Feynd aby we set hir.
 For we ar now als stark, I trow, 190
 As farn3er quhen we met hir ;
 Quhen all is done thay start ouer sone
 To boist and not the better.

I think it best 3e tak na rest,
 Gif 3e durst vnder tak it ; 195
 And we be trew, we ar anew,

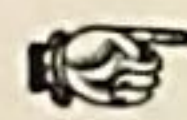
174. S.P.O. town . . . down.

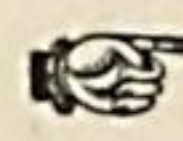
186. S.P.O. waits.

181. S.P.O. nar.

188. S.P.O. wer.

3e salbe bauldly bakit.
Bot sen I se it will nocht be
That meter will nocht mak it,
The Feynd mak cair, I say na mair : 200
I rew that euer I spak it.

 FINIS.

 Quod Robert Sempill.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
Anno Do. 1570.

XIII.

The Deploratioun of the Cruell Murther of James Erle of Murray, vngquhile Regent of Scotland, togidder with ane admonitioun to the Hammiltounis committaris thair of, and to all thair Fortifearis, Mantenaris, or assistance, with ane Exhortatioun to the Lordis and Nobilitie, keiparis and defendaris of our Kingis Grace Maiestie.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xvii. (February 1570), Number 17.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



WHILE as with flesche and blude we go about,
 The wondrous warkis of God for to discrue,
 Pans quhil we pleis, we sal not find yame out,
 Bot sall Judge God aganis all ressoun striue,
 Quhen as he tholis proude Pelours to depriue 5
 The lyuis from sic as halelie wes his,
 Be cruell murther thame reuthles for to riue?
 The flesche of man can neuer considder this.

The following variants occur in the impression in the library of the Society of Antiquaries :—

6. halely.

¶ Bot quha that wald the mater vnderstand,
 He man luke lawer, and enter in the Spreit, 10
 And than he sall persaif the cause fra hand,
 That God wirks na thing bot as a Judge discreit.
 Quhen as the pepill with sinnis ar repleit
 Without remors, as thay ar at thir houris,
 Than, to that end his plages he may compleit, 15
 He takis from thame thair godly Gouvernouris.

¶ And this he vsis mony sindrie sortis,
 Sumtyme be seiknes in to thair beddis to de,
 Sum slaine by tratouris bot not for thair confortis,
 Bot to that end thay suld distroyit be, 20
 And rutit furth clene out of memorie.
 He tholis sic wickit, proude Conspiratouris
 To execute thair lurking traytorie,
 And bring to deith thair godly Gouvernouris.

1. Jo. 3. ¶ We se also the wickit of the warld 25
 Still beir the godly at deidly Indignatioun ;
 Sum tyme be tratouris ar Innocentis ouerharld,
 And, thocht trew men, haif heir bot tribulatioun.
 We suld not haif sic thingis in admiratioun,
 As gif it wer ane new thing chansit of man, 30
 For sa it wes euin from the first Creatioun,
 And still hes bene sen that this warld began.

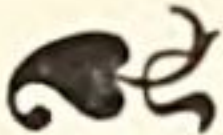
Gen. 4. ¶ This mortall feid, this haitrent and Inuie,
 Did first begin, as Gods awin buke dois tell,
 As in the Genesis we may plainly spie, 35
 Betuix twa brether, Cain and Abell.
 Cain aganis his brother did Rebell,
 And susseit not to sched his saikles blude ;
 And for this cause, I pray 3ow mark it well,
 His warkis war euill, and faithfull Abells gude. 40

29. we.

30. to man.

31. was.

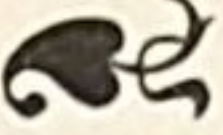
40. faiefull.

 And of thir twa this haill warld did descend,
 Quhilk neuer can amangis thame selfis aggrie,
 Bot baith thair Ofspringis may be cleirly kend,
 Curst Cains Clan be thair Impietie,
 And Abells seid for richt and equitie. 45
 And thus all murtherars ar descendit doun
 Of curst Cain and his posteritie,
 As is the tyrane and tratour Hammiltoun.

 For, luke how Justice was the verray cause
 To curst Cain his brother for to kill ; 50
 Sa is it 3it, but dout, th[e] only clause
 That moues the wickit vnto thair Raging still.
 Thay gloir na thing, bot euer in to Ill,
 And makis thame euer but mercy to maligne ;
 And, quhen thay may thair wickit wayis fulfill, 55
 Thay will not thole ane godly man to Rigne.

The Probatioun heirof.

To preif this part I plainly mycht propone
 Exemples seir, maist Notabill and trew ;
 Bot for thame all I will bot vse heir one
 Of our deir Maister and Sauour, Christ Jesew, 60
 In quhome na spot of sin it neuer grew,
 3it nocht theles the Bischoppis nicht not byde him,
 Quhill on a Croce on lenth and breid him drew,
 And hangit vp for spyte twa theuis besyde him.

 For to mak mentioun of the marterdome 65
 Of Gods Prophets, it wer sum thing to lang ;
 And for to reckin the reuthles Rage of Rome,
 Quhair sindrie godly thay dulefully doun dang,

51. the only.
 65. Marterdome.

62. mycht.
 68. dulefullie.

It were prolix; thairfoir I let thir gang,
 And to my purpois, but proces mair, proceid, 70
 How wickit men delytis ay in to wrang,
 And may not suffer to haif ane godly heid.

¶ Sen sa it wes that Christ, baith God and man,
 With his Apostills and Prophets gat na rest,
 Bot euer hatit be Cain and his clan, 75
 As Gods trew word dois mak it manifest,
 We suld not grudge howbeit we be opprest,
 As wes our Maister and brethrene vs beforne,
 Bot be assurit it will cum for the best,
 And better to thame that thay had neuer bene borne. 80

¶ I mene not heir that thay suld pas vnpunissit
 For thair trespas, nor neuer sic thing thocht :
 For than suld Justice and lufe be clene diminissit,
 Gif thay war spairit this wickit wark hes wrocht,
 That our gude gyde to bailfull beir hes brocht. 85
 Lat vs assemble thairfoir with curage stout,
 And lat thay tratouris out throw this land be socht,
 And neuer leif thame till thay be ruitit out.

¶ Ane Admonitioun to all the Hammiltounis and thair assistaris,
 counsallarís, and pertakerís of this maist vile and abhomin-
 abill Murther.

O Teinfull tratouris ! quhy did 3e him deuoir
 Maist schamefullie, that puneist euerie vice, 90
 Quha wes the cheif mantenar of Gods gloir
 In to this Realme, and lufit all Justice ?
 3our bailfull blude can neuer pay the price
 Of his deir deith, wrocht be 3our wickitnes,

71. wrāg.

73. was.

74. Apostillis . . . Propeits.

77. grude.

78. was.

83. Law.

88. rutit.

Wa worth 3ow Uillanis that slew that Prince maist wise 95
 For na cause ellis bot for his rychteousnes !

¶ For sen 3e first in to this Realme began,
 3e wer ay callit for 3our tyrannie
 Strypis of the Schyre, the maist vnworthie clan
 That euer wes bred, or sene in this countrie, 100
 As schawis weill be 3our Genalogie :
 For thift and murther, reif and oppressiounis,
 With Guldis and Rukis blasit equallie,
 Is the auld armes of the Hammiltounis.

¶ And quha wald seik ane man but conscience, 105
 Ane Renegat for to deny his Creid,
 To tak ane pure man vnder his credence,
 Syne cut his throt and toung out of his heid ;
 To put ane hundreth for to beg thair breid,
 And bring Just men vnto confusioun ; 110
 To do ane horrible and ane vnworthie deid ?
 Seik neuer farther than ane Hammiltoun.

¶ Ane midding tuil3our but manheid at assay ;
 Ane vail3eand tyrane, ane febill Campioun,
 Ane wyfe with Childe that manfully can slay ; 115
 Ane noysum nychtbour proude in oppressioun ;
 Ane teinfull tratour of rycht successioun,
 To Crucifie Christ that compts not a feg ;
 I say to 3ow for schort conclusioun :
 Come neuer a gude byrde of the Deuillis eg. 120

¶ How horriblie 3e spul3eit vnder nycht
 In his awin hous, maist schamefull for till heir,
 Ane Nobill Lord, James, of Torphichen Knycht,
 He can declair gif ony man lyst speir.
 3e left him nocht ane Mal3e nor Deneir, 125
 Syne, vnder truste, neir schot him and his wyfe,

And Tymothie wes in ane felloun feir,
Bot, praisit be God, they chaipit with thair lyfe.

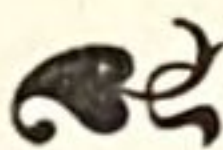
¶ Our Kingis Grādschir at Lighquo feild 3e slew ;
Baneist his Gudschir from his kynde heritage ; 130
His Fatheris murther also 3e cleirly knew,
Myschantly hangit, ane wickit vassalage.
Thir are 3our warks euin fra 3our first barnage,
God wait gif 3e be Jaips to hald in stoir,
Or bony byrdis to keip in to ane Cage : 135
Christ keip our King out of 3our handis heirfoir !

3e slew our Regent because his warks wer gude,
Quha wes the Lampe of lycht in to this land :
As hountrie tykis 3e thristit for his blude,
Nu. 35. That sauit 3ow quhen 3e wer in his hand, 140
Gal. 5. Quhen 3e culd not resist his forcie wand ;
Joa. 3. Ane suithfast sentence heirfoir I sall 3ow tell,
Gen. 9. Pronuncit be God, I lat 3ou vnderstand :
Apo. 23. All Murtherars thay sall Inhereit hell.

¶ Ane admonitioun to the assistaris, counsallarís, by Igarís,
and Keiogsaris in this maist detestabill murther.

Nocht only thay, bot all that sic assistis, 145
Or fortefeis, or ony wayis manteins,
Incurris his Curse : now luke Gods buik quha listis,
For it is not mans Judgement sa yat deims.
And quha that this seir sentence small esteims,
The tyme sall cum that he sall weip and murne, 150
Quhen hiddeous Hell, with greuous glowād gleims,
Baith body and Saule for euer mair sall burne.

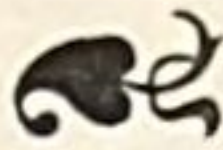
128. praisit.	129. Grandschir ; Lythquo.	130. gudschir.
133. from.	137. Regēt.	142. tel.
146. mantenis.	148. that demis.	149. soir.
		152. saule.

 Moirouer, all thay of that Genalogie,
 And of that Surname, we mak thame Intimatioun,
 Thay salbe repute of this foule cryme gyltie, 155
 Quha nocht compeiris to mak Purgatioun;
 Farther, all thay geuis consultatioun,
 Or thame assistis in to this fylthie fact,
 And not compeiris to our Conuentioun:
 Thay salbe haldin pertakeris of this act. 160

Be war, heirfoir, and be effrayit of this:
 Lat sic tryit tratouris defend thair awin curst cause;
 Tyne not 3our landis and als the heuinis blis,
 Bot be obeysant to God and mans Lawis;
 And be not flatterit with thair vaine wordis & sawis, 165
 For thay can not of this foule fact be clengit.
 Thocht mā wald wink, 3it God, yat all thing knawis,
 He will not leif this vile wark vnreuengit.

 The Exhortatioun to the Lordis and Nobilitie persewaris
 of this cruell Murther, and defendaris of our King.

Psal. 5. God sayis, my Lords, he will be aduersair
 To bludy boucheris that stand of him na feir. 170
 My Lords, thir wordis suld curage 3ow far mair
 Nor the haill help of man baith far and neir.
 Fall to, heirfoir, with blyith and mirrie cheir.
 We ar anew, thairfoir heis vp 3our hartis,
 And fordwards marche, sa sall we se and heir 175
 Quhat lurkand lubers will tak thir Lymmers parts.

 Thay fylde the feilds befoir quhē first yai faucht,
 Quhair we for ane, thay wer in number thre;
 We trowit from thence thay suld haif sittin saucht,
 And suld haif tyrit of all thair tyrannie. 180

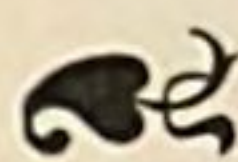
174. we.

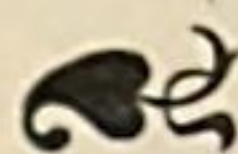
178. Quhair tha for ane wer aye in number thre.

Bot now, allace ! the contrare we may se :
 Our vaine pietie hes maid vs this fals traine.
 Gods Curse thairfoir lycht on thame all for me,
 That outhir hes pietie or reuth on thame againe.

 Gif 3e do nocht Reuenge this fylthie fact, 185
 3e will be schamit, 3e may weill vnderstand ;
 And will be namit ane fals and febill pack,
 That euer regned in ony Realme or land.
 With curage, heirfoir, now be the baner stand,
 And wyn for euer honour and Renoun : 190
 Do 3e not this 3e ar ane bailfull band,
 And seruiss nocht ells bot Goddis malesoun.

 For Gods Curse, his vengeance, and maledictioun,
 Sall neuer from 3ou, nor fra 3our seid depart ;
 3e sall sustene maist sorrowfull afflictioun, 195
 That euer tholde men in ony land or airt.
 Sic haue harme sall happin to 3our hart.
 Gif this foule murther with silence be ouer past,
 Thir same tratouris sall mak 3our selfis to smart,
 And salbe 3our distruction at the last. 200

 And gif sa hapnis, 3e may rycht weill considder,
 This plaigue maist Justly of Gods hands 3e craif.
 Far better it is thairfoir to ryse togidder,
 For to reuenge the Murther with the laif,
 Nor Gods seir wraith abone 3our heidis to haif, 205
 For the ouerseing of sic a fylthie cryme ;
 For Gods plaigues approchis, I persais,
 Gif 3e defer schort quhyle and suffer tyme.

 Fall to thame fraklie, to fecht thay haif na faces ;
 Persew thame peirtly and 3e sall se thame fle ; 210
 Rune is thair glas, and gone now is thair graces,
 In to respect of this foule tratorie.

And quha suportis thame or dois fortifie,
 I hope to God, that is the heid of all vs,
 To see thame hyntit in handis haistelie, 215
 Syne hangit hie but grace vpon the Gallous.

¶ The makaris Exhortatioun to all men in Generall.

Amend 3our lyues and call on God for grace ;
 Pray for 3our King with hartie Exhortatioun ;
 Repent our sinnis quhill we haif tyme and space ;
 Detest all vice and foule abhominatioun ; 220
 Than God sall gif vs comfort and consolatioun ;
 Pray for the Nobill Quene of Ingland,
 Quha in our neid still sends vs supportatioun,
 Hir grace lang space may in gude weilfair stand.

¶ So be it.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1570.

213. suportis.
 221. confort.

214. hallous.

218. to 3our.
 223. sendis.

XIV.

¶ The Kingis Complaint.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Volume iii. 3.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



WITH hauie hart, on Snadoun hill,
 Ane 3oung King I hard schoutand schill;
 With reuthfull rair he did record,
 Prayand, as I haif writ this bill,
 Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

5

☞ He sayis, this causeles I not craif,
 For¹ he is now gone to his graif,
 My commoun weill that maist decorde,
 Na merwell albeit my hart claif
 For sorrow of his deith, O Lord.

10

¶ Hard is my chance all tyme and houris,
 And harder to my Gouvernouris:
 3e, hardest, (bot wo am I forde!)
 To him has felt of deith the schouris,
 And only for thy cause, O Lord.

15

☞ Quhen I was not 3it ane 3eir auld,
 Bothwell, that bludy Bouchour bauld,

¹ *Hor* in the original, *Nor* in 'The Sempill Ballates.'

My Father cruelly deuorde :
 He him betrayit and his blude sauld :
 Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

20

¶ Than, Father slaine, Mother was schēt ;
 My Gudschir flemit Incontinent ;
 My self to poyoun it was schorde ;
 Me to betray was summis Intent :
 Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

25

¶ Than vp thow rasis to reule my Ring,
 In to my tender yeiris ȝing,
 My Faithfull freind that maid him forde,
 James, Regent, my Uncle ding :
 Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

30

¶ He was my buckler and my beild ;
 He was my Targe, my speir, and scheild :
 My stait maist hie for to restorde
 He fukkit euer mair the feild :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

35

¶ For me he left Kyn, Freind, and wyfe ;
 For me he sufferit daylie stryfe ;
 For me he was haill Indeuorde ;
 For me now he hes loist his lyfe :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

40

¶ For me that Nobill of Renoun
 With ane Tyke, Tratour Hammiltoun,
 Was schot, and throw the body borde,
 For the mantening of my Crowne :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

45

¶ Peloure, thow peirst him gaif ye peace,
 Tratoure to him that gaif the grace,

Behind his bak thy Gunne him gorde,
 Quhome thow nor nane of thyne dirst face :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 50

¶ Lord, sen my gracious gyde is gone,
 And I am left as Byrd allone,
 This thing maist eirnistly I Implorde,
 That Instantly thow steir vp one,
 For to Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 55

☞ Sen for my saik now he is slane,
 Lord, for thy grace grant me agane
 That deith my lyfe neuer deuorde,
 Quhill that fals tressonabill trane
 Be with my hand Reuengd, O Lord. 60

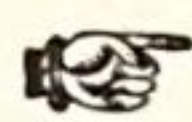
☞ O Scotland ! thy Josias trew,
 That first Idolatrie ouerthrew,
 He was, and Christs trew Kirk restorde :
 Throw him in my Realme grace ay grew :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 65

¶ He Abrahamis Faith, but feir, profest ;
 He Daudis mercy manifest ;
 With Salomonis wit he was decorde ;
 Sampsonis strenth to him accrest :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 70

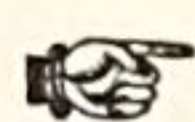
☞ Theif and Reuer he did dant ;
 Justice and vertew he did plant ;
 Quhair thair was mys he gart remorde,
 My Faithfull seruand and thy Sanct :
 Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 75

¶ As his Renoun is all ouerblawin,
 And now his deith plainly furthschawin,

Sa sall all blyithnes be abhorde,
 Quhill his Reuenge be alswa knawin,
 Throw thy help and support, O Lord. 80

 All ye, my trew Nobilitie,
 That fauourit him and seruit me,
 Lat not his duilfull deith be smorde,
 Bot it Reuenge maist cruellie :
 For it is the will of the Lord. 85

 And quha his deith dois sair regaird,
 And it to puneis will not spaird,
 I wow to the in quhome he glorde,
 Thay sall not mys ane riche rewaird,
 For to Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 90

 Now sall appeir, in wark and nature,
 Quha is the trew man, quha is the trature,
 Quha fittis the feild, quha cuiris not forde :
 The trew liege be the Rubiature
 In this cause salbe kend, O Lord. 95

 And think that thay that did this deid
 With lyke effect dois seik my heid,
 For to be beatin downe and smorde :
 All Faithfull hartis quyte thair meid,
 And thow Reuenge my cause, O Lord. 100

 For surely thair will and Intent,
 That seikis of me the Gouernment
 Be fraudfull factiounis, I stand forde,
 Wald me forfault in Parliament,
 Gif thow withstude thame not, O Lord. 105

My Coronatioun thay deny,
 And dois maist spytefully defy

All thame that faithfully restorde
Me to my Crowne and Seignorie :
Thy michtie hand requyte thame, Lord. 110

Last, Lord, now him of me hes cure,
And in quhais handis I think me sure,
Thy puissant power I Implorde,
That he with me lang dayis Indure,
For to reuenge his cause, O Lord. 115

With this the Babe he gifis ane rair,
Quhilk maid my hart to sich sa sair
That farther I culd not recorde,
Bot with him sall cry euer mair :
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 120

¶ FINIS.

XV.

¶ The Exhortatioun to all plesand thingis quhairin
man can haif delyte to withbrabo thair plesure from
mankynde, and to deploir the Cruell Murther of vn-
quhile my Lord Regentis Grace.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xvii. (February 1570), Number 18.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



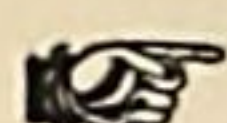
DE Montaines, murne ; 3e valayis, vepe ;
3e clouds and Firmament ;
3e fluids, dry vp ; 3e seyis so depe,
Deploir our lait Regent !
3e greinis, grow gray ; 3e gowanis, dune ;
3e hard rocks, ryue for sorrow ;
3e Mariguildis, forbid the sune
To oppin 3ow euerie morrow !

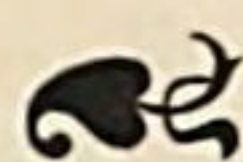
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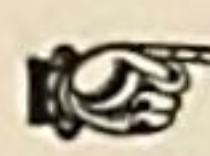
¶ Thow Lauand, lurk ; thow time, be tint ;
Thow Margelene, swaif ;
Thow Camomyld, 3e balme and Mint,
3our fragrant odouris laif !
3e Baselik and Ionet flouris,
3e Gerofleis so sweit,
And Violatis, hap 3ow with schouris
Of hailstaines, snaw, and sleit !

10

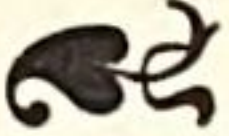
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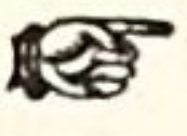
 Thow grene Roismary, hyde thy heid ;
 Schaw not thy fair blew blūmis ;
 In signe of dule lat na grene blaid
 On Lawraine grow, or brwmis ! 20
 3e fruitfull treis, produce na frute ;
 And 3e fair Rois treis, widder ;
 In earth, 3e sweit flouris, tak na rute,
 But wallow altogidder !

 Cum, Nettillis, thornie breiris, & rew, 25
 With all foull filthie weid,
 Now plant 3ow quhair thir sweit flouris grew,
 And place 3ow in their steid !
 3e plesant byrdis, lat be 3our sang,
 3our mirth in murning turne, 30
 And tak the Turtill 3ow amang
 To leirne 3ow how to murne !

 Thow luifsum Lark & gay Goldspink,
 Thow mirthfull Nychtingaill,
 Lat be 3our heuinly noitis, and think 35
 His deith for to beuail !
 3e plesand Paun and Papingaw,
 Cast of 3our blyithlyke cullour,
 And tak the feddrum of the Crow,
 In signe of wo and dolour ! 40

 Now burne thy self, O Phenix fair !
 Not to reuiue againe,
 That we may him to the compair,
 Quhais lyke dois not remaine.
 Thow Pelican, prepar thy beik, 45
 And grind it scharpe and lang,
 To peirs our breistis, that we may seik
 How to reuenge this wrang !

 All birdis and beistis, all hillis and holtis,
 All greinis and plesand treis, 50
 All Lambis & Kiddis, all Caluis & Colts,
 Absent 3ow from mens eyis !
 3e gleds and howlets, rauins and rukis,
 3e Crawis and Corbeis blak ;
 Thair gutts mot be among 3our cluikis, 55
 That did this bludy fact !

 3e Instruments of euerie sort,
 That gaif to mankynde plesure,
 Now turne 3our melodie and sport
 In murning and displesure ! 60
 3e Sone and Mone and Planetis seuin,
 3e glystring starris bricht,
 All 3e Celestiall hoste of heuin,
 Absconce 3ow from mens sicht !

3e 3eiris and monethis, dayis & houris, 65
 3our naturall course withdraw,
 In Somer tyme be wynter schouris,
 Sleit, hailstaines, frost, and snaw !
 For why sum men dois trauell now
 To turne all vpsyde downe, 70
 And als to seik the maner how
 To reif the King his Crowne.

 We had ane Prince of gude Renoun
 That Justice did desyre ;
 Aganis quhome the Hammiltoun 75
 Did traterously conspyre.
 Quha schot him of the Bischoppis stair
 In Lythgow thair Londoun,
 To bruik this byworde euer mair,
 Fy, Tratour Hammiltoun ! 80

☞ Sen Christ hes tane him to his fader,
 This is the best remeid,
 That 3e trew Lordis togidder gadder
 For to reuenge his deid.
 Sen thay haue wrocht sic thing agane vs, 85
 Traist weill thay cair not neist
 To kill the King, for quhy Cardanus
 The Feind pat in the preist.

¶ France hes na rest, yat is na bourdis,
 Thocht sum seis not ane styme, 90
 How France dois feide thame with fair wordis
 For to dryue of the tyme.
 The Frenche men sayis, “adueis le fein,”
 Quhilk is as muche to say,
 Quhen euer thay bring hame the Quene, 95
 Thay sall repent that day.

¶ Ye Lords, that now this draucht hes drawin,
 Suppois 3e haue left Rome,
 3it wald 3e that 3our Names war knawin
 Athort all Cristindome. 100
 Sa Nero did, bot not for gude,
 Quha brunt Rome to considder
 Quhat fyre it was, syne sched the blude
 Of his Maister and mother.

☞ Sa was he spokin of for sic thing, 105
 We think, as 3e wald be,
 That sweir oft to manteine the King
 And his authoritie.
 3e did him also King proclame,
 And haldis of him offices; 110
 Pensionis 3e hald als in Name,
 With teinds and benifices.

¶ Now wald 3e change and chaisson yat,
 And bring on deidly feidis,
 3e worke maist lyke 3e wat not quhat
 With your Politick heidis.
 Now wyselie wirke, be not dissauid,
 For, and scho get hir will,
 Scho will Reuenge the deith of Daid,
 Carbarrie, and Langsyde hill.

115

120

3e Lordis, that now sa faine wald haif
 Vp hir authoritie,
 Can not yow clenge mair nor the laif
 Of sum pointis of thir thre?
 Heirfoir gif 3e sa faine wald haue hir
 To fulfill your affeckis,
 Gif ye may get hir, than ressaif hir
 With raipis about your neckis.

125

☞ Byde ye in Burgh quhill Michaelmes,
 Your money will growe skant;
 Heir foir my counsell is expres,
 That to your wyfis ye hant.
 For quhy it is ane wyfis quarrell
 Ye wald sa faine set furth,
 As now ye may heir Maddie tell,
 It is bot lytil gude worth.

130

135

¶ As ye haif browne, now drink ye that;
 Ye se how all is cum:
 For had I witten that I wait,
 Allace! is Scotts wisdume.
 Now best it war to leif sic thing,
 Lest strangers cum and wrang vs.
 Ane God, ane faith, ane Law, ane King,
 Let vs obserue amang vs.

140

☞ And, to conclude, I mak ane end, 145
 Praying our God of micht
 To saif our King and him defend
 In his vndoutit richt ;
 With all trew Subiectis in thir partis
 Of his authoritie 150
 Beseiking God to ioyne the heartis
 Of our Nobilitie.

¶ FINIS.

☞ Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1570.

XVI.

¶ The Cruikit leidis the blinde.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii. 4.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Vol. xvii. (April 1570), Number 71.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



HIS warld it waggis I wat not how,
And na man may ane vther trow,
And euerie man dois pluke and pow,
And that the pure may finde :
Our Court it is decayit now :
The cruikit leidis the blinde.

5

¶ Althocht the warldlie wise be cruikit,
This commoun weill he hes miscuikit,
Our Lordis ar blinde and dois ouerluik it :
He gydes thame as he list.
Tak thay not tent he will not huik it,
To gyde thame in the mist.

10

☞ He halds our Lords at variance,
He garris the tane put esperance
Thay will get daylie help of France ;
This he garris thame confide :
Sayis Ingland will bring mony Lance
Vnto the vther side.

15

I. S.P.O. waghis.

¶ Our Lords ar now delt in twa sydis,
 And euerie faction in him confydis : 20
 3e will heir tell how he thame gydis,
 And 3e leif 3eir is few :
 Sen he hes maid sa mony slydis
 Trow 3e he can be trew ?

¶ Fra he in Court in credite grew 25
 He did ay change the Court anew,
 The Quene his doingis sair did rew,
 And richt sa did hir Mother :
 The counsall kennis gif he was trew
 To him that was hir Brother. 30

¶ In Edinburgh quhen thay conuene,
 Our Lords to him thay gang bedene ;
 As he was outhir King or Quene
 He hes thame at his bidding :
 His craftie counsall will be sene, 35
 Quhē Doggs barkis on ye midding.

¶ Albeit he haif the Feuer quartane,
 He suld be made Knycht of the Gartane ;
 He rewlis Edinburgh and Dunbartane,
 As Maddie dois me tell : 40
 Gif he war Pape, I am richt certane,
 He wald reule heuin and hell.

¶ Gif he gar Athol do sic schame,
 As to consent to bring hir hame,
 And gif the gyding to Madame, 45
 They will put downe the King :
 The Crowne will alter fra that Name,
 Than murderars may sing.

¶ He hes gart Hume begin to tyre,
 Althocht that he gat his desyre ; 50

Bot he will leid him in the myre
 Thocht he hecht to defend him :
 And Ingland set his lands in fyre
 I wat not quha will mend him.

¶ Als he gat Setoun out of hands, 55
 From forfaling he sauit his lands,
 Thocht he be lyand vnder bands
 He will not knaw the King :
 Sen 3e ken how the mater stands,
 Suld he haif leif to fling? 60

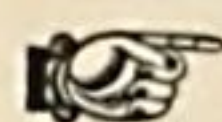
☞ Our richt Regent, quha was our targe,
 Laid sindrie things vnto his charge,
 The quhilk in deid war verray large,
 As is kend with anew :
 3e haif geuin him ane plane discharge, 65
 And sayis it was not trew.

¶ I wat 3e saw neuer ane styme,
 And wantit baith ressoun and ryme,
 Quhen 3e forgaif him all his cryme,
 And maid his oddis euin : 70
 Thocht he be fristit at this tyme,
 He will not be forgeuin.

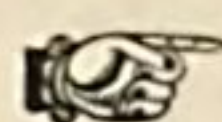
☞ I pray 3ow, Lordis, on ather syde,
 That 3e his sawis do not confyde,
 For I will sweir 3ow be Sanct Bryde, 75
 He susseis not thre strais
 Quha suld be rewlar nor our gyde,
 May he bruke that he hais.

¶ All thir maters he dois bot mock ;
 He hes deuysit mony sic block ; 80

He can begyle ane Landwart Jock,
Except he ken him weill ;
Thay say he can baith quhissill and cloik,
And his mouth full of meill.

 My Lordis, quhat is this that 3e mene ? 85
I thinke the holkis ouergangis 3our ene ;
I wald sum man wald scheir 3ow clene,
That 3e micht se thir faultis,
And be not blinde as 3e haif bene,
Nor led with thame that haultis. 90

FINIS.

 Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
Anno Do. 1570.

XVII.

¶ The Poysonit Schot.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii. 1.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



IF wicked vice first sen the world began
 Had age be age, but punishment, Increst,
 In eirth lang syne yair had been nothing than,
 Saif only vice and malice manifest;
 Bot to thir dayis sic meanis God ay drest, 5
 Aganis vice that vertew ay hes streuin:
 Thocht ather vther be tyme hes oft opprest,
 Last Justice Judge bure ay the ballance euin.

¶ Sa of his plesure it plesit him prouyde
 Us to exerce as ship vnder the sail, 10
 Sum tyme in storne, sum tyme in temperate tyde,
 To let vs knaw this warld is but fraill;
 Betuix gude and euill markand our trauaill,
 In euills flude not menand our nawfrage,
 Princes be Justice he ordanit, in this vaill, 15
 Us to conduct as Pilats dois their Barge.

 And sa we se, in Storeis as we reid,
 Ay to thir dayis sum Magistrates did ring :
 Sum gude, some euill, be tyme as did succaid,
 At quhais plesure vertew did fade or spring. 20
 The gude did vertew, the wicked vice vpbring ;
 Quhat plesis them, the same the pepill suittis ;
 And sa we se the maners of the King
 Is ay the mark quhairat his subiectis shuittis.

 This part to preif be yair particular liues, 25
 It war to lang in vulgare veirs expres it
 At lenth, the same sen Cronickles discriues,
 And als experience will cause vs to confes it.
 And, last of all, how wicked vice Incresit
 Amang our selues throw Mareis negligence, 30
 And how the same began to be suppressit,
 Be Murrayis meane, we haif experience.

 Quhat vice rais vp, reuolue into 3our minds ;
 Quhat sin, quhat shame in hir last dayis did reil,
 That prudent Prince, gif yat he tuik sum pynis 35
 That mys to mend, I hope 3e haif ane feill.
 Gif ocht he socht except ane commoun weill,
 The gloir of God, and Kingis obedience,
 And in that cause maid Justice ay his sheild :
 I seik na Judge but 3our awin conscience. 40

 His awin estate he cairit ay to knaw ;
 For pompe nor pryde can na man say he preist.
 Societie he socht and keipit curage law,
 Thinkand alwayis that mesure was ane feist ;
 His peple luifit, and cairit for the leist ; 45
 For profite panst not nor his commoditie ;
 In trouble trauellit ; his cūmer neuer ceist—
 Ay to his wraik and our vtilitie.

¶ Thus be his prudence vertew was erectit ;
 In him the pure oppressed had releif ; 50
 Throw him Idolatrie and vice was eiecit ;
 Throw him Godis Kirk and peple fand releif ;
 Throw him wes vinqueist the veildars of yis greif ;
 Throw him yis realme fand sū stabilitie ;
 Throw him was baneist thift, murther, & reif ; 55
 Piracie puneist, and deuillishe sorcerie.

Sa vertew sprang, and vice began to faide ;
 Oppressioun fled and Justice tuik the place ;
 His godly lyfe all godly men may aide,
 Be his exemple, vertew to imbrace. 60
 And als his lyfe may, in ane other cace,
 All Princes warne heirefter to succeid,
 Thair foes to flatter that hes ane double face,
 And to be war to clap ane traytours heid.

Euen as the man, the quhilk be musik playis, 65
 Mistonit stringis castis not away, we se,
 But peice and peice, be sundrie wrestis & layis,
 Ilk ane with vther be tyme causis agre.
 Euen so that Prince thocht be humilitie
 His peple wyn, and concord to contrake ; 70
 Bot as sum stringis will rather brek nor be,
 Euen so the wickit be mercy will not make.

¶ His mercy wan, bot mair his mercy tint :
 Not he, bot we his mercy now may rew :
 His mercy loist, we wan the swordis dint : 75
 His mercy saifit be murther that him slew.
 Suppose his mercy this bergane to vs brew,
 3it mene I not but men suld mercy vse
 To penitents, quha myndis not vice renew,
 Bot nane to sic continewis in abuse. 80

¶ His mercy saifit quha mercy not deseruit ;
 His mercy did preserue the arrogant ;
 His mercy sum amangis us hes preseruit,
 Thocht thay seme holy in deid yat ar na sanct.
 His mercy saifit we wer the better want : 85
 Thair Serpents seid to tyrans wald vs thral :
 Because sic peple in tyme he did not dant,
 But warldly mercy Christ sufferit him to fall.

☞ For mortall malice and curst couetice,
 With wickit Inuy, commonit all in Ire ; 90
 And prydefull arrogance, the mother of all vice,
 Aganis that Prince did cruelly conspire ;
 His fais hartis Inflamit all in fyre,
 His blude to seik, Inuyfull of his gloir ;
 Saikles to shuit him ane harlet feit for hyre, 95
 Hangman to Hary that traitouris wes befoir.

¶ O bludy bouchour, bastard of Balials blude !
 Quha to this Realme had nother lufe nor zeill ;
 O tressonable tratour ! be tressō yat thocht gude
 Murdreis the Prince, preseruer of this weill. 100
 O sorrowfull shot ! thy poyoun did doun steill
 Not only him quhom wofully thow woundit ;
 Bot pure & riche thy vennoume hes gart feill,
 Of his deir deith the stoundis him confoundit.

☞ That schot, allace ! yis realme hes shot in tway ; 105
 That shot to vice the portis hes oppinit plane ;
 That shot hes Justice and vertew shot away ;
 That shot Idolatrie is shuitand vp agane.
 Sic shottis vnpuneist gif lāg time yat remane,
 Vice sall be vertew, and vertew sall be vice : 110
 Wrang sall be richt, and richt salbe thocht vane :
 Ilk ane vnpuneist sall pleis thair awin deuce.

That shot hes sinderit quhilk was togidder knit;
 That shot hes cuillit our curage as ye leid;
 That shot hes feiblit our manly force and wit; 115
 That shot our sights hes blindit all in deid.
 We se and spyis not our sorrowis to succeid;
 We meint & meinis this wickitnes correck;
 We wald and will not hank yame be ye heid,
 Quha hes preparit the swordis for our nek. 120

¶ Vagabounds we wander in miserie & wo,
 As ship but Ruther, sa ga we now but gyde:
 We skail, we scatter, we wait not quhair we go,
 Spyis not the rock quhairō we rashe our syde.
 We haif na grace nor power to prouyde 125
 Aganis this rage, and crueltie remeid;
 Bot willingly, allace! throw arrogance & pryde
 Offers this Realme as Sacrifice to deid.

In place of peace now murther weir vprasis;
 In place of lufe Inuy amangis vs springis; 130
 In place of Faith his friend falset betrasis;
 In place of rest Rebellioun with vs ringis;
 In place of ane we haue so mony Kingis,
 The Crownit King gettis na obedience.
 Sū France for aide & sum Inghland inbringis, 135
 The ane for wrak, the tother for defence.

And so this Realme, quhilk enemeis oft sayit
 With cruell weir and sturdie stormis fell,
 Quhilk feirful force of Inghland neuer frayit,
 Of France the feir, nor Spaine in iust quarrel, 140
 Quhilk to thir dayis vnuenqueist buir ye bell,
 Sall now, allace! be fatell destenie,
 As Ajax wes, be vanquer of the sell,
 On proper knyfe constraynit for to die.

¶ Quhat wald, allace ! our Kings & elders say, 145
 Gif in thir dayis from heuin yai now discendit,
 To se this Realme so dulefully decay,
 In quhais defence yair lusty lyuis thay endit ?
 Thay wald, I trust, repent yair time sa spendit ;
 Thay wald, I wait, yair labouris loist forthink, 150
 To se yair Babes ye blude quhilk yai defendit
 Aganis nature sa cruelly vpdrink.

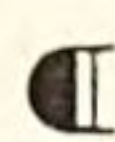
¶ Justlie yis plague I dout not we deseruit,
 Seikand the menis of our awin mischeif.
 Bakwart from God because we haif sueruit, 155
 Thairfoir we taist his punischment in greif.
 3it, in his mercy haifand ay beleif,
 Still sall I pray his deuine Maiestie
 Aganis this rage to send vs releif,
 Our King to saif, and his Nobilitie. 160

Lenuoye.

Go, bony bill, deploir
 Of deith the dolent stound,
 Quhilk did our Prince deuoir—
 James, Regent of Renoun.
 I pray the go, declair the wo, 165
 Sen syne that dois abound :
 I gif command, throw burgh and land
 The same 3ow gar resound.

¶ Our cair may moue the stonis
 And hauie rockis to rair : 170
 Swa mony stormes at onis
 Struke neuer land sa sair.
 The cause of that the heuins wat,
 Not I, I 3ow declair,
 Except it be to let vs se 175
 How kingdomes ar bot cair.

 3it lat vs not dispair
 Into thir walis of wo :
 God may conuert our cair
 In plesure and in Jo. 180
 He may discord turne in accord,
 And mak him freind was fo :
 He may, I trest, set vs at rest,
 Thocht all the world say no.

 It sulde releue our greif 185
 To se our King bening :
 In him I hope releif,
 Of 3eiris thocht he be 3ing.
 His future age sum great presage
 Presentis vs in his Ring, 190
 Quha our defence, in his nascence,
 Tuik haill in gouerning.

 FINIS.

 Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1570.

XVIII.

¶ The Admonitioun to the Lordis.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii. 5.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



FOR lois, thow, Lythquo, may miserably lamēt
 Thy fait Infortunat, and duilfull destanie :
 That precious peirle, James, our Regent,
 In the was slane, dissauit duilfullie.

O cursit hour ! o deid of fellonie ! 5
 O waryit hand ! o wappin violent !
 That spairit not his greit Nobilitie,
 Sa vnderseit suddandly to be schent.

¶ In wickit hour he saift the from the Gallous,
 Or schew his grace to sic ane graceles grume, 10
 Had thow bene hangit, Tratour, and thy fallowis,
 This cōmoun weill had borne the Laurell blume.
 Better Justice was not from hence to Rome ;
 Mair quyet peace befor neuer King heir held :
 Allace ! that sic ane Tratour suld consume 15
 His dayis befor our King had bene of eild.

The following variants occur in the impression in the library of the Society of Antiquaries :—

1. lament.

Dowglas & Hume, addres 3ow now anone
 His tressonabill dolent deith for to Reuenge,
 With Atholl, Erskyn, and Stewartis euerie one ;
 Grame and Lyndsay, remember on this change, 20
 Schaw now he lufit the manly Laird of Grange.
 Glenkarne and Sempil, conuene with ane accord :
 Throw out this Realme lyke Ratches se 3e range,
 And seik thair blude that hes his body borde.

¶ All vther Erlis and Barrounis of renoun, 25
 Conuene 3our selfis, with hart and haill Intent,
 All partakeris to put to confusioun
 With him that slew that Abell Innocent ;
 And in 3our harts perfytlie do it prent,
 Gif one of 3ow siclyke had loist his breith, 30
 How day and nycht he wald be deligent
 3our cause and quarrell Reuenge vnto the deith.

¶ Edinburgh, Dundie, & vther Burrow tounis,
 Remember how the Regent lufit 3ow weill :
 Heill nor conceill, reset nane of thay lownis, 35
 Nother art nor part, that did his body keill.
 Sen he was keipar of 3our commoun weill,
 Cleik on his quarrell, and schortly 3ow dispone :
 Lat neuer yai Ruffians within 3our rowmis reill,
 Bot kyith now kyndenes quhen that his grace is gone. 40

¶ Young tender King now behind dois abyde ;
 Thy seruand schot was only for thy saik ;
 Had he not tane thy Gouvernance and gyde,
 Lang mycht he leuit with Lady An his maik :
 Na tratour Hāmiltoun had geuin yat mortal straik, 45
 War not in hope to mak thy Grace forlorne :
 Thay thocht his deith wald mak thy power waik,
 And than obtene thay socht sa lang beforene.

¶ Bot God, that hes thy Maiestie in cure,
 Will fruster all thair fulische Interpretysis, 50
 As war thay Bouchers thy Father did combure,
 Quha flemit ar for thair deuillische deuysis.
 Thair fact and act all Scotland now disprysis ;
 Thair awin misdeidis hes sa vndone thair weill,
 Thay dar neuer enter in Jugement nor assysis, 55
 Nor clame thair lands, that did thy Father keill.

¶ Quhat ? trow 3e, Tygers, that God omnipotēt
 Will wynk vnsene sic wickitnes and wrang ?
 3e may be sure his bow is reddy bent
 3ow to ruit out : luke ford and think not lang. 60
 Hammiltoū and Hepburne, 3e will sing baith ane sang :
 Schrewit is that seruice 3e haif schawin to 3our King ;
 Wald poysonit him self, his Father wyrreit strang,
 Now slane his Regent to mak 3our selfis to ring.

¶ Wo worth vnlefull meinis manifest, 65
 That 3e haif socht to bruik Authoritie !
 3it vn obtenit quhill that our King may lest,
 Quhome Christ conserue in his Minoritie !
 That tender plant our Superioritie
 Suld haif, quha is our kyndely King of nature : 70
 The King of Kingis, of his Maioritie,
 Mak neuer ane King ouer Scotland of a Tratoure !

¶ Wo to the scheddars of his saikles blude !
 Wo ! cause of wo, sa mony did commend !
 Wo to thay Gylouris of godlynes denude ! 75
 Wo to thay Pelouris sic Interpretysis pretend !
 Wo thame Inuolue, now quhen his wo hes end !
 Wo and eik wrak mot fall that bludy band !

50. fullische.

55. Judgement.

57. omnipotent.

61. Hāmiltoun . . . wil.

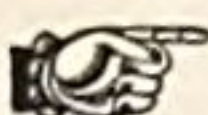
72. tratour.

Wo will thay cry, and rew that thay him kend !
 For wo, quhen that thay lois baith lyfe and land ! 80

 Schamt is yat sort, with schame yai wilbe schēt ;
 Schamt schameles, schame hes schawin vnto yis natioū.
 Schamt ar yai tratouris sic tressoun did inuēt ;
 Schame sorrowles will be thair Castigioun.
 For schame thay dar neuer clame now dominatioun, 85
 To purches place, did sa his deith preuent :
 Place haif thay loist, and fund thair desolatioun,
 That socht sic place till God had bene content.

And God thair pryde will puneis presentlie,
 That dois pretend, be murther manifest, 90
 To Royall rume, and heich Authoritie,
 Huiking na harme sa thay may be possest
 In warldlie welth, quhilk wisdom suld detest,
 Quhen it proceidis of falset and Inuy,
 Vaine gloir, dissait, or ocht that may molest 95
 Gude gouernance throw teinfull Tratory.

 Wyse, Nobill Lords ! my Schedull now cōsidder,
 And gif the wysest Lord the Gouernance ;
 Sinder not now that ar assemblit togidder,
 Quhill ane be chosin the commoun weill to auance : 100
 Sic as will puneis this last vnhappy chance,
 And feiris God now sen the rume dois waik,
 Chosin lyke the tother, 3e myster not to pans,
 For in all Scotland he hes not left his maik.

 Now is he weill, and 3e in wo, God wait, 105
 3our wickitnes and warkis hes the wyte ;
 3our Inobedience hes purchessit Goddis hait ;
 3our gredynes to eik 3our Rentis greit.

81. that . . . thai . . . schent.

82. schauī.

83. tressou.

96. Tratouris.

102. vaik.

In vaine 3e reid the Scripture as ane ryte,
 And of the pure hes na Compassioun :
 Thir ar the causis that 3e of him ar quyte,
 That rewlit 3ow and wald maid Reformatioun.

110

¶ FINIS.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. LXX.

⚡) (✝) (⚡

⚡ ⋮ ⚡

III. cause.

1570.

XIX.

Maddeis Lamentatioun.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii. 6. — THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



UHEN bludy Mars, with his vndantit rage,
 With Saturne maid yis cruel cōspiratioun,
 And curst Juno, with birnand feirs curage,
 Amangis Planettis had greitest dominatioun,
 I hard ane voice, with drerie lamentatioun, 5
 Sayand : o Lord ! help now with thy rycht hand !
 Gone is the Joy and gyde of this Natioun :
 I mene be James, Regent of Scotland.

¶ Quhen Lachesis hir threid had drawin to lēth,
 Prolonging furth this Princes lyfe in gloir, 10
 Than Atropus, extending furth hir strenth,
 This fatell threid, allace ! for to deuoir.
 Now Justice (oh) quha sal thy sword decoir ?
 This cōmoun weil quhat wicht sal now warrād,
 Sen he is gone, that Gouvernd vs befoir, 15
 That vpricht Prince, James, Regent of Scotlād ?

☞ His gude beginning quha yat culd richt report ?
 Quhen this Region of reule was destitude,
 In plane Parliament our Nobillis did exhort
 That Innocent to tak the fortitude 20

Of this fals Ile, of Justice than denude,
 And with thair aithis promysit with him to stād,
 Justice to keip in mynde he did conclude,
 Sa lang as he was Regent in Scotland.

¶ Sen Fergus dayis his lyke was neuer none 25
 In equall Justice, and deidis Martiall;
 Thir Realmes twa he knat vp baith in one,
 Quhilk neuer Prince befoir culd do at all.
 The Souage daillis he dantonit and maid thrall;
 To serue thair King he gart thame gif thair bād : 30
 With fyre and sword for grace he gart them call :
 That prudēt Prince, James, Regent of Scotlād.

☞ His commoun weill he lufit ouer all thing ;
 In trew Religioun na Prince mycht be his peir ;
 Idolatrie but reuth he did down thring ; 35
 All sorsarars he puneist far and neir ;
 Na Homicid, nor theif than durst appeir
 Within his sycht for dreid of dynt of brand ;
 Just men he maid his fallow and his feir—
 This humane Prince, James, Regēt of Scotlād. 40

The deuill Seand this godly Prince sa bent,
 Throw auld malice he gaif to rage throw feid,
 His Spreit Inferne he send Incontinent
 Amangis tratours for to conspyre his deid ;
 And cruelly, but mercy or remeid, 45
 With schot of gunne yai murdreist him fra hand,
 Schort ouer twa yeiris quhē he had rung in deid—
 This Innocent Prince, James, Regent of Scotland.

☞ 3e vertuous men ! lament his cairfull chance,
 Sen he is gone that suld 3ow fortifie ; 50
 All 3e that wald the trew Gospell auance,
 Beuail, beuail for that sweit Josue,

37. Orig. that.

K

Your secund Moyses, that led you throw ye se.
 Had he Indurit your Canane land had stand.
 Dispair not yet. Christ will your Capitane be,
 Sen he is gone, James, Regent of Scotland. 55

¶ Ye pure cōmounis, that lang hes bene opprest,
 And ye Burrowis, murne and Regrait his fall !
 Gif he had leifit, na man durst you molest,
 For quhy he was ane watcheman on your wall : 60
 Now, sen na Prince may leif vprycht at all,
 In this fals Realme, onslane in Burgh and land,
 Adew now, Mirrour of Justice Principall,
 Maist godly Prince, James, Regent of Scotland.

¶ This commoun weil he luifit sa tenderlie, 65
 Quhilk to mantene na thing maid him agast :
 His lufe to it he schew maist faithfullie,
 And with his blude he seillit it up at last.
 Had he mantenit all Tratours that trespass,
 His godly lyfe in Joyis yet had stand ; 70
 That wald he not, and sa this Prince is past :
 That Innocent, James, Regent of Scotland.

¶ Now ye, his followeris of his Interpryse,
 Think on the murther of that Innocent !
 Extend your strenthis and all togidder ryse ; 75
 Pas endlang Clyde but reuth incontinent.
 Meg Lochis get, that did the mys Inuent,
 That Apostat, that Feyndis awin Seriand,
 Seis not quhill he and his curst Kin Repent
 The slauchter of our Regent of Scotland. 80

¶ That Infant Babe, that ye haif taine in cure,
 Saif him from skaith and stif togidder byde ;
 Remember quhat ye haif in hand, be sure ;
 Your fais will lauch quhen they se you deuyde :

Lat na vaine gloir, couetice, nor pryde 85
 Expell freindschip to wrak 3ow and this land.
 Keip the last wordis of our Just Joy and gyde,
 Quhen he deceissit, James, Regent of Scotland.

¶ Hudge is 3our fais within this fals Regioun,
 With Ithand trystis cōtractand vp new bandis 90
 To bring 3ow to schame and confusioun :
 Gaird 3ow 3ow lufe, sen 3e wait how it standis,
 3our Prince, & strenth keip weill in faithful hādis ;
 For, gif 3our fais tryūphis ouer 3ow to stād,
 Schaip 3ow for deid, or dwell in vther landis, 95
 Sen he is gone, James, Regent of Scotland.

3our cause is Just, gif 3e wald all persew,
 Bot quhair deuisioun lurkis it is ane pyne ;
 Christ hes it sed, and doutles it is trew,
 That Kingdome sall come to greit ruyne 100
 Quhen that deuissioun hes his sait and tryne.
 Thairfoir be war, counsall is na command :
 For, gif 3e perische, 3our cause & freindis sall tyne :
 For now they want James, Regent of Scotlād.

¶ Greit is the danger 3e stand in now, but dout, 105
 And 3e haif schame fra 3our purpois to fle ;
 Spair not for geir, bot with bauld hartis be stout,
 Mantene Gods cause, to commoun weill haif Ee,
 And he that is of maist Magnificie
 3our baner sall display with his awin hand, 110
 To the confusioun of 3our Enemie,
 Sen he is gone, James, Regent of Scotland.

O thow that art Omnipotent conding,
 Thre persounis Ringand in ane Trinitie !
 Help yis pure Realme & preserue our 3oung King 115
 Fra Schame, and deid, and feid of Enemie.

Amangis our Nobillis plant peace & vnitie.
Fra mercyles strangers saif vs with thy rycht hād :
Our sinnis is greit, 3it mercy rests with the.
Adew for ay ! James, Regent of Scotland.

120

FINIS.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
Anno Do. 1570.

XX.

**Maddeis Proclamatioun.**

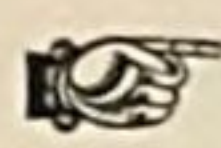
[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—BRITISH MUSEUM. Roxburghe Ballads, Volume iii. 7.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



IN lofty veirs I did reheirs
My drierie lamentatioun,
And now, allace ! maist cairful cace,
I mak my proclamatioun.

Desyring all, baith greit and small, 5
That heiris me be Narratioun,
Not for to wyte my rude Indyte,
Sen maid is Intimatioun.

I I do Intend nane to offend 10
That feiris God arycht,
Thocht murtherars & blud scheddars
Wald haif me out of sycht.
Thair malice vane I do disdane,
And curse thair subtell Slycht.
My name is knawin, yair bruit is blawin 15
Abrode baith day and nycht.

 For I, a wyfe with sempill lyfe,
Dois wyn my meit ilk day,
For small auaill, ay selling caill,
The best fassoun I may. 20

Besyde the Throne I walt vpone
 My mercat but delay ;
 Gif men thair walk, I heir thair talk,
 And beiris it weill away.

¶ In felloun feir at me thay speir, 25
 Quhat tythands in this land ?
 Quhy sit I dum and dar not mum ?
 Oft tymes thay do demand.
 To thame agane I answer plane,
 Quhair thay beside me stand : 30
 Na thing is heir bot mortall weir,
 Wrocht be ane bailfull hand.

☞ A wickit race of grumis but grace,
 Of Kedzochis curst clan,
 Be tressoun vile quha dois defyle 35
 Thame self, baith wyfe and man,
 As lait is sene with weiping Ene,
 Thairfoir I sall thame ban,
 Caus our Regent maist Innocent
 That cursit seid ouer ran. 40

¶ Quhat cruelteis thay Enemeis
 Hes wrocht be tymes past
 I lat ouer slyde ; I may not byde—
 Sa fair I am agast—
 Thair anterous actis, yair furious factis : 45
 Auld bukis quha will ouer cast,
 And men on liue can 3it discriue
 Thair doings first and last.

Thairfoir, my Lords, as best accords,
 Sen 3e are hapnit hidder, 50
 This I will say tuix sport and play :
 My wordis weill considder,

And pōder yame for 3our awin schame ;
 To mark thame be not liddar :
 Lat na mans feid, throw feirfull dreid,
 3our hartis mak to swidder. 55

¶ For I heir say thay will display
 Thair baners on the feild,
 Thinkand but dout to ruit 3ow out,
 Or cause 3ow seik sum b[eild]. 60
 At thame rycht fane, or [els be sl]ane :
 That ganzell will thay 3eild :
 Stand not abak, (oh) febill pak,
 Bot swordis leir to weild.

☞ Defend 3our richt in Goddis sicht : 65
 Quhome of do 3e stand aw?
 Rycht few, I trow, will 3ow allow,
 Gif 3e 3our selfis misknaw.
 Stand to, thairfoir, fyle not the scoir,
 But all togidder draw, 70
 Not in Cat harrowis lyke cākrit marrowis,
 For feir of efter flaw.

¶ Do 3e not se that mad men3e
 How thay ar warin crous?
 To wirk 3ow tene yai mak ye Quene 75
 Thair strenth and strang blokhous.
 The murther, fy ! thay do deny,
 And countis 3ow not ane sous :
 Thair proude pretence, throw negligēce,
 Will be maist dangerous. 80

To Lythquo toun thay ar all boun,
 Quhair thay the murther wrocht,
 And thinkis to de or fortifie
 Thair felony forethocht ;

And trewlie I can not espy 85
 Quhat vther thing thay socht,
 Bot King put down & clame the Croun,
 Be bludy murther bocht.

¶ I Pans and muse how thay excuse
 This murther perpetrate, 90
 Or with quhat grace haldis vp yair face,
 Quhair it is nominate.
 Gif (as I trow) thay it allow
 Like Wolfis Insatiate,
 Quha can repent that thay be schent 95
 With blude commaculate?

☞ Fall to, thairfoir, I 3ow Imploir,
 My Lords, with ane assent,
 And think it lang ay quhil 3e fang
 The feiris that did Inuent 100
 This crueltie, be tyrannie,
 To sla our rycht Regent,
 For thay maist sure dois still Indure
 With hartis Impenitent.

¶ That mā in deid is worth sū meid, 105
 His fault that dois confes ;
 Bot quhat rewarde suld be preparde
 For him that dois transgres,
 And will not graunt, bot rather vaunt
 In his vnhappynes? 110
 Maist sure the gallous, with all his fallous,
 For thair vnthankfulnes.

For gif self lufe was from abufe
 Deiectit out of heuin,
 Quhen Lucifer wald be ane bar 115
 To God, and think him euin,

Quhat sall we wene of tratours kene,
 That Ithandly hes streuin
 For to deface the Nobill race
 Of Stewarts, od and euin?

120

¶ Consider weill thair cākrit 3eill
 Hes thristit mony day
 For to posses, but godlynes,
 The Crowne withouttin stay ;
 As now of lait thair curst consait
 With murther thay display,
 Quhen thay thocht gude to drink this blude,
 Be that vngodly way.

125

☞ Bot Sathan sure dois thame allure
 With wordis fals and vane,
 Ay promysing thame to be King
 Quhairof thay ar full fane.
 In Paradice he did Intice,
 Be subtell craft and trane,
 The man first maid, sa God hes said
 In Sacrede Scripture plane.

130

135

¶ He said that he suld equall be
 To God Omnipotent,
 The Appill sweit gif he wald eit,
 Quhairof was maid restraint.
 With small defence he gaif credence,
 Bot did he not repent,
 Quhen efterwart he felt the smart
 And God aganis him bent?

140

☞ Sa sall all thay yat dois yis day
 With mischant mynde maling
 Aganis the treuth, but ony reuth,
 And Crowning of our King.

145

And this thay mufe for thair behufe
 To place thair awin ofspring;
 But thay repent, thay will be schent,
 And hell at thair ending.

150

¶ Authoritie gif Iust he be,
 Quhy do thay this Ill will him?
 His graitfull gide, throw peuische pride,
 Allace! quhy did thay Kill him?
 Thair heid supreme in to this Realme
 Admit gif thay not will him,
 Than 3e, my Lords, cut of with cords
 Thame will be troublous till him.

155

160

¶ Reuenge this wrang, lat tratour^e hang,
 Gods Lawis dois sa requyre:
 Lat Caleb eik and Josue seik
 The promysit Impyre.
 Thocht murmurars and murtherars
 Wald all 3our deith conspyre,
 In wyldernes with cursitnes
 At lenth thay will all tyre.

165

¶ That Campion of Babilon,
 That bludy beildar vp,
 With Mytrid heid, ane homyceid
 That saikles blude dois sup,
 Gar cow his Crowne, or put him doun
 That he may taist the Cup,
 Quhairwith oft tymes, for saikles crymes,
 Mennis lyues he Interup.

170

175

☞ And se that neuer 3e do disseuer
 From first contractit band,
 Quhen 3e our King, of 3eir 3ing,
 Maid Rewlar of this land.

180

Lat not Inuy cause sum ly by,
Bot all togidder stand ;
Than God the Lord misericord
Will be 3our sure warrand.

¶ From Cail mercat, quhair as I sat, 185
Thir wordis I did Indyte
The wyfis amāg, that thocht greit lang
To se my awin hand wryte.
Gif ony be that will Judge me
To speik bot in dispyte, 190
Gar mend the mis committit is,
And I na mair sall flyte.

Quod Maddie.

FINIS.

XXI.

 The Spur to the Lordis.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



WHAT menis thir mischant murtherars
In muifing mair mischeif—
Thir Ruggars, Reifars, Romeraikars,
Waitting of na releif?

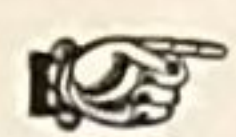
The mark that God gaif in his grief
To Cains cursit Kin
Sall brod thir Burriois in the beif,
For thair maist schamefull Sin.

5

¶ Bot, breifly for to breif in bill,
Thay seme to be ouerluikit,
Seing our Lordis sa lang ly still,
Men meinis thay will miscuik it.
3our siluer beis na langer huikit,
Gar pay 3our men of weir,
3one bludy Boucheours or thay bruik it :
Fordwart 3our selfis but feir.

10

15

 Thay Renigats, thay Rubiatouris
Hes stollin our Regentis lyfe,
Thay treuthles Tygars, thay trinfauld Tratours,
Hes steirit vp this stryfe.

20

Of thame sall nouthar man, bairne, nor wyfe
 Eschew mischeuous chance :
 Thay Ruffyis, be thay neuer sa ryfe,
 Thay get na helpe of France.

¶ That dolorous deid had bene to done, 25
 Had concord knit togidder
 The Lordis and Counsall of this Rome,
 Of lait that war growin lidder.
 That gart our Enemeis confidder
 His deith for to conspyre : 30
 Clyde banks thairfoir thay sall find slidder,
 Quhen kindlit is Gods ire.

☞ Fra he was gane thay thocht that nane
 Thair fences nicht ganestand,
 For why, say thay, thair is not ane 35
 Dar tak the deid on hand,
 That ar not knit all in a band ;
 We may the Crowne attane,
 Your Counsall we sall contramand,
 And Crowne you Kingis of baine. 40

¶ Frome lyfe to deith, gif siclyke change
 Had happinit ony of you,
 And he zit leuing, to Reuenge
 It had not bene till now.
 Reuenge ye not his deid, I trow 45
 Gods vengeance is decreittit
 For giltles blude, ye knaw not how
 Denuncit, to retreitt it.

☞ Argyle and Boyde sall to you cum
 To gar feche hame the Quene : 50
 My Lords, I pray you, all and sum,
 To mark weill quhat I mene.

It suld 3ow mufe all to be tene,
 Quhen 3e the message heir,
 Sen hautie wordis bot spokin bene
 To gar 3ow tak sum feir.

55

¶ 3e haif deposit hir as in deid
 Not worthie for to ring :
 God was 3our ground, weill did 3e speid,
 And haif set vp the King.
 Gif 3e depois him of his Ring,
 3e grant the former wrang,
 And syne the Quene agane inbring,
 Na dout scho will 3ow hang.

60

☞ Be war thairfoir or 3e conclude
 That scho in Scotland cum ;
 For, be my trouth, gif that 3e dude,
 It semis 3our glas is rune.
 Better it war that 3e war dum,
 Nor speik 3our awin mischeif,
 And lippin for na gude to cum,
 Gif 3e wirk hir releif.

65

70

¶ Argyle and Boyde befoir war with 3ow,
 And promysit to byde ;
 And now thay tak on hand to gre 3ow
 With all the tother syde.
 Bot I pray God 3our hartis to gyde,
 For, quhen thay find 3ow rype,
 Thay sall not meiknes mix with pryde,
 And playis on Dysartis pype.

75

80

☞ Fordwart, thairfoir, with fyre and swords,
 For to reuenge this cryme,
 And lippin lytill in leing words ;
 For, thocht I speik in ryme,

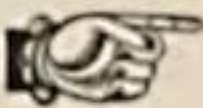
Treuth it was only to dryue tyme 85
 That thay war hidder sent,
 And, had thay force, or it war pryme,
 Ze wald se thair Intent.

¶ Your counsalls or thay be concludit,
 The Borderis will be brokin : 90
 Than will thay, gif ze vnderstuid it,
 On pure trew men be wrokin.
 With speiris (in sport) thocht it be spokin,
 This murther sone Reuenge :
 Thir haistie heitis sa sall ze slokin, 95
 Thocht it seme neuer sa strange.

¶ Not on that reuthles rageing Rebell
 And his vnhappy band,
 With creuell causers craifing hell,
 Gods bludy curs dois stand ; 100
 Bot on the countrie of Scotland,
 Till that misdeid be mendit,
 Thair is na mendis bot sweir in land
 With speid till thay be spendit.

¶ This Rakles Robert did report 105
 In raggit Ruffyis ryme ;
 Sen Sempill solace to this sort
 Auailis maist in this tyme.
 With hardy hart Reuenge this cryme,
 I say na mair : Amen. 110
 Ga speik of Eger and Schir Gryme,
 And lat the Lordis alaine.

¶ FINIS.

 Imprintit Anno Do. 1570.

XXII.

¶ The Bird in the Cage.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xvii. (April), Number 72.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



BAILFULL bird that wantis wingis to fle,
 Nureist in a nest richt craftie wylis to hatche,
 For fault of feit borne in ane Ark of tre,
 In craftines to Sinon worthie matche,
 A gylefull grume all gude men to dispatche, 5
 And be a gyde to blind men in a rank,
 3it for sic seruice seruis bot lytill thank.

¶ A Scuruie Schollar of Machiauellus lair,
 Inuenting wylis anoyntit Kingis to thrall;
 To heis on hicht pure Pesantis full of cair, 10
 From base estait, to Throne Imperiall;
 And mychtie men lyke wretchit Irus fall,
 And ly alaw lyke Loytring lubbers leud,
 For feir of storme full fane thair saillis to schreud;

☞ And Doegis craft richt cunningly Imprent, 15
 Quha can in hart pure Dauids Regne to stay;
 Achitophell misordour to Inuent;
 A proud Haman the faithfull to betray;

Sobney the Scribe fals tressoun to display ;
 Uproris to rais ane Atheist Abiron ; 20
 To Stalwart Knichtis ane gylefull Ganzelon ;

¶ Ane flattring face with outward schaw serene ;
 Sour Aloes with bitter gall commixt ;
 Ane luring bait fond fischis to wirk tene,
 Not spying deith till thay on lyne be fixt : 25
 Quhen tyme is tynt than find yai trew this text :
 Our lait it is the stabill dure to steik,
 Quhen sturdie steid is stollin and far to seik.

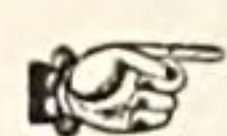
☞ To Ciuill weir and Intestine discord
 This bird can blaw the Trumpet craftelie, 30
 Quhais strenth and force cōsistis in prattin word,
 With Serpentis sting, vnder simplicitie :
 A wylie wicht to practeis palzardrie,
 With warldly wit weill furnissit at will,
 Quhais Deuillische dryftis puttis all in poynt to spill. 35

¶ This birdis counsall confoundit hes yis land,
 Turnd vp syde doun of richt and equitie,
 Displacit peace with discordis feirfull wand,
 That mouit hes thift, reif, and crueltie,
 Murther but mercy, bludie turrannie, 40
 Wandreth, wanrest, feirfull ambitioun,
 Aspyring vp with pryde to heich renoun.

☞ This bailfull bird richt beinly can vpbeild,
 In Castellis strang, hir noysum nest to byde ;
 The feildis plane can not fra schame hir scheild. 45
 Quha heichest clymmis the soner may thay slyde :
 In warldly wit (by God) quha dois confyde
 Will be bet doun be duilfull destanie,
 And end thair lyfe with wretchit miserie.

 O monstrous bird ! God nor ye gleddis 3e get, 50
 Or Rauinnis the rug with bludie beik in bittis ;
 The Pyet pyke thy ene on gallous set,
 As Haman hangit hie on hicht with tittis.
 The forkit Clauer besyde the Croce that sittis
 Mot be thy beir at thy last funerall, 55
 Quhen Dustifit to dance sall furth the call.

 I traist in God that anis sall cum the day,
 Pluk at the Crow quhē barnis sall with yis bird ;
 Or blind Hary with hir to sport and play,
 With fauldit neif, and tak hir mony gird. 60
 Keip weill thy taill, gude Phillip, I am hird
 The to award from buffettis, heir me by,
 The bony boy with sounding voice sall cry.

 Dirtin bedreidis, the Prouerb sayis of auld :
 Ane scabbit hors will feill quhair he is sair : 65
 Quha giltie bene of vicis laitly tauld
 Will deme of thame all men speikis lait and air :
 Quhairby thair lyfe is ay bot lasting cair,
 Fretting with feir in Inward conscience,
 As hoiplost wichtis without all pacience. 70

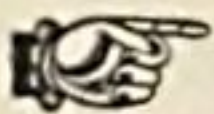
 Euin so sum man, that menis not in his mynd
 Bot monstrously for to mantene misordour,
 Achitophellis air, ane Ganzelon of strynd,
 Falser than theuis that leuis on the bordour,
 Quha craftelie, his awin affairis to furdour, 75
 Will think I speik of him in this my ryme,
 Johne Gukstounis Eye to bleir, quhen he thinkis tyme.

¶ The Lenuoy.

¶ Jak in the bokis, for all thy mokis
 A vengeance mot the fall!
 Thy subteltie and palzardrie
 Our fredome bringis in thrall.
 Thy fair fals tounge dois still Impung
 Our Crown Imperiall,
 Lyke wauering thane, thy proces vane
 Will brew the bitter gall.

80

85

 Thy feddrum fair will wirk the cair,
 For all thy Syren sangis ;
 Ane futles gyde that mon abyde
 To pay for all our wrangis.
 With wallaway thoull curs the day,
 Quhen Iustice falset fangis,
 With helteris hie to ty on tre
 Thy poysonit Edder stangis.

90

Remord in mynd thy greit madnes ;
 Recant thy cairfull cowardnes ;
 Leid not our Lordis with wilfulnes,
 Lyke blind men in the myre.
 Sen thou hes wrocht sic wickitnes,
 Be thy auise and craftines,
 Or thou depart to hell furnes,
 Repent and haue thy hyre.

95

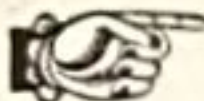
100

¶ This bill Maddie the sendis,
 And biddis to end it reid :
 It schawis hir dew commendis,
 But fauour or 3it feid.
 God send thame euill to speid,
 Our King that vilipendis,
 Or 3it dois seik thair deid,
 That dewly him defendis.

105

¶ Amen, say ane and all 110
 Of faithfull in this land ;
 And for trew concord call,
 As God dois vs command.
 Strang is the Lordis hand
 To keip all his from thrall : 115
 And with his threitning wand
 Will mak his fais to fall.

¶ FINIS.

 Quod Maddie Piores of the Caill mercat.

¶ Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. M. D. LXX.

XXIII.

¶ The hailsome admonitioun, &c.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xvii. (April 1570), Number 73.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



LAMP of licht and peirles Peirll of pryse !

O kenely Knicht, in martiall deidis most
ding !

O worthy wicht, most vailzeant, war, & wyse !

O Capitane, ay constant to the King !

O Lustie Lord, that will na wayis maling !

5

O Barroun bauld, of Cheualry the floure !

O perfyte Prouest, but maik into this Ring !

O gudely Grange, but spot vnto this houre !

¶ I the beseik to call to memorie

The worthie deids done be that Prince sinceir,

10

King James the Fyft, quha restis in heuin so hie,

To the quha was his tender seruand deir ;

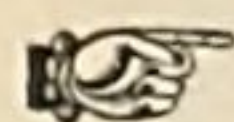
How in the day he vsit the as his peir,

And luifit the so as man culd lufe ane vthir,

At nicht in bed his fellow and his feir,

15

Esteming the as thow had bene his brother ;



And how his Sone, our Regent of Renoun,

That restis with God, quha did thir thingis persaisf,

Thocht he be gone and with his fais put down,

3it in his lyfe he luifit the by the laif ;

20

Ay geuing the quhat thing that thow wald haif,
 Denying nocht that lay into his handis :
 For thy seruice thy fie was not to craif,
 Bot recompancit with gold, with geir, and landis.

¶ And quhen the Duke put the to banischment, 25
 And from the held thy landis mony 3eir,
 Thow knawis thy self gif he was diligent
 To get thy peax, and slaik the of that weir,
 And to the get thy lands, thy guds, and geir.
 Thocht thair was sum that tuik thy rowmis in few, 30
 3it he to the gat thame, as is maist cleir,
 To preif he was to the ane Maister trew.

¶ Fra tyme the Lord did call him to that cure,
 Into this Realme that he suld ring allone,
 He the estemit of steidfast faith most sure, 35
 Thairfoir that hauld, and worthie hous of stone
 He gaif to the with Jowallis mony one,
 As vnto him that he luiffit by the rest,
 The quhilk in deid he wald haue done to none
 Of all his brether that he luiffit best. 40

 Seytoun, Schir James, bot & the Schiref of Air,
 Efter the feild he gaif thame in thy cure ;
 The Duke him self and Hereis thow had thair,
 For in thy handis he thocht thame ay most sure.
 Sum said to him thairin he did Iniure 45
 To put sa mony greit men in thy bandis :
 His answer was, quhill that he might Indure,
 His lyfe and all he wald put in thy handis.

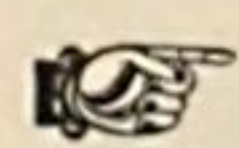
¶ Hauing this hauld, as I haue done declair,
 In Counsell hous the Toun, with ane consent, 50
 Cheissit the to be thair Prouest and thair Mair,
 As man thairto meit and conuenient—

Quhilk office is in deid richt ancient—
 Under the King this Burgh to reull and steir.
 During thy office, culd thow stand content, 55
 Thow micht to Lordis be perigall and peir.

 Thir officis the farther did promote,
 It neidis na preif, thy self will testifie,
 Amang the Lordis thow gat baith place and vote,
 At Secreit Counsall, in materis most hie ; 60
 Lyke as thame selfis sa thay estemit the
 Into thair caus baith bent, Just, and vpricht.
 Quhen tyme requyris, it suld Reuengit be :
 Think on his deith, that brocht the to sic hicht.

 In humbill wyse heirfoir I the Exhort, 65
 With tentyue eir vnto my taill attend :
 I the desyre thre thingis in termis schort,
 First, in Gods caus be constant to the end ;
 Syne nixt, our King with all thy micht defend,
 Himself, his lawis, his libertie, and Croun ; 70
 Thirdly, vnto the warld thow mak it kend,
 He was thy Maister Bothwell-hauch put down.

 Into Religioun thow was richt feruent ;
 God gif the grace thairin to perseueir !
 That tyme at Leith thair was na man mair bent ; 75
 During that Seige I saw the prick full neir.
 Of lyfe nor landis that tyme thow tuik na feir,
 Ay venturand quhair greitest war the dangeris,
 For to set furth the word of God most cleir,
 And for to freith thy Natiue Realme fra strangeris. 80

 And now thow seis how mony dois maling,
 Baith tyme and tyde schawand thair force & micht,
 To that Intent that Jesabell suld Ring,
 Quha wald suppres the word of God most bricht,

And from our King (allace) wald reif his richt, 85
 Quhome to thay swore thay suld be alwayis trew;
 Als dois defend with force baith day and nicht
 Thay Tratouris strang, our Royall Regent slew.

¶ The word of God for euer sall preuail,
 And als his Kirk sall haue the ouer hand. 90
 Pharo and his he brocht in mekill baill,
 Quhen he led Israell saif throw se and sand.
 And als the Kingis Authoritie sall stand,
 As Dauids did, thocht Saul did him molest:
 Sa sall our King at lenth posses this land, 95
 As vtheris hes, in quyetnes and rest.

☞ This godly caus did euer prosper still,
 Sen he was King, our Gouvernour, and gyde.
 Baith at Carbarry and the Langsyde hill,
 The michtie God was euer on his syde. 100
 Now in the North his fais thay durst nocht byde,
 Quhair throw that pak did lois thair men of weir,
 And, quhen thay war the last tyme vpon Clyde,
 Thair durst na fa into thair sicht appeir.

¶ Murther thow knawis will not vnpuneist be, 105
 Nor neuer was sen Cayn Abell slew;
 The Scripture plane the same dois testifie
 That murtherars Gods wraith sall not eschew.
 Sall thay eschaip mordreist our Regent trew,
 Of vertewis well, of euerie vice denude? 110
 Thocht thair war nane his deith that wald persew,
 The michtie God he wald Reuenge his blude.

☞ Dois thow not se ye hand of God agane yame,
 Wirking thair wrak for breking his command?
 Thocht Lethingtoun with tratling he do trane thame, 115
 Garring thame trow the Frenche men is at hand,

And Duke De Alb ay reddy for to land,
 With mony Hulk, on hicht of Arthure sait :
 Quhill that tyme cum we sall lay on the wand,
 And gar our fais gif clene our all debait. 120

¶ Quhat neids ye skar, thocht Inglād do support vs,
 To puneis sic as proudly dois Rebell?
 That tyme at Leith thow knawis thay did comfort vs,
 And maid vs fre quhen strangers did vs quell,
 And neuer socht na proffite to thame sell : 125
 Thow neids not feir, that hous thay neuer craifit :
 The Regent sayis, sa far as I heir tell,
 Wald thow be trew thair can na better haif it.

☞ Thocht at this tyme thow haif that warlyke craig,
 And is in hart curagious and bald, 130
 God will nocht mys to scurge the with a plaig,
 Gif in his caus thow lat thy curage cald.
 As thow may se, thick scurgis monyfald
 Lich vpon thame that proudly dois disdane.
 Except the Lord be watche man of the hald, 135
 Quha walkis the same, thair laubour is in vane.

Thow hes bene ane sen first this caus began,
 And als hes sene how God gart it proceid,
 Heirfoir, I pray, 3it do the thing thow can
 Into Gods caus, and to Reuenge his deid. 140
 And gif thow swerue, richt sair in hart I dreid
 That sindrie sall thy doingis discommend.
 Auise heiron, sen now is tyme of neid.
 Mark weill, I pray, this Schedull that I send.

¶ Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. M. D. LXX.

XXIV.

¶ The Tressoun of Dunbartane.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xviii. (May 15, 1570), Numbers 23 and 24.—A LENNOX GARLAND. Edited by Joseph Irving, Dumbarton, 1860.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



N Mayis moneth, mening na dispyte,
 Quhen luiffaris dois thair daylie obseruance
 To Venus Quene, the Goddes of delyte,
 The fyftene day befell the samin chance,
 The Generall raid, with mony Demyllance, 5
 Downe to Dunbartaine, doand na man Ill,
 Quhair furious Fleming schot his Ordinance,
 Willing to wraik him wantit na gude will.

¶ Mair I lament the great Ingratitude
 Of cruell Catiues, kankirt and vnkynde ; 10
 Quhat gart 3ow schute to slay 3one men of gude ?
 Lunatyke Monsters, mad, and by 3our mynde !
 Degenerat Stewartis of ane Hieland strynde,
 As mix me balme and poysons put into it !
 Rycht as the tre is nureist be the rynde : 15
 Cardanus counsell causit the to do it.

¶ That Bastard Bischop bred ane greiter blok,
 Laitly expremit, I neid not speik it heir ;
 Thocht thow be cūmin of ane Royall stok,
 The Kingis hous, and als his Cousing deir, 20

20. Orig. Consing.

Gif naturall kyndnes coulde in the appeir,
 Thow hes na cause to keip him in thy hous :
 For airt and pairt ressetting him, I feir,
 Of thy auld Lordschip beis not left ane sous.

¶ Mycht thow not licence Inglis men to ryde 25
 Throw all this Realme, vpon thair awin expensis ?
 Bot thow, vaine bable, bouistrit vp in pryde,
 Crabit but cause, and caryit by thy sensis
 Throw Sorcerie and vther vain pretensis,
 Doist thow beleif the wichtnes of thy wawis 30
 May keip 3one knaif that slew our saikles Prēcis ?
 Na, weill I wait, God will reuenge that cause.

☞ Gif that was foule, now foular may be spokin
 Without respect to honour, lyfe, or landis,
 Bot not the first tyme that thy faith was brokin : 35
 Thankit be God he chaipit of thy handis.
 Haifand thy traist, as all men vnderstands,
 Dissaitfully thow schot but ryme or ressoun,
 Bot had not bene ane slack was in the sands,
 Weill had he payit 3ow tratouris for 3our tressou. 40

☞ Ganzelons gettis, relict of Synoins seid,
 Tratouris to God, and mainsworne to the King,
 Deir sall 3e by 3one foule vnduchtie deid,
 Betraissand strangers vnderstude na thing.
 I put na doubt, man, for thy deidis Inding, 45
 To se vs shortly in thy place possest ;
 At euerie port a spald of the to hing,
 As tratouris sould, for schuitting vnder trest.

¶ Makcloid, Makclaine, nor he that slew Oneill,
 Or 3it quhat micht Johne Moydirnoch do mair ? 50
 Ane Turk, ane Jow, or than the mekle Deill,
 To thy foule tressoun trewly na compair :

Weill hes thow leird it at the Bischoppis lair,
 Becum his prentise, broderit in his band,
 Gif thow denyis, thair was ane dosane thair, 55
 Better nor thow, dar fecht it hand for hand.

¶ Praise be to God he chaipit of that chance :
 3e plaid the Knaiffis and he the Nobill knicht :
 I hope in God or 3e get helpe of France
 Of better freinds to se ane blyither sicht. 60
 Our cause is Just, the King hes kyndly richt,
 Groundit on God, and the foundatioun laid :
 Thocht mē throw murther mene to moūt on hicht,
 Law sall he lycht downe as the Lord hes said.

¶ 3e sawe 3our selfis the Inglis men raid neir 65
 For all 3our craking, caigit within ane Cro,
 It is na Fables furth of France thay feir,
 Cum fra the Paip and the grand Pryore to.
 Thay haif 3our Quene in keping, (quhair is scho?)
 Lang may 3e luke or sche releif 3our weiris ; 70
 3e will not wit quhat Inglismen can do,
 Quhill Drureis bells be rounge about 3our eiris.

¶ Than sall 3e cry 'cor mundum' on 3our kneis,
 Murnand for mercy and able for to mys it ;
 Quhen 3e luke downe to Wallace Toure, and seis 75
 Sogeouris of Berwik brekand vp 3our kist.
 Thair sall 3e se 3our bastard Bischop blist
 Out of his hoill weill houndit lyke ane tod.
 That bludy Bouchour ever deit of thirst,
 Soukand the soules furth of the Sanctis of God. 80

¶ For saikles blude and murther maid sensyne,
 Gone is his grace, 3e haif ane godly part of him,
 Trewly, my Lord, and I war in 3our lyne,
 The Deill a bit sulde byde within the 3et of him.

Wald 3e ga seik ane Secreit place weill set of him, 85
 Cardanus pyn weill closand in ane Spreit,
 Pull me out that, thair is na mair to get of him,
 Bot as ane bledder blawin fra heid to feit.

¶ In waryit tyme that Bischop hes bene borne :
 Mars hes bene maister at that Balials byrth : 90
 Throw him his freinds ar houndit to the horne,
 Baneist and slaine, vncertane of ane gyrrh :
 Gone is thair game, and murning is thair myrrh,
 Thair cattell caryit, thair Granges set in fyre :
 The worlde may se thair wisdome was na worth : 95
 Murther left ay his Maister in the myre.

¶ Now fair weill, Fleming, bot foule ar thy deids,
 The Generall this Schedul at schort to the sends,
 Thow sall heir ma nouells as farder proceids,
 Bot not to thy sythment as sum men Intends. 100
 The actioun is not honest thow defends,
 Gif thow be angrie with ocht that I reheirs,
 The narrest gait thow can gang seik amends
 Is, mend thy maners, and I sall mend the veirs.

FINIS.

¶ Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. M. D. LXX.

XXV.

Ane Ballat of y^e Captane of the Castell.

1571.

[RICHARD BANNATYNE'S MEMORIALES OF TRANSACTIONS IN SCOTLAND. 1569-1573. MS. in the LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, fol. 33, 34.—Another MS. in the LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH.—Edinb. 1806, 8vo.—Edited for the Bannatyne Club by Robert Pitcairn. 1836, 4to.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



T þe castle of Edinburch,
 Vpoun þe bank baith greine & rouch,
 As myne alone I lay,
 With paper, pen, and inke in hand,
 Musing, as I could vnderstād, 5
 Off þe suddan decay,
 That vnto þis puir natiune
 Apeirandly dois come,
 I fand or Congregatione
 Was caus of all and some, 10
 Whois aucthoris, instructoris,
 Hes blindit þame so long,
 That blameles & shameles
 Both riche & pour they wrong.

The following variants occur in the MS. in the Advocates' Library:—

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Castell . . . Edr. | 5. culd understand. | 8. Appeirandlie. |
| 2. Vpon . . . grene . . . | 6. Of. | 9. Cōgregatione. |
| rough. | 7. pure natione. | 14. poure. |

These wicked vaine venerianis, 15
Proud poysoned Pharisianes

With thair blind guydis but grace,
Hes caused þe puire cuntrie
Assist vnto þair traitorie,

Thair prince for to displace : 20
For teine I can not testifie

How wrāgouslie þey wrocht,
When þai þair Prince so pitiouslie
In prisone strong had brocht,
Abused hir, accused hir 25
With serpent wordis fell
Of schavelis and rebellis,
Like hiddeous hounde of hell.

These despaired birdē of Beliall
Tho^t no^t but to advance þam sell, 30
Fra þai had hir down throwin,

With errore and hypocrisie,
To cōmitt open traitorie,
As cleirlye now is knowin :
But þe grit God ōnipotent, 35

That secreit thochtis dois serche,
Releivit hes þat innocent
Out of þair rage so fearce ;

Provydet and guyded
Hir to ane vncouth land, 40

Whair wander & sclāder

With enemeis none sho fand.

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|------------|
| 15. Thea wickit . . . ven- | 22. wronguslie . . . | 32. errr. | 33. cōmit. |
| erianis. The Uni- | wroght. | 34. knawin. | |
| versity MS. has | 23. they there . . . pite- | 35. Bot . . . omnipotent. | |
| <i>veneniaris.</i> | ouslie. | 36. secreitis thoghtis . . . | |
| 16. poysonet. | 24. brought. | search. | |
| 17. thare. | 25. Abuset . . . accuset. | 37. Relevit. | |
| 18. causet . . . pure cou- | 29. Thea dispard byrdis. | 38. thare. | |
| trie. | 30. thāe. | 39. Provydit . . . guydet. | |
| 19. thare. | 31. they . . . doūn | 41. Whare . . . sclander. | |
| 21. Ffor. | thrawin. | 42. non scho. | |

Sen tyme of which ejectione,
 This cuntrie is cōe in subjectione
 And daylie seruitud, 45
 With men of weir in garisone,
 To the cōmones oppressione,
 By slicht & suddrone bloud ;
 Whose craft, ingyne, & polycie,
 Full reddy bent is euer, 50
 Be treasone vnder amitie,
 Our nobles to disseaver :
 Some rubbing, some budding,
 Thair studie þai employ,
 That slichtlie, vnrichtlie, 55
 They may þis realme ējoy.

This guyding gart grit greif aryse
 In me, wha nawayis culd devyis
 To mend þis grit mischāce ;
 And, als I argoued all þe cais, 60
 I hard ane say w^tin þis place :
 “ With help of God & Frāce
 I sall, within ane litill space,
 Thy dolouris all to drese ;
 With help of Christ þow sall, or Pasche, 65
 Thy kyndlie Prince posses :
 Detrusaris, refusaris
 Off hir authoritie,
 None cairand or spairand,
 Shall outhier die or flie. 70

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 43. wh directione. | 50. reddie . . . ewer. | 60. argouet . . . case. |
| 44. cōūtrie . . . subiec-
tion. | 51. treasoun. | 61. within. |
| 45. servitude. | 54. Thare . . . they. | 63. litle. |
| 46. warr. | 55. slychtlie, vnryghtlie. | 64. to dres. |
| 47. cōmones. | 56. enioye. | 65. thou . . . peace. |
| 48. slycht . . . blood. | 57. aryis. | 67. refusaris. |
| 49. policie. | 59. mischance. | 69. None. |

- “Thought God, of his just jugmēt,
 Thole þaim to be ane punishment
 To hir, þair supreme heid,
 3it, sen þey war participāt
 With hir, & sho now penitēt, 75
 Richt suirly þey may dreid :
 As wicked scourges hes bene seine
 Get for þe scourgene hyre,
 When synneris repentis from þe splene,
 The scourge cast in þe fyre ; 80
 Swa Mortone, be fortune,
 May get þis same reward :
 His boasting, nor posting,
 I doe it not regard.
- “Baith him & all þair cūpany, 85
 Thocht England wald þaim fortifie,
 I cair thaim nocht a leike :
 ffor all þair grit munitione,
 I am in suire tuitione :
 This hauld it sall me keip. 90
 My realme & Princes libertie
 Thairin I sall defend,
 When traitouris salbe hangit hie,
 Or make some schāfull end.
 Assuire þame, I cuire þame 95
 Evin as þei do deserve ;
 Thair tressone, þis cessone,
 It sall not make me suerve :

71. judgmēt.

72. thame . . . punismēt.

73. there.

74. Yit . . . they were.

75. scho.

76. surelie.

77. wicket . . . sene.

78. scurgene.

80. scourge.

81. Sua.

85. Bayt.

86. Thot . . . thē.

87. thame not a leuk.

88. Ffor . . . thare.

93. traitoris.

94. mak . . . schamefull.

96. they.

97. Thare treasone . . .
ceasone.

98. not mak.

“ ffor I haue men & meit aneugh,
 They know I am ane tuilzeour teoch, 100
 And wilbe rycht sone greved :
 When þei haue tint als mony teith,
 As þei did at þe seige of Leith,
 They wilbe faine to leive it.
 Then quha, I pray 3ou, salbe boun 105
 Thair tinsall to advance ?
 Or gif sic compositione
 As þei got þen of France ?
 This sylit, begylit,
 They will bot get þe glaik̃e ; 110
 Cum þai heir, þir tuo yeir,
 They sall not misse þair paik̃e.

 “ As for my ny^tbo^{ris} Edinburch toun,
 What salbe thair pairt, vp or downe,
 I can not 3it declair ; 115
 Bot one thing I make manifest,
 Gif þei me ony thing molest,
 Þair buithis salbe maid bair.
 Gif fyre may þair buildings sacke,
 Or bullat beat þaim downe, 120
 They sall nocht faill þat end to mak
 The staires made in þis toun.
 Swa vse þaim, and chuse þaim,
 What pairt þei will ensew ;
 Forsake me, or take me, 125
 They sall drink as þei brew.”

- | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 99. Ffor . . . meat. | 107. give . . . cōposi- | 118. Thare . . . bare. |
| 100. ame . . . tuilzeor | tione. | 119. thare. |
| touche. | 108. they. | 120. them down. |
| 101. ryt . . . grievet. | 110. Thay. | 121. not . . . yt . . . |
| 102. they have. | 112. not. | mack. |
| 103. they. | 113. ny ^t bouris Edr. | 123. Sua vse thame . . . |
| 104. leave. | 114. there. | thame. |
| 105. wha. | 115. not . . . declare. | 124. part they. |
| 106. Thare. | 116. ane . . . mak. | 125. Foirsake . . . tacke. |
| | 117. they. | 126. they. |

He bade me rise & muse na mair,
 Bot pray to God, both lait & aire,
 To saue þis noble ludge,
 Which is, in all prosperitie, 130
 And lykwayis in aduersitie,
 Our Princes plane refuge.
 Thairfoir all trew men I exhort,
 That 3e with me accord,
 That we all, baith in earnest & sport, 135
 Aske at þe leving Lord,
 That hanged, or manged,
 Mot ilk mā mak his end,
 Wha dewlie & trewlie
 Wald nocht þis house defend. 140

FINIS.

127. ryse . . . no.

129. save.

130. wch.

133. Therefore.

134. ye.

135. bayt earnest.

136. Ask.

137. hanget . . . manget.

139. dewilie . . . truelie.

140. not hous.

XXVI.

¶ The Exhortatioun to the Lordis.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



LUSTY lords & barrounis yat bene bauld,
That for gude caus are now assēblit heir,
Pluk vp 3our harts, lat not 3our curage
cauld,

And prise ye lord, 3our capitane in weir.
Will 3e him serue, 3e neid nocht for to feir
The craft, the wit, nor policie of man,
For quhy the Lord will 3it 3our Baner beir,
As he hes done sen first this caus began.

5

 Haue 3e for3et how that he did vs luif,
That time at Leith, quhē strangers did persew?
Our enemeis harts 3e saw that he did muif
To cum our Tweid vs to help and reskew,
Quhair we and thay our enemeis ouirthrew,
Making vs fre that lang in thrall had bene,
Syne in this Realme plantit his gospel trew,
but scheduling blud, quhilk hes not oft bene sene.

10

15

Fra 3e began from blude to purge this land,
Thay murtherars thay neuer durst 3ow bide;
He gaif hir anis, and put hir in 3our hand,
But ony blude, vpon Carbarrie syde.

20

Syne efter that, quhen lymmers loust yr bryde,
 He faucht for 3ow vpon the Langsyde hill :
 3our fais wist not in what hoil yame to hyde,
 Sū chaist, sum slane, sum tane into 3our will.

¶ He send Moyses to gouerne 3ow and gyde, 25
 3our commoun weill to reule and als redres,
 quhairthrow yis realme, but rest, did rin & ryde,
 To bring the same to rest and quyetnes.
 His diligence my toung can not express,
 Planting Justice baith in Burgh and land, 30
 Dāting rebels quhilke proudly did transgres :
 His maik rāg not gif yat his dayis had stand.

¶ Richt prudently the Lord he did prouyde
 For 3ow, from tyme he saw yat he was slane,
 And wald not thoill 3ow be without a gyde, 35
 Bot efter Moyses he raist Josua agane,
 3ow to conduct to ye land of Canan,
 Mair Fortunat nor Moyses was befoir ;
 In faitis of weir ane worthy Capitane
 The Gentiles lands to 3ow for to restoir. 40

Thair Parliament of Linlithgow he did stay ;
 Syne Breichen gat, it baid him not ane blast ;
 Down was geuin our, for feir of weir assay ;
 Paslay he wan, and now Dunbartane last.
 His Capitanis maid all his fais agast, 45
 Sum tane, sum slane, sum chaist into the se ;
 Thir deids suld not with silence be our past,
 Bot worthie ar Eternall Memorie.

3our godly caus hes now tane gude succes
 In Ingland lait, I neid it not declair, 50
 Quhair my lord Chancelar tuik greit besines
 With your gude freind, the Clerk of Registair.

Thair trauell, wit, nor gudis yai did not spair,
 For to vphald the Kings Authoritie,
 In presence of thay strangers that wer thair, 55
 Working for him in his Minoritie.

 3e do tryumph albeit that 3e be few,
 3our enemeis thay dar 3ow not ganestand,
 Quhat 3e do schaip, ye Lord himself dois sew,
 Quhat 3e deuyse, he wirkis it with his hand : 60
 Thairfoir mak haist, lat nane be in this land
 To leif lyke Lords, syne proudly to rebell ;
 Gar thame baith sweir and subscriue ye band,
 Or, fail3eand this, do with thair leuings mell.

And gif 3e dreid yat sum will aithis ouirhaill, 65
 And will not keip nor 3it obserue thair bands,
 For startling hald the kow fast be the taill,
 Appoint nane sic but pledgis in 3our hands,
 And keip thame sure, sen 3e se as it stands ;
 For, cum that tyme that all yat sort desyris, 70
 Thay will, but dout, send 3ow in vncouth lāds,
 To seirche and seik 3our meit into the myris.

Sen thair Intent to 3ow was neuer gude,
 As, be thair deids, richt cleirly may be sene,
 Gif thame na leif to play with yow buk heid, 75
 As thay haif done, ay waitand on yair quene :
 Bot puneis all the quhilk ye knaw vnclene
 Of outhur blude, & quyte yame for yair meids,
 And spair all sic will serue his grace serene,
 And had na wyte of nouthur of thair deids. 80

I wald ye did sum mair at this Conuentiō
 Nor did your fais at thairs thay held at Pace ;
 Quhat yai did yair I neid not to mak mētiō,
 Bot, weill I wait, sū of yame rewis yat race.

85

3it top of wit was borne vp throw ye streit ;
 This commoun weill had stand in better cace,
 Had it fallin in his toung, fell in his feit.

Sen God hes put the sword into your hand,
 Justice to do alyke to riche and pure, 90
 Tak heid, yair foir, and na wise brek command,
 Be circumspect of this your charge and cure ;
 Gif 3e neglect, than God, I yow assure,
 Will frō yat rowme thoill you to be detrusit,
 Planting vthers into that charge ye bure, 95
 And gif yat sword to yame can rychtly vsit.

Be bent, yairfoir, and byde not this in blūder :
 Baith the word of God & cōmoun weil auāce :
 3e neid na ma bot Gedionis thre hunder
 To quhip your fais, or yai get help of France. 100
 Mak to, lyke mē, sen ye haif ordinance,
 Ding Draffen doū, yat hald quhairin yai pryde yame :
 Bring in ye north with būvart, bow, & Lance ;
 Gif thay rebell, with fyre and sword our ryde yame.

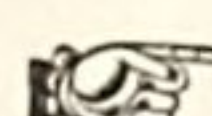
How & quhat way ye suld appost your bordour, 105
 Maddeis counsall is verray excellent ;
 Scho did prescriue ane gude & godly ordour,
 That to performe, had ye been diligent :
 Hard ye the pure, I wait, ye wald lament,
 Sa cruelly thay Tyranis dois oppres thame, 110
 Slaying yame selfis ; yair gudis, reit, and rent,
 For feir of God, I pray yow to redres thame.

Quhat mā did hoip of Grāge now dois appeir :
 His cloikit craft of malice dois outspring,
 As in his Proclamatiouns ye may heir : 115
 He dois Rebell and will not serue the King.

Traitours yai ar agane yow to maling,
 He being Crownit in lauchfull Parliament :
 Quha dances fastest with him into yat Ring,
 To his Crowning baith sweir & gaif consent. 120

Quhen the Regent gaif him that hauld, ye saw
 He was the Kingis & sweir theirfoir to stand,
 Albeit yat now his grace he will nocht knaw,
 Nor 3it Lennox for Regent of this land.
 3it Robert Hepburne being in his hand, 125
 And saifly enterit within that place,
 He said he was reset by his command,
 And send Robert to my Lord Regents grace.

Quhill yat he gat yat hauld and hous in hand,
 Into this caus he was baith bent and bauld ; 130
 Bot fra thyne furth than he gaif our yat band,
 And in this caus he leit his curage cauld.
 This is the treuth, as trew men to me tauld ;
 That samin tyme his maister was on lyue,
 He wald not lat him enter in that hauld, 135
 With na seruands bot outhir four or fyue.

 He hes not onlie sueruit fra our actioun,
 Bot dowbill murther he dois fortifie,
 Desyring bargane of ony of our factioun
 Of his degre, estait, and qualitie. 140
 We haue nane sic, ye knaw, in cumpanie,
 Him for to match quhilk playit ye dowbil Knaif ;
 For first he slew ane Maister cruellie,
 And syne betraist the last, ye may persaif.

 Bot 3it I knaw yair is ane hundreth heir 145
 Of gentill men, and cum of Royal Race,
 On hors or fute with quhinger, sword, or speir,
 Dar weill him matche & meit him face for face,

And preif him fals and Tratour in this cace :
 He dar not fecht, for this is his refuge, 150
 He wald compeir at euery tyme and place,
 Gif that he had ane vnsuspectit Judge.

¶ And als ye see, he planely dois accuse
 The Regents grace of cruell Tyrannie
 Aganis his fais, quhilk he dois schaw and vse, 155
 In casting doun baith place and policie.
 Sen thay misknaw thair Just Authoritie,
 And will not serue, nor 3it obey commands,
 3e may be Law subuert thair places hie,
 Syne tak fra thame yair lyuis, geir, and lands. 160

I knaw thir letters ye fand into Dunbartane,
 Quhilk dois declair his dowbil deids Inding,
 Is only caus, I am baith sure and certane,
 Quhilk garris him mak yis boist & manassing.

☞ Bot 3it ye knaw it is ane commoun thing, 165
 For, weill I wait, ye haue sene mony sic :
 Tuiche anis the gaw & yan the hors wil fling,
 Fra tyme ye spur and hit him on the quik.

¶ It is your hous that maks him be sa bauld,
 Agane baith God and King for to disdane : 170
 Except the Lord be watchman of the hauld,
 The Psalmist sayis thair watching is in vane.
 As ye haue sene, within thir monethis twane,
 Ane greiter strenth ye gat, as I record,
 Swa will ye 3one, to God gif ye be bane, 175
 And swa commits your wisdomis to the Lord.

¶ FINIS.

Imprentit at Striuling be Robert Lekpreuik.

Anno Do. 1571.

152. vnspectit in the original.

XXVII.

Ane admonitioun to my Lord Regentis Grace.

[MS. STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xxi., Number 100. This MS. is marked "1571. November? A ballad against the bringing in of English forces into Scotland." Another copy is marked "December 14, Number 103, 1.," and endorsed by Lord Burghley, "A ballet to ye Regent agaynst coming in of Englishmen."—SIR RICHARD MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1555-1586, in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Fol. MS., p. 357.—ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS. Never before in print. But now published from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland. Edited by John Pinkerton. London, 1786. 2 vols. crown 8vo.—THE POEMS OF SIR RICHARD MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT. With an Appendix of Selections from the Poems of Sir John Maitland, Lord Thirlestane, and of Thomas Maitland. Edited from the Drummond MS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. 4to. (Maitland Club.) Glasgow, 1830.—A CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY, from the Thirteenth Century to the Union of the Crowns. Edited by James Sibbald. Edinburgh, 1802.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Edited and Published by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



MAIST loyall lord, ay ffor þi lawtie lowitt,
 Now be no^t lakkit ffor deloyaltie;
 Thocht to þe princes place thow be promowit,
 Be no^t abusitt be authoritie,

The text is that of No. 100 referred to above. The following are the variants in No. 103, 1.—

1. for . . . lowit.	2. laikit.	3. Thot.	4. abusit.
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—
 Variants in the Maitland MS. distinct from those in No. 103, 1.—

1. thy.	2. lackit.	3. princis . . . pmowit.	4. abvsit.
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Bott schaw thy treuth and thy integrytie, 5
 Sen we sa far o^rsellfis hes submittit,
 And King and Cowntray, lawis, and libertie,
 Onto thy cair and creditt have cōmittit.

Thy hous hes ay bene trustye and enteir,
 Defamitt nocht w^t fraud and fickilnes ; 10
 Bott schaw thyselff both scharpe, sauge, and sinceir,
 Endewit with wertew, witt, and wirthines,
 Ingein, Judgment, Justice, and gentilnes,
 Craft, conduct, cair, and Knawlauge to cōmand,
 Heroyk hartt, hono^r, and hardines, 15
 Or in this storme thy staitt will newer stande.

We haue the chosin to the cheifest charge,
 Our tossit galay to gowerne and to gyde ;
 Be war w^t bobbis : scho is a bruikle barge,
 And may na bitter blastis weill abyde : 20
 Thow may hir tyne in tu^ring of a tyde ;
 Cast weill thy courss, thow hes ane kittle cwir ;
 Off parrellis pance, and ffor sum port prowde,
 And anker sikker quhair thow may be suire.

All Boreas bitter blastis are no^t blawin ; 25
 I feir sum boide and bobbis be behind ;

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 5. trewt . . . integritie. | 13. Ingyne. | 22. þow . . . cure. |
| 6. selues haue. | 14. Knawlege. | 23. perrellis . . . ffor . . . |
| 7. contray. | 16. stait . . . neuer stand. | provyde. |
| 8. creideit haue. | 17. cheiffest. | 24. sicker . . . sure. |
| 10. defameit not . . . | 19. with . . . brukle. | 25. blawne. |
| fraude. | 21. turnīg. | 26. behinde. |
| 11. self . . . sharp, saig. | | |

-
- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 5. thyne integritie. | scharpe. | 19. ane bruckill. |
| 6. Sene . . . se . . . hawe. | 12. Indewit . . . wit . . . | 20. not. |
| 7. countrie. | worthines. | 21. turning . . . ane. |
| 8. Wnto . . . cure . . . | 13. Jugment, Justes. | 22. cours . . . kittill cure. |
| credeit haif. | 15. Heroik hart. | 23. parrallis pans . . . |
| 9. trustie . . . inteir. | 16. newir. | prouide. |
| 10. Defamit. | 17. haiff. | 26. boid. |
| 11. Bot . . . bayt sage | | |

Be tyde and tempest thow may be o^rthrawin,
 And mony fairlie fortounes thow may find,
 As channellis, craigges, beddis, and bankis blind,
 Leckand, wanlukis quhairby thow may be loist, 30
 Bewar thairfoir w^t wadder, waw, and wind,
 With oncouth coursis, and onknawin coist.

Be war w^t strangearis in thy sterne to steir ;
 Thocht on ane courss we can no^t condiscend,
 Suppois sum pntt perrell now appeir, 35
 And sum hes wyritt and will no^t with us wend,
 Be meitar meaines thow mon thatt make mend,
 Nor daingeris be ye doubill to divertt :
 Thairfoir, I pray the, prudentlie pend,
 And putt not all in perell ffor a pairt. 40

Thow will putt all intill apperand perell,
 Gif Inglis forcis In þis realme repair ;
 Sic ar not meitt ffor to decide our querrell,
 Thocht farlandis fulis seme to have fedderis fair.
 Be þai acquaintitt, thai will creip innermair, 45
 And wilbe noysum ny^tbo^{rs} and Enorme,
 and schortlie will sitt till o^r syddis as sair
 As now the rebellis quhome thay sould reforme.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 27. ovir thrawne. | 36. wyrit. | cyde oure. |
| 28. fortunes. | 37. meanis . . . þat. | 44. Thot. |
| 29. craigis. | 38. double . . . divert. | 45. thay acquaintit þai. |
| 31. þairfoir . . . wedder. | 39. ppend (=perpend). | 46. nytbouris. |
| 32. onkouth. | 40. put nocht . . . perrell. | 47. schortly . . . sit . . . |
| 33. straingears. | 41. prell. | oure. |
| 34. Thot . . . nocht. | 42. forces in. | 48. suld. |
| 35. present. | 43. nocht meit for to de- | |

- | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 28. fortunis þow. | 41. into appeirand. | thay . . . iñer |
| 29. craggis. | 42. Inglis . . . this. | mair. |
| 30. Lekkis and . . . lost. | 44. farland fullis seime | 46. enorme. |
| 32. wncauth . . . wn- | to haiff. | 47. to . . . sydis. |
| knawin cost. | 45. Cum thay acquaint | 48. thy. |
| Ll. 33-40 wanting. | | |

Thatt freindschip is ay fecfullest afar,
 And langest will indwir w^t lytle daile; 50
 I feir w^t ws and tyme itt wirk to war,
 ffra þai aganes o^r partye anis prewaile;
 quha waitt bot syne þai will orselffis assaile?
 Ald feyis ar sindle faythfull [freindis] fund:
 ffirst help þe halff, and syne o^rharrill the haill, 55
 Wilbe a wofull weilar of o^r wound.

Oure bretherene may remember 3itt in France
 the fayth and freindschip thatt thai w^t þame fand,
 And how þai did þe word of God awance,
 ffra the Newhawin thay gatt into þair hand; 60
 and how þai newir pairtitt w^t þatt pand,
 quhill bay^t the syddis thame forcitt to reteir;
 Even at Leyth gif thatt thow latt þame Land,
 The samin practeiss plainlie will appeir.

Be thair exemple Lerne experience, 65
 ane forene mache or maister to admitt;
 Reid, fra þe Saxonis gat preeminence,
 How sone þai socht as souueragnes to sitt.
 Reid how þai forcitt the Britonis folk to flitt,
 And yitt posseidis that peoples proprietie: 70

49. That.	58. fayt . . . þat þai.	64. samyn practiss.
50. indure.	59. thay . . . avance.	66. foreyne . . . admit.
52. oure pairtie anes.	60. þe newheavin . . . gat.	67. the Saxons gatt.
53. wait . . . oure.	61. thay nevir pairit . . .	68. thay . . . souueraignes
54. faves . . . sendle	þat.	. . . sit.
faytfull freindis.	62. þe . . . þame forcit.	69. quhow thai forcit
55. half . . . þe haill.	63. Leith . . . þat þow	. . . folkis.
56. weilfair.	lat.	70. 3it . . . proprety.
57. brethren . . . 3it.		

49. faithfullest.	freindis found.	66. forane.
50. daill.	55. ourharill þe.	67. quhane the.
51. vse . . . it work.	56. ane . . . to.	68. soueranis for to.
52. aganis.	Ll. 57-64 wanting.	69. thay . . . þe.
54. Auld fayis . . .	65. exempill Learne.	70. peippillis ppertie.
sindill faytfull		

Bewar ! we may be walteritt or we witt,
And lykwayis Loss o^r land and libertie.

Ane thowsand sick examples I could schaw,
and mony noble nationis may name,
quha lost att lenth þair libertie and Law, 75
And sufferitt hes greit sorrow, sy^t, and schame ;
Thatt, for to help þair harmis and hurtt at hame,
feychitt forayne forces into þair supportt,
quha fuilzeit syne thair fredome, force, and fame,
And thame subdewit in þe samin sorte. 80

ffleand Charibd be war in Scyll to fall,
and sa estchew ciuill dissentioun,
That our estaitt to straingearis be no^t thrall ;
the canker of o^r auld contentioun
will keip na cūnand nor cōventioun, 85
Bott, gif thow gif thame creidit to correct ws,
Be craftye way, will, and Inuentioun,
And subtill sly^t, thay will seik to subiect ws.

This realme w^t eis the rebellis may repres :
We neid na forayne forces for sa few ; 90
thair lairdis thay loup, thatt reigne is les and les,
Sa suit not sick as seikis ws to subdew ;

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 71. weltred. | . . . hurte. | 88. The earlier MS. has |
| 72. lykewayis . . . oure | 78. support. | <i>speik</i> —an obvious |
| liberty. | 80. þame . . . samyn. | error. |
| 73. sic exemples . . . | 83. oure estait. | 89. The hand - writing |
| culd. | 84. oure. | changes here. |
| 74. nobill. | 86. Bot . . . þow . . . þame | 90. forene. |
| 75. loist at . . . liberty. | credit. | 91. loirdis þai . . . þat |
| 76. sufferit . . . great. | 87. conventioun, <i>as in</i> | league. |
| 77. That . . . thair hermes | <i>line 85.</i> | |

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 71. wolterit. | 76. bayt sorow, skyt. | 83. estate . . . strangearis. |
| 72. lois. | 78. fechit forane forcis. | 85. Keipe no conand. |
| 73. exempillis. | 81. fleand charibde . . . | 86. And gif . . . credeit. |
| 74. natioun. | scyll. | 87. craftie. |
| 75. quho . . . lenthe. | 82. eschew ciuile. | Ll. 89-96 wanting. |

qlk gif thow do, quhatt ewir may ensew,
To Fergus bluid we rather will obey

Nor in o^r tyme be tratoris tryitt vntrew,
And gif o^r realme to Ingland as a pray. 95

Scoitland come newir 3itt in seruitude

Sen Fergus first, Bott euir hes bene fre,
And hes bene alwayis bruikit be ane bluid,
and Kin of Kingis descendit grie be gre. 100

Gif þatt itt be in bondage bro^t be the,
Then warreitt war thy weirdis and wanhap,
Thairfoir thir forayne fechis sa foirse,
That cachitt we be no^t w^t þe eftir clap.

Mark and mynt att þe hono^r, laud, and prais, 105

The vertew, word, worschip, and wassilaige,
Of sic as dochtelie did in þair dayis
To keip þis realme from thraldome and boundage.

Mark als þe wite, vise, wituper, and the waige
Off wntreid traisoun and of tyrannye, 110
And how sum hes honour and heretage
And lywes lost ffor þair deloyaltie.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 93. thow . . . quhat. | 102. Than wareit . . . | 108. this . . . frome . . . |
| 94. blude. | wanhaip. | bondage. |
| 95. tryit. | 103. þir forene . . . force. | 109. vile, wyse, vituper |
| 97. Scotland . . . never | 104. cathcheit . . . efter | . . . waige. |
| 3it. | claip. | 110. vntried treassoun |
| 98. bot euer . . . frie. | 105. at . . . laude. | . . . tyrrannye. |
| 99. alwais . . . blude. | 106. vassallage. | 111. honor. |
| 100. gre be gre. | 107. Off. | 112. lyves loist . . . for. |
| 101. þat it. | | |

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 98. bot ewir. | 105. prays. | 109. Merk als þe wyld |
| 99. brukit . . . a bloud. | 106. wertew, worship, | vise witupour and |
| 100. King of Kingis de- | word and was- | the wage. |
| scendit grie be | salage. | 110. Off wntreuthe, tre- |
| grie. | 107. Off sic as hes done | soun, and of |
| 101. boundage. | dochtelie in þis | tyronie. |
| 102. Thane. | dayis. | 111. howe sone . . . her- |
| 103. forane fowis . . . | 108. Keipe . . . bo[und- | itage. |
| foirsie. | age]. | 112. lyfis. |
| 104. cachit . . . thy. | | |

Sa for thy factes thow may be sure to find
 The lyke rewaird of wertew or of wyce ;
 Thairfoir be no^t sylitt as a bellie blind, 115
 Nor latt thy selff be led vpoun the yce ;
 Nor, to content thy marrowis cowatyce,
 Putt not þi selff in perrell ffor to perreiss,
 Nor beir þe blame quhair wþeris takis the pryce,
 Nor beitt þe busse thatt wþeris Eit þe berreiss. 120

The throne of tryall and theatric trew
 Is ffor to reigne, and rewle aboue the rest ;
 quha hes þe wogne, him all þe warld dois wew,
 and migistratt the man dois manifest.
 Sen thow art in þe princes plaice possest, 125
 Luik to be praisitt as thow playis thy pairt,
 and, as thow leiffis, so luiffit be and lest,
 And alwayis delt w^t efter þi desert.

Amen.

FINIS.

114. revaird . . . wertew	120. buiss þat vtheris . . .	124. magistrat.
. . . vyce.	berreis.	125. þow.
115. sylit.	121. trettie.	126. praised . . . plais þi.
116. þi.	122. ring . . . reule abone	127. þow levis . . . luvit.
117. covetice.	þe.	128. alwais . . . thy.
118. But . . . preiss.	123. might read <i>wogne</i>	ffinis.
119. vþeris.	or <i>woyne</i> .	

113. thi factis . . . wilbe.	119. vþairis . . . price.	123. Quho . . . wogne
114. lyk . . . wairtew.	120. bett . . . bus . . .	. . . w[ew].
115. be not thairfoir syld	vthairis eattis þe	125. Swa sen þow hes þe
as ane.	bereis.	princis place.
116. lat . . . self . . .	121. trone . . . tryell . . .	126. praisit.
wpone.	theatre.	127. þow luiffis.
118. pereis.	122. regne . . . þe.	

XXVIII.



The Bischoppis lyfe and testament.



[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



CALLING to mynde the mutabiliteis
Of this Inconstant warld sa variabill,
Lyke to ane Schip that sailis on the seis,
Tost with winds & wallis Innauigabill ;

Bot sen I se na plesure permanabill,
Bot as the weid it widderis sone away,
Lat vs go seik the gloir Inestimabill,
Quhair we man pas perpetually for ay.

5



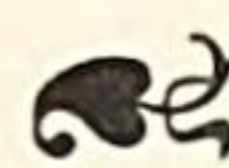
With spreit opprest, this plungit in to cair,
Remembring me quhat mater to compyle,
Endlang ane Park I past without repair
Be Snawdoun syde, the seuint day of Apryle ;
And as I walkit, wandering not ane myle,
Ane piteous spreit appeirit to my thocht,
Sayand : “ allace ! and waryit be the quhyle
That I was borne, or in this warld vpbrocht ! ”

10

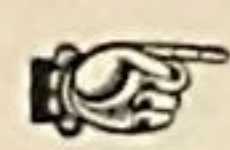
15

 Can I nocht tell gif be Illutioun,
 Or gif be feir sic fantaseis we tak ;
 Bot this he said in schort conclusioun,
 Deplorit ane plaint, and planelie to me spak : 20
 "Poetis of me hes mater for to mak,
 In tragedie, quhat tyme I heir remanit."
 And with that word I went sum thing abak,
 And bad say on, and, with God saif me, sanit.

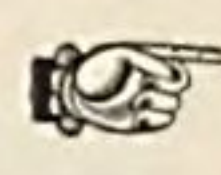
 "I was," said he, "ane Lord leuand on lyfe, 25
 Ane bastard barne, that can I not deny :
 My Father was ane Erle and had ane wyfe,
 Thocht he abusit his body, and lay by.
 In Goddis Ire begottin sa was I :
 My mother was a Dame in Dundaf mure, 30
 Bot quhidder it was in feild keipand the Ky,
 Or fischand Lochis Lin, I am not sure.

 "As for my surname, seik my mothers aith :
 Quhylis Cuninghame yai callit me heir & yair,
 Bot gude John Cowane gaif me meit and claith, 35
 Quhill I was seuin yeir auld and sū thing mair.
 The Prouest of Hammiltoun, cūmand by, for cair
 Fand me with Ky ane kyndlie occupatioun,
 And Hammiltoun he me huif, I 3ow declair,
 Ane sorie Surname, for my awin salutatioun. 40

"To preif my spreit and say my scharp Ingyne,
 With John of Cliddisdail yai [ro]usit me to striue,
 Be worsling first in faith the feild was myne,
 I brak his heid to haue prerogatiue.
 Quhat sall I wryte 3ow? in my wittis fue 45
 I was coequall with Achitophall,
 Or subtill Sinone, knaifrie to discriue,
 And all my deidis mair Diabolicall.

 " In leirning letters lang tyme at ye Scule,
 My pregnant spreit surpassit all the laif, 50
 Quhill I was cowit, and cled vp lyke ane Fule,
 In Stemming Rokket, riches to ressaif.
 Than twa 3eiris Noueis, notit for ane Knaif,
 3ond in Kiluinning my prentischip I past :
 Bella fortuna to me sic giftis gaif, 55
 To want na graith, and ay the Gallous last.

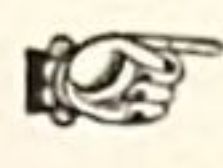
 " Thā my Lord Arrane from Albany ye Duke
 Obtenit the gift of Murray be ane myance,
 Quhen Abbotschaw sic hauie haitrent tuik
 At the haill hous of Lennox and thair alliance ; 60
 Quhaitfoir he coist and left thame at defyance.
 Than I fund Jok was into Paslay plaist,
 Smart in my schuitting & singular in my Sciēce,
 And sum men sayis the bybill I Imbraist.

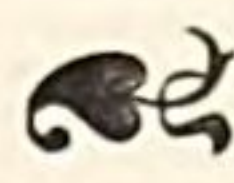
 " For feir of that thay gart me fle to France, 65
 In waryit tyme, I trow, I went of towne,
 Quhair I begouth with guthorne for to dance,
 To loup on Lassis, lait, and play the Lowne.
 My Stēming Sark & Rokket was laid down,
 Fra tyme that I hard tell the King was deid : 70
 Than I began, haill Tutour to the Crowne,
 To steir my tyme the temporall lawis to leid.

 " The first that euer vaikit was Dunkell,
 And I was gaipand lyke ane gredie gled ;
 The Cardinall deit, and than Sanctandros fell ; 75
 My power haill vnto the Paip I sped ;
 Quhen thay had rypelie all my bawes red,
 Aganis thair Cannoun Law thay gaif decreit,
 For I was bastard borne of vnlawfull bed,
 3it furtherit I becaus thay fand me meit. 80

 "Without respect to God or feir of faith,
 Plumand but pietie I did oppres the pure ;
 Be fenzeit causis I confiscat graith ;
 Men criminall to accuse I tuke na cure ;
 Quhen it was gottin I gaif it to my hure, 85
 Quhome I possest in speciall, Stanehous wyfe ;
 Of all the barnis my Lady Jeltoun bure,
 Scho me constranit to mak Ilk ane a lyfe.

"Rowpand for riches quhill all my barnis wer staikit,
 As hountrie Lyōū, lousit out of a band, 90
 Sum benefice I bocht or euer it vaikit ;
 And sum I wardit waitand on thair land ;
 Kilburnie haldis Drumry behind the hand,
 Raith, and Bernbowgall, & mony honest man :
 Na wrangous conqueis Christ wil thoil to stād : 95
 Euill was it wairit and weill war I it wand.

 "Be iustice airis I pledgit all the pepill,
 Than spairit nane thocht thay wer Innocent ;
 To Magnifie my name I maid ane Stepill ;
 Of euerie pleuch I tuik fyue pund of Stent : 100
 Swa of this lyfe the Lord was discontent,
 Seand my faith not foundit on ane Roik :
 As babell fell, sa Paslay may repent
 That I the maid of Malesounis of foik.

 "Than was I Legat licent be the Paip, 105
 With dispensatiounis, sawis for euerie sair ;
 To eik my pois I leit thame pas gude chaip ;
 By quha sa wald, I wantit na sic wair.
 For holynes thay heipit on me mair,
 Greit Metropolitane of the Kirk of God ; 110
 Quhen I was Hird the scheip was in ane snair,
 Lyke till ane flock of hennis befoir ane Tod.

¶ “Quha landit than bot Lennox out of France?
 To battell boun with him was bernis bauld ;
 Sair I in dreid, quhill I deusyt that dance 115
 Of Glasgow Castell, gat it bocht and sauld :
 Greit was the riches fund within that hauld,
 Plaitter nor pois we neuer left ane plak ;
 Coistlie apparell that can not weill be tauld ;
 We left him bair till all was on his bak. 120

☞ “Efter the feild we followit him sa fast,
 Spuilzeit his places, & tuik baith gudis & geir,
 Quhill all the land he left vs at the last,
 Quhair Lawrence Neisbit chaipit verray neir ;
 Contrair my conscience and the actis of weir, 125
 Murdreist his men that micht me nocht resist :
 That saikles blude rang fer and twentie 3eir,
 Quhill Palmsoneuin that same day I deceist.

☞ “Bot to my taill heir I returne agane :
 Quhen 3e began in godlynes to gloir, 130
 I tuik my womit wickitlie, in vane :
 Contrair my conscience I profest befoir,
 My mynd was than the Messes to restoir ;
 Bot now, to lait, I lat that Law allane :
 Had I fund graith my honour to decoir, 135
 I caird not by quhat way the warld had gane.

¶ “At Haryis Mariage I bure him Inuy,
 Feirand he procreat children with the Quene :
 His putting doun I publictly deny,
 3it botis & hūmis declairis 3ow quhat I mene. 140
 And scho wer wrakit, all the warld may wene,
 Than sould the Duke but dout ressaif ye croun.
 This was my purpois planely to obtene,
 Under sum craft, to cow the Stewartis doun.

☞ “Than was scho caryit captiue, as thay tell, 145
 And quha nor I was fainer of that fact?
 Except the countrie cum not with our sell,
 Quhilk was the only caus we bure abak.
 For feir of Murray sic myance gart I mak,
 Be fraud and gyle we gat hir of Lochleuin : 150
 Seikand our gloir we gat baith schame and lak :
 Our fals intent was sa tryit out in heuin.

¶ “Ȝit cuttit I away their worldly strenth,
 James, Erll of Murray, Regent of Renoun,
 As I sall schaw Ȝow schortly at mair lenth, 155
 I being captiue tane to Striuling Toun :
 Dunbartane Castell—Deuill mot ding the doun !—
 Quha wald beleif bot thow was wicht aneuch?
 Bot Ȝit the Lord is Maister of Mahoun,
 Inspyrit thair spreitis, & gart thame speil that heuch. 160

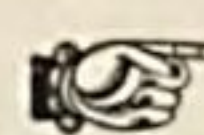
☞ “Bot quha may leif fra tyme his glas be run?
 As I haue schawin, heir schortly to conclude,
 Sone was I helterit fra the hous was wun,
 To Snawdoun syne, accusit with men of gude
 Of pointis four, bot stifly I withstude : 165
 Except the Regentis deith I nocht denyit ;
 I was the only man gart spill his blude,
 And mekle mair gif all the treuth wer tryit.

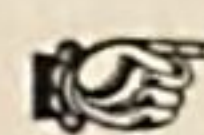
☞ “Gude pepill heir, to haue Ȝow not abusit,
 Just ordour led, I lat Ȝow vnderstand, 170
 In parliament I was forfalt and accusit,
 Quhair I was baith conuict of lyfe and land,
 Denuncit Rebelle, and fugitiue fra hand ;
 Quhairfoir I knew my deid gif I wer gottin :
 Thay socht na law bot thay befoir yame fand, 175
 And will he vsit quhill we be deid and rottin.

 "And quhair 3e speik of auld perticular,
 Without auise of thair Nobilitie,
 The Erll of Angous and my Lord of Mar,
 Glencarne, Ruthuen, Cathcart, and Ouchiltrie, 180
 Methuen, Lochleuin, with Lairds aboūdantlie,
 The Justice Clerk my dittay red perqueir :
 Than fra I saw I was condampnit to die,
 This was my haill Confessioun 3e sall heir.

¶ *Sequitur Confessio.*

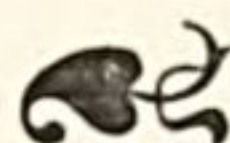
 "Gude pepill all, I pray 3ow to pray for me, 185
 Quhat may my rent of riches now decoir me?
 This far I speik in presence of 3ow all,
 Complendand heir with pietie I deploir me,
 Quha is the Lord to lyfe may now restoir me.
 Heirfoir, go mark this in Memoriall, 190
 Twyse being bischop with sic beriall,
 Hard to beleif sum tyme to se me hing,
 Gif I had seruit my God and syne my King.

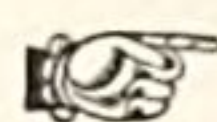
 "Quhair 3e accuse me of the Kingis d[eid],
 Gif I it knew, God nor I want my heid ! 195
 Exceptand quhen I hard the hous was fyrit,
 I feirit myself and dred sum deidly feid.
 Than I persauit that he was past remeid,
 I knew sum Tratouris had his deith conspyrit,
 Thocht Johne, my seruand, said as he desyrit, 200
 Under Confessioun speikand to ane Preist :
 Mair beist was he that bure it not in his breist.

 "My former faith I can not weill Recant,
 Nane I accuse, I come not heir to Sant,
 Gif to reueild may help me heir, I dout. 205
 As to the Regentis deith in deid I grant,
 I weill awow it, becaus he leit me want :

That 3e may tell till all that standis about.
 My voce is waik, I may not weill speik out,
 And of my 'Manus tuas' I haue sic haist, 210
 With 'ite missa est' said, I gaif the Gaist."

¶ This being said, the cludis obscurit the sky,
 And I was feirit, and hamewart did me hy,
 Maid to the Towne and steppit vp the streit,
 And, as I past, the Potence I espy, 215
 Quhair the anoyntit Bischop hung to dry.
 I was Sanct Thomas quhill I tuichit his feit.
 On Palmsoneuin this paper I compleit,
 Euin word be word, as to the treuth belang[it]
 And, gif I lie, God nor the liers be hangit. 220

 FINIS.

 Quod Sempill.

¶ Imprintit at Striuiling be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. M. D. LXXI.

XXIX.

A Lewd Ballet.Taken w^t y^e L. Setons writings.

[MS. STATE PAPER OFFICE. Scottish Series, Volume xxi. (December 1571), Number 107.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



FIRST quhen the newis begouth to ryse, gretly thai
 maid me wondre,
 Quhow that so grett a gospellar so fellounly could
 fondre ;

Bott, seing quhow all erdly thingis wor subiect to mutatioun,
 Than fand I it no grett mervall, albeit the congregatioun
 wor no les than þe pur Papistis Inclynit to fornicatioun. 5

Now is the cours Platonian completit haillely :
 the sone and Mone and sevin sterris reuoluit in þe sky,
 That mokis the wordle tourne top o^r taill, & will resson to ryde,
 The plewche befor the oxin go, the best the man to gyde,
 And all things to misrewlit be, owte of all tyme and tyde. 10

The Subiect now commandis the Prince, and Knox is grown a
 king :
 Quhat he willis obeyit is, that maid the Bisshop hing ;

The soutar is the grett precho^r: the gray freir moks þe shone;
 Quhat mervell than thochte chaist forett, prouokit by þe mone,
 Hichit on þe hure so oppinly, sen all is owtte of tone? 15

Quhat mervell thochte on þe fryday wy^t silks he did him dek,
 and on sonday his garmont wes of ane harne sek?
 Quhat mervall tho^t þe cerimony and claith of penitence
 is vsit, and þe oþ^r clay^t of diuine reuerence
 and ministration, þat Aron woure, is putt in negligence? 20

3itt I beleiff ols mony myndis thochte, ha, loury, ha, ha!
 Quhen Daid vnder þe sek did loure, as touns did coy or say,
 Quhen þe pur preist to scaffald went, þe auld bisshop befor,
 in Aronis weidis; for quha wald not lauche q^{ll} his hart grew soir,
 To se forett þe holy frere his fukking so deploire? 25

Bott quhat, I think, thochte Daid, quhē he wes to lowpe the
 lowne?

or quhow did he his conscience so sincere cloik or gowne?
 Evin as Meffan, his scuill maistre, þai se, schew him þe way,
 Quha neþ^r wy^t oþ^r mānis wyffe nor maid, bot wy^t his awin las lay:
 Than lat ws sing, O fukand flok! 30^r deid is not lyk 30^r say. 30

The preist, I grant, his concubine wald hyde in hoill and boire,
 and quhylis quhen he tyrit of ane wold gett in oþ^r in stoire;
 The Ministre, far todlyar, his hure in houshold chereis,
 bott, quhē he listis, he schaks hir of be diuorce or hir wirreis;
 Sum for þe hure garris heid þameselff, and is not þat a morreis? 35

Quhat mervell than tho^t chaist forett, mouit be luyf and 3eill,
 q^{lk} he beris so feruently vnto þe Cōmune Weill,
 That, quhē he not promouis þe sonne, he—il scantly dit þe day,
 to stoir þe wordle lay on þe lass, sen it dois plainly say:
 Crescite, my douis, et multiplicaminay! 40

33. "todlyar may cum from tod, as godlyar fray God."—*Note on the margin of the MS.*

The Duvill, þatt man kynd he may trumpe, tekis forme of Angell
bryte,
bot, at þe last, þe grace of God his trumpry bringis to lychte ;
Sa, lolarts, 30^r hypocrisy þat sa fane 3e wald hyde,
3e se, wy^t tyme, in spyte of 3ow dois peice and peice owt slyde,
Schawing quhow, wolfis in lam skynis ! þe puire scheip 3e
misgyde.

XXX.

¶ *My Lord Methwenis Tragedie.*

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570–1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



HOW emptie pen ! pas but experience,
 with dull indyte, and do thy diligence,
 This pure cōplaint with pietie to deploir.
 Of Muses vane I ask na Eloquence,
 Bot only God, of his greit Excellence, 5
 Him to ressaif in Euerlasting gloir,
 Quhome dolent deith hes laitly done deuoir ;
 Unlukellie, allace ! gif man nicht mend it :
 Slane with ane schot : sa is the gude Lord endit.

Methwen may murne, and all the bounds about, 10
 For Hary Stewart, that was bauld and stout,
 Constant and kynd, with qualiteis condng.
 In smallest danger, nane beleuand dout,
 Inuyous Fortoun swa did waill him out,
 Lyke as at Roxburgh raid scho slew our King, 15
 Ane greit foirtakin of ane weill war thing.
 To se the saikles puneist sa with roddis :
 The scharper scourge is cūmand for the Toddiss.

Sic is thair craft in clymming to the Crowne,
 The pure King Hary pieteously put downe, 20
 Nocht be thair force bot fyryng of ane trane ;
 The Erle of Murray murdreist with ane lowne,
 And Lennox last, 3e saw, in Striuiling Towne ;
 Gude George Ruthuen with thay rebalds slane ;
 Garleis, Dundas, quhilk wer baith trew & plane ; 25
 Dowglas of Lyntoun & gude Westiraw was last,
 with lytill meaning, fra the men be past.

¶ Bot to my taill and Tragedie returne :
 The gude Lord Methuen makis me to murne,
 That all my senses suddānly doun fais. 30
 Quha hes the breist nor it in baill wald burne,
 To se 3one tratoures do sa foule ane turne ?
 Gif that our Lords wald craib for ony cais,
 wa worth the tyme he went about 3one wais !
 wa worth the Towne, the Castell, and the craig ! 35
 Sic tyme sall cum that God sall pour his plaig.

wa worth his weirds (gif ony weirds can be !)
 Parcas, Lacheses, Atrapus, all thre !
 Fy on the, Fortoun, with thy fenzeit smyle !
 war deid substantiall maid of stane or tre, 40
 I suld not rest, bot me reuenge on the.
 Micht thow not spair yat Lord to liue a quhyle ?
 Ane of the best was borne in all this Ile.
 Gif it wald rute to reckin out sic taillis,
 Gude to be war, quhen wickitness preuailis. 45

¶ Of twentie 3eiris, 3ing, and sa discreit,
 Meik of his maners, mansuetude, and sweit,
 Lord lyke, allace ! he had our lytill feir ;
 Aganis his fais ay formest on his feit,
 With lāmis vult, and with ane Lyouns spreit, 50

Quha had mair grace to gouerne men of weir?
 And, gif I spak of Culuering, bow, and speir,
 He was not borne was better of sic playis,
 (war he not Lord) nor lyke him of his dayis.

¶ 3ing, lusty, lufesum, liberall, and large, 55
 Ane greit defender of our chosin Barge ;
 In trublous time yow nicht haif steirt ye ruther :
 Few better heir bene Chiftane to haue charge,
 Aganis Lord Greid, to beir the goldin Targe ;
 In all this land thow left not sic ane vther. 60

9.1 The Sācts of God may say thay want ane brother,
 Sic as at na tyme can thay get for graith,
 Sa frak, sa fordwart to defend thair faith.

¶ In the was wit, wisdom, and worthynes ;
 In the was grace, groundit with godlynes ; 65
 In the was meiknes and humilitie ;
 In the was fredome, force, and ferynes ;
 In the was manly mowis and maryness,
 with mercy, science, and Ciuilitie.
 To the Dame nature gaue abilitie, 70
 Pringnant of wit, of policie but peir,
 Rype of ingyne, with iudgement perqueir.

¶ In honest pastyme was thy haill delyte :
 Thow bure the toung that neuer spak dispyte ;
 Walkryfe in weirs, and watcheman to the rest : 75
 For na offence culd thow be forsit to flyte
 Aganis thy seruandis, thocht thay wer to wyte ;
 But with thy wysdome weyit it at the best :
 Thy houshald trim and treit weill, thay confest,
 Quhairfoir thay mys the mair nor all the laif, 80
 Quhen thay remember on the giftis thow gaif.

Had Stewarts stoutnes, as the mater stands,
 Thay wald not faill to fecht it with thair hands,
 To se yame murdreist doun yat dois belāg yame ;
 Bot sum ar feirit for fyring of thair lands, 85
 And sum ar lyand obleist vnder bands,
 That dar not steir, suppois the tother hang yame.
 Blist be the barne yat is not borne amang thame,
 Thay beand beistis that hes bene men befoir,
 Cōpairit with Gedds that dois thair fry deuoir. 90

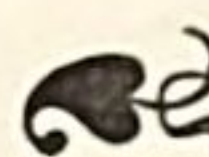
¶ Fy on the ! Atholl ! quhat dois thow requyre ?
 May not thir murthers mufe thy hart to Ire ?
 Gif thow had mettall, man, to bring the to !
 Thy dowbill faith may not abyde the fyre,
 Swa misbeleif sall leif the in the myre. 95
 Or hes thy wyfe the wyte of it ? quhair is scho ?
 Defend the caus, man, quhill the King cum to :
 Gif naturall kyndnes kindillis vp thy breist,
 We, beand doun, na dout thow salbe neist.

¶ God saue King James, thow may say, allace ! 100
 Exceptand only God mon gyde thy grace ;
 For temporall Lords, thay leif the few on lyue ;
 Thy Father murdreist in ane mischant place,
 Syne baith thy Regents of ane Royall race,
 with sindrie vther Nobills four or fyue ; 105
 And, last of all, I laith wer to discryue
 The manly Methwen mischantly put downe,
 Slane for thy saik for sauing of thy Crowne.

¶ For the maintenance of thy lyfe and law 110
 I note bot few, or nane, with sic ouirthraw,
 As only Ruthwen : this my ressoun quhy :
 His Father first, gif I the suith suld schaw,
 Deit in exyle for honest caus, 3e knaw ;

His douchtie brothers deith can nane deny ;
 Now Methwen last, beleuand sorrow by, 115
 Quhilk hes mair barrat to his breist inbrocht,
 Nor all the laif, gif he culd leif his thocht.

 Thocht we be subiect to mortalitie,
 3it God Indewis vs with sic qualitie
 That naturall kyndnes causis vs to cair ; 120
 Bot let na Carnall Corporalitie
 Conplane on Christ for partialitie,
 To tak his awin men outhair lait or air :
 Lat deid to deid, and die not in dispair ;
 Ryse and reuenge the Ruthwen on 3one rout : 125
 Quhat will it mend to murne thy senses out ?

 As to the Lords that hes begun this actioun,
 I feir thair tyme be turnand to detractioun,
 Gif thay repent not this I spak befor ;
 Exame thair conscience of particular pactioun, 130
 Gif thay be fauourers of the tother factioun,
 (And gif swa be,) thair mys mon be the moir ;
 God will not be abusit with sic vane gloir :
 The storme approches quhen ye Poills are fairest,
 The langer spairit, the plaigue is ay the sairest. 135

 The day is neir, as I dar weill deplane 3ow,
 The wraith of God is lyke to gang aganis 3ow
 For spairing men of Macheuillus Scuillis :
 How may 3e saue 3one smaiks yat wald haif slane 3ow ?
 And 3e wer in yair hāds, yai wald not hane 3ow ; 140
 Thay play the men & 3e the febill fuillis :
 Quhat is the caus, let se, 3our curage cuillis ?
 Particular proffeit, durst I speik it out,
 3it thay ar daylie murdreist doun thay dout.

¶ To mak sic change, 3e wair 3our wit in vane, 145
 As thairs for ouris, and ouris for thairs agane :
 Thair mō 3e grant yair groūd all gude as 3ours ;
 Bot, quhair 3e gat thame, wald 3e flour the grane ?
 That beand done, na dout thay wald be fane
 For to renounce thair Law and cum to ours ; 150
 Do 3e not sa, 3e sall thoill scharper schours,
 Sic vane excambion can I not considder,
 As marrow tratours and the trew togidder.

¶ I dar be bauld to say sen this began,
 Had we bot vsit the victorie we wan, 155
 With gloir to God that gaif thame in our hands,
 we nedit not or now to want ane man.
 Bot quhen we tak thame, solistatioun than
 Dois clap thair heid ; the counsall sa commandis :
 Quhairfoir I feir that God sal burne ye wandis, 160
 As, for exempill, I can let 3ow seit,
 For spairing sinfull, how the saikles deit.

¶ As Quheit is strukin for the stra besyde,
 And siluer fyne mon to the Furnes glyde,
 To get the dros deuydit, as we se, 165
 Thocht King Josias did in Christ confyde,
 Befoir the plaigue come, God will sa prouyde :
 He will not thoill the iust with thame to die ;
 Bot, quhair he takis away sic men as he,
 The riche, the wyse, the Capitane, or the gyde, 170
 Thair sall the pepill punischment abyde.

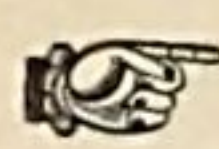
¶ Quhat nedit Noy for sin to suffer wrak ?
 Nor faithfull Lot, bot for the wickits saik ?
 Caleb and Josua in cūming to the land ?
 For Ophny and Phines, that the battell straik, 175
 The Innocent Ely all his banis braik ;

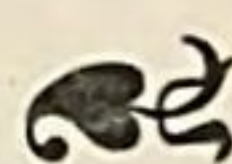
The Ark of God was caryit of thair hand,
 And 3it thair fais micht better haue lattin it stand :
 Suppois the saikles slane was for offences,
 3it did the Phelistims faill of thair pretences. 180

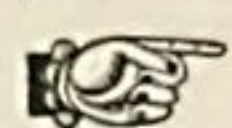
 And gredy Acan, for the geir he hid—
 Twa golden braislettis—lytill thing he did :
 3it was the pepill puneist for sic playis.
 Haue we sic wrangous geir—na, God forbeid—
 As Crowats, Sensours, or ane Challeis leid? 185
 Quhilk will be found na fault now heir a dayis.
 For spairing Agag, as the Scripture sayis,
 The hous of Saule was puneist, and his seid,
 Not spairing Jonathan for his douchtie deid.

 Siclyke King Dauid thoillit pane and greif : 190
 His wickit barnetyme brocht him to mischeif :
 His Capitane, Joab, Absolone forbure ;
 Bot far ma Joabs heir, for thair releif,
 with solistatioun, quhen we tak ane theif,
 Suppois 3e wist he wrocht 3our self iniure, 195
 Swa sum beleuis, haue baith the sydes sa sure ;
 And 3it I hope thay sall not want thair hyre,
 As Absolone set Joabs corne in fyre.

 The King Roboam raschely did ouirluik
 The auld wyse counsall, and the fulische tuik ; 200
 Quhairfoir he tynt his kyndlie Trybes ten.
 And Jeroboam, in that samin buik,
 Set vp new Idols and his God forsuik,
 Quhill Abiah slew fyue hundreth thousand men :
 Swa Bennadab was Captiue, as ye ken, 205
 Bot, quhair the iust dois ioyne thame with forsakin,
 Be war thay get not wickit Acabs takin.

 Quhat dois it proffeit Poetrie prophane?
 Sen trew Preicheours speikis it to 3ow plane,
 3it neuer mercy in your mynd remordis : 210
 As fruteles seid it neuer growis a grane.
 Bot to my taill heir I returne agane :
 This Tragedie may staik, to tell the Lordis,
 Ane thousand fyue hundreth Sempill sa recordis
 Thre scoir and twelf, suppois the veirse be vane, 215
 The thrid of marche was worthy Methwē slane.

 Finis with the Dytone

 Quod Sempill.

 The Lord to delyuer the laif of this blude,
 And send vs ane sythmēt of yis suddane slauchter ;
 The King & his counsall inspyre yame with gude,
 And mak vs not an futeftuil to our fais lauchter. 220

 Imprintit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. 1572.

XXXI.

Ane Premonitioun to the barnis of Leith.

[Broadside in 3 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



NE Cūning Clerk, Experience,
And Maister of Intelligence,
New landit in Inchekeith,
This lytill Sedull schortly sends
To all that the gude caus defends—
That is, the barnis of Leith. 5

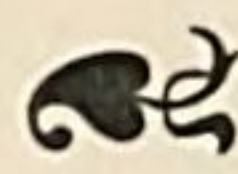


Becauss I hard of ane Conuētion
Now to be maid for this dissentioun
That is into this land;
That anis thair may be finall pace,
How sone I vnderstude the cace,
I maid me to frahand, 10



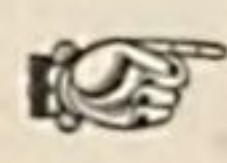
To send this Sedull in a gayth,
That nane of 3ow kep ony skayth

For laik of Premonitioun ;
 For ofttymes, into treating trewis,
 Cūis tydingis yat richt mony rewis,
 Be Tratorie and Seditioun.

 As, for exempillis, gif I list,
 I haue anew, wald I insist,
 Baith Forane and at hame :
 Bot, to my purpois to proceid,
 Of peace and concord thair is neid
 In pure Scotland, be name ;

 Quhilk neuer in sic perrell stude,
 Sen that our Lord deit on the Rude ;
 Foull fall thame hes the wyte !
 For it is ouirgane with a flude
 Of murther, and of saikles blude :
 Allace ! for leif to flyte !

Scotland this blude hes first begun,
 And lang in bludschedding hes run,
 Ane Patrone of mischeif :
 The rest at it beginnis to leir,
 Allace ! that pietie is to heir :
 I pray God send releif.

 For innocēts ar murtherit downe,
 without remors, in land and towne :
 Quhat leid may leif on lyfe ?
 And thay hald gait, I trow, frahand
 Sic murther salbe, in all land,
 Of Children, man, an wyfe ;

That seis als greit as Noyis flude
 Sall drowne ye warld of māis blude :

Quhat mischeif do thay mene? 45
 3one cursit battell, as I trow,
 Quhilk thay at Trent did all auow,
 Thay think now to sustene.

For murtherars dois all confidder :
 Thay and ye Papists rynis togidder : 50
 Thay ar ane blyssit pak.
 And thair wer not a God abone,
 I wald be fleit, I tell 3ow, sone
 That all suld gang to wrak.

Bot sa lang as our God dois Ring, 55
 Quhilk salbe ay without ending,
 We neid not for to feir.
 Thocht yai suld all rin by yair mynd,
 Our God to vs salbe sa kynd,
 Thay sall us neuer deir. 60

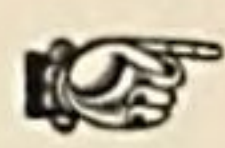
Bot 3it sen baith in France and heir
 Thay haue one butt, as dois appeir,
 That is, to cut all down,
 That Justice lufis and haitis vice :
 Thairfoir, my ladds of Leith, be wice— 65
 3e ken 3our warisoun.

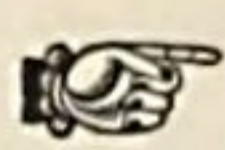
 I pray 3ow all be circumspect :
 3our enemeis dois not neglect
 Occasiounis to ouirsyle 3ow ;
 And, gif thay may, thay will not spair, 70
 Outher be foull play or be fair,
 Agane 3it to begyle 3ow.

3e haue mair neid thame now to feir
 Nor quhen thay come in feir of weir

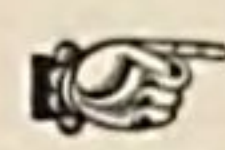
Downe to the Gallow Ley : 75

For than 3e knew thay wer 3our fais,
Bot now thay cum in freindis clais,
Quhilk is ane sairer sey.

 I speik not this that 3e suld stay
From 3our Cōuentioū and 3our day, 80
Or ony wayis dissauē thame :
Bot that 3e may prouyde befor,
To haue ane pyn for euery boir,
And to be richt war with thame.

 3e knaw thair faith in tymes past : 85
Thairfoir luke that 3e festin fast,
And tak gude tent about 3ow :
For, trewly, and 3e be not wyse,
3e sall not mys to se ane gyse,
That sall not weill content 3ow. 90

And 3it I rid yame leaue yair tressoū,
And euin be weill content of ressoun,
Sen Fortoun, with a Reill,
Hes wrocht thame ane vnabill charr,
And blawin thame blind or thay wer warr, 95
With turnin of hir Quheill.

 For quhy befor thay did pretend
The Quenis authoritie to defend,
To gar men trow thay lude hir :
Howbeit yai wald haif wist hir swoumād 100
Intil a bait vpō Lochlowmōd,
But boddum, air, or Ruther.

Thairfoir hir caus thay did procure,
Becaus yai thocht yat scho was sure,

And keepit to thair hand ; 105
 Bot 3it sic farleis hes bene sene
 That Frāce will haif hir brocht hame Quene,
 And fred out of Ingland.

 And gif that be, I wald thay wist
 That sū of thame mon flit thair kist, 110
 For all this brawling beir :
 Bot, sillie saulis, thay ar sa daft,
 Thay ken nathing, I trow, bot craft :
 Thay ar bot 3it to leir.

 It wer ane pitie to begyle thame, 115
 I wald blind Jamie wald gang wile thame,
 The moyane for till find,
 How that yai nicht eschew ye quene,
 And that thay nicht (the parrel sene)
 Go saill ane vther wynd. 120

3ea, thocht sum leuch & sum did dāce,
 Quhen thir blak tydingis come fra France,
 Blind Jamie tauld me ells
 That quyetly yai news did fyk yame,
 And sum of thame dois euin mislyke thame, 125
 Als mekle as 3our sells.

Thairfoir, I trow, and thay be wyse,
 Thay sall leaue of thair Interpreyse,
 And rather gre with 3ow,
 Nor with the hous of Guyis to mell, 130
 Quha is als godles as thair sell,
 And kens thair gymps, I trow.

For, get yat hous yair hād abone yame,
 I wed my heid yat yai sal tone yame,

And trym yame for thair triks :
 3e, thay can think on auld done deids ;
 For brint barne the fyre ay dreids :
 Thay will not thole sic prikis.

135

I wald fane warne 3ow of al dāgers,
 I coūsal 3ow, be war with strangers,
 That halds 3ow baith in hand :
 I dreid 3e ly lang be the eiris,
 Or thay think time to end the weiris
 And troubill in this land.

140

¶ It wer gude gif 3e culd aggre
 Amang 3our selfis, and let thame be :
 3e may wit quhat I mene ;
 for, quhē yat strāgers reuls 3our roist,
 It wilbe, sure, on Scotlands coist,
 As hes bene hard and sene.

145

150

¶ And wer 3e weill aggreit, I tell,
 Than Scotland nicht do for the sell,
 And set als lytill by thame,
 As thay do it, for all thair power,
 Thay wald be fane to seik 3our fauour,
 And to 3ow als apply thame.

155

☞ Bot till aggre and 3e delay,
 Than Scotland will be bot ane pray,
 As will be schortly sene,
 Till gredie Gormondis waitand on,
 Quhen thay may se occasion
 To rute 3ow all out clene.

160

For sword and derth hes 3ow opprest,
 And also 3e haue felt the pest,

Bot 3it few dois amend : 165
 Than desolatioun is the last
 Of Gods plagues quhē thir ar past,
 Quhilk doutles he will send.

3ea, I forspeik, ceis not thir weiris,
 The tyme sall cum, within few 3eiris, 170
 That nane of Scottis blude
 In Scotland dar him self auow,
 Mair nor in Jurie dois the Jow,
 For feir of Natiounis rude.

 Than sall 3our pure posteritie, 175
 In wandering wyde fra this coūtrie
 Amang all vther Natiounis,
 Cry out and murne with woful cheir,
 That pitie salbe for till heir
 Thir kynd of exclamatiounis: 180

 Allace ! that euer thay wer borne,
 That dwelt in Scotland vs beforene,
 And loist vs sic ane land,
 quhilk our forbears ans thocht ours,
 with plesād castells, townis, & towrs, 185
 And all things at command.

Sum Lords, sum Lairds, sū les degre,
 Thair commoun welth and policie,
 As ony Natioun, had ;
 And now na Scottisman dar be thair, 190
 Allace ! quhat hart will not be sair
 To see Scottismen sa sad !

 Than sall thay warie, curse, & ban
 The murtherars yat yir weiris begā,

Quhen Chronickles thay reid ;
 Thā Edinburgh, that Castell strang,
 Sall wareit be that stude sa lang,
 Sic murther for to feid. 195

Thairfor, yir plaigs wald yai eschew,
 I counsall thame in tyme to rew,
 And thair mischeif repent, 200
 Quhilk, gif thay do, 3e may aggre,
 Bot vtherwise na pace salbe,
 Thocht 3e thairto consent.

For thocht that Saul will Agag spair,
 3it God will haue his will, but mair,
 Fulfillit or he sace : 205
 Gif this 3e do not vnderstand,
 Speir at John Durie or John Brād :
 Thay will expone the place. 210

thocht murtherars says yat yai thrist blude,
 3it let na nobill mē of gude,
 Be craft that was brocht on it,
 And rewis yat yai haif tane sic part,
 Repenting trewly from thair hart, 215
 Feir, thocht Johne Knox expone it.

Bot gif yat thay grow proud & heich,
 And skar at 3ow as thay wer skeich,
 And on na wayis will bow thame,
 Let yame pas on to thair defensis, 220
 It salbe on thair awin expensis,
 Or all be done, I vow thame.

Than quhidder 3e conuene or nocht,
 Keip thir premissis in 3our thocht,

3e that of Leith ar barnis :
 The abstinence drawis neir ane end,
 Thairfoir, I pray 3ow, now attend :
 Think on : Experience warnis.

225

¶ FINIS.

✚ Imprentit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekpreuik.

1572.

XXXII.

 The lamentatiō of the Cōmounis
of Scotland.

[Broadside in 2 columns, Black Letter.—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. Volume of Proclamations. Scotland, 1570-1688. Press mark, 3/K/.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES. Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



UHAT thift, quhat reif, quhat murther & op-
pressiō,
Quhat saikless slauchter, quhat mortall
meserie,

Quhat pouertie, quhat derth and Tribulatioun
Dois Ring be Grange, all leidis on lyfe may se !
The schame is thyne, thocht we the sorrow drie, 5
Curst Nemrod, richt of Babilone the cheif !
We Commounis all lowd vengeance cryis on the,
Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of all our greif.

¶ We, sillie pure anis, quhair we wer wont to gang
With Coillis and Cokillis, with Fische, & sicklyke wair, 10
Upon our bakis, als mekill as we nicht fang,
With mirrie sang all tripping into pairis,
To wyn our leuing in mercat at sic Fairis,
Now we, allace ! but reuth, ar rest with theif ;
Haue we ane lyart, na baid bot all is thairis : 15
Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of all our reif.

¶ Na vther lyfe we pure men bade of better
 Nor with our Naiggis to gane to Edinburgh sone,
 With Peittis, with Turuis, and mony turse of Hedder;
 Ay gat gude saill, syne lap, quhen we had done, 20
 For mirrynes; and with the licht of Mone
 We wald ga hame but outhir fray or chace,
 Quhair now in sorrow fra dure to dure we clune,
 Blaming thy tressoun of all our cair, allace!

We Coilgearis, Cadgearis, and Carteris, in ane rout, 25
 Be bludie Wolfis, that Grange hes maid to steir,
 Our hors is reft, our selfis ar doun, but dout;
 Quhair we did trauell, we dar not now appeir
 Out of our Ludge, we tak of thame sic feir,
 Thocht it wald vs ten thousand Crownis auance: 30
 With morning Prayer we curse thame maid this we[ir,]
 Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of our mischance.

Allace! we Chapmen may with Creilmen murne
 Thay sillie men that brocht thair butter and egges
 To Edinburgh Croce, and did na vther turne; 35
 And we, agane, wald by ane Fraer of Fegges,
 Baith prenis and nedillis, and sell to landwart Megges:
 Than micht we trauell quhair we dar not this day,
 Bot lyis at hame, but meit—na drink bot dregges,
 Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of all our fray. 40

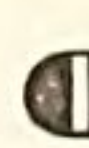
¶ Quhat wicht on lyfe will not vs pure pietie,
 That wont to bring the woll, the skin, and hyde
 To Edinburgh Towne, in peice and Cheritie,
 Fra Selkirk, Hawik, and the partis of Clyde,
 Quhair now, allace! in hoill and boir we byde? 45
 As wratches werie the Corenothe we carpe;
 Dar not keik out for Rebellis that dois ryde,
 Blaming thy tressoun of this our sorrow scharpe.

We Tinklaris, Tailzeouris, we craftismen out of nūber,
 That be our craft had ay ane honest lyfe, 50
 We wait of nocht bot mekill cair and cummer :
 Our Joy is turnit in wo and mortall stryfe.
 All our gay garmentis, of sindrie fassounis ryfe,
 We thame wedset, our bodyis to sustene :
 Na work ado bot beg, baith barne and wyfe, 55
 Blaming thy tressoun that causis vs complene.

We Merchandis all, that with our Merchand pakkis
 Did trauell ay fra Towne to Towne to Fairis,
 Thow hes vs baneist, thow hes vs fleit fra crakkis :
 We sit at hame, na saill is to our wairis. 60
 Thocht we wald trauell, thy reiffaris sa vs clairis
 With reif but reuth, but pietie with extortioun ;
 But mirth in meserie thay horribill houndis vs tairis,
 Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of our oppressioun.

We commounis all, with cair we may lament, 65
 That had sic peice, sic rest, and vnitie ;
 And now, allace ! ar rugit, reuin, and rent ;
 Our steidis are stowne, our cattell reft trewlie.
 With weiping, wallaway, nane may we wyte bot the,
 Thou Feind Infernall ! thou garris vs walk our so, 70
 Quhair we afoir did sleip richt quyetlie :
 Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of all our wo.

Bot, sen with sith 3e Cammounis do complene,
 With sob full sair richt trewly sall I tell,
 I, James Dalzell, Indwellar in the Dene, 75
 Be Grange, smaikis, I wait, send be himsell,
 Hes schot my wyfe throw birsket, lyre, and fell ;
 Scho, greit with barne, syne gaif the gaist with plane :
 Than cryit my bairnis with mony 3out and zell,
 Blaming thy tressoun that had thair Mother slane. 80

 Thay reuthles Ruffeis but reuth with crueltye
 Did slay my husband but caus into my sicht;
 Downie Ros be Name, ane Cuitlar of craft trewlie,
 With Gūnis him gord but mercy on the nicht.
 I and my bairnis sall craif Goddis plaigues ful richt 85
 To fall the, Grange, thou cruell Cokadraill!
 With fourtie ma nor did on Pharo licht:
 Blaming thy tressoun that causis vs bewaill.

Sen not but caus we wyte the of this wa,
 With panefull pech, with mony grank and grane, 90
 The curse the wareis, but blys, fra top to ta:
 Lat neuer thy freind se oucht of the bot schame,
 With cursit deith, that mony man the blame.
 Lucifer was heich, bot, Lord, thow threw him downe;
 Sa will he the, thow graceles Grange be Name! 95
 Blaming thy tressoun, with sorrow but Renowne.

 O tenefull Tyrane! O Gyant mekill but micht!
 Of vitious deidis thow art the only Fontane;
 Quhairfra all vice, but vertew, springis full richt,
 As dois the watter out of the Rok or Montane. 100
 We pure sall cry, with erie hartis fast dontane,
 To thee, O God! to scourge this wickit wicht,
 In Just exempill to all the warld maist certane,
 Blaming thy tressoun, the caus of all our plicht.

 Had thow bene trew but tressoun to our Roy, 105
 And to his Regent, gaif the that hault to keip
 As thow did sweir, we had not had this noy:
 We micht had peice quhair now in weir we weip,
 In wo but weill, but plesure in pane sa deip,
 Be the, O Tratour! that Rebellis did ressaif 110
 Into that hault with the thairin to creip.
 Ha! tressoun vntrew will gar ane widdie waif.

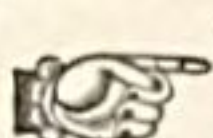
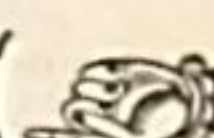
¶ Now lat vs all with hart and mynde vs dres,
 Baith euin and morne, richt law downe on our kne,
 With hyddeous schout all we, baith mair and les, 115
 For vengeance Just, with tene to fall on the.
 O thow ! O Lord and God in persoun thre !
 Consume this wratche with Brinstane, fyre, and thūder,
 That persecutis thy Sanctis with crueltie.
 Ha ! tressoun vntrew ane tow will Schaik in Schunder. 120

¶ Preserue with micht, fra slicht of fais defend
 Our King, gude Lord ! and als his Regent eik :
 Lat neuer thair micht, but richt, with hand ay bend,
 Haue strenth or power thame for to hurt or wreik.
 We, thy pure liegis, sall pray and als beseik 125
 To send the grace, lang space in weifair wend,
 That we may se the puneis vice, but meik,
 And tressoun, all sessoun : with this we mak ane end.

FINIS.

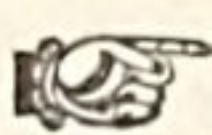
¶ Imprintit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekpreuik.
 Anno Do. M. D. LXXII.

XXXIII.

The Lamentation of Lady Scotland, compylit be hir self,
speiking in maner of ane Epistle, in the Moneth
of Marche, the zeir of God 1572.  (†) ()

[A copy of this poem, a small 8vo sheet of 8 leaves in Black Letter, supposed to be unique, was some time ago in the LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH, but cannot now be found.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES. Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]

¶ To the Richt Honourabill and Godly leirnit Gentilman The
Laird of Dune, Minister of Goddis Word and Superintendent of
His Kirk in Angus, Mernis &c. P.R. His Humbill Seruant S.

 (* *) ()



O quhome suld I my Rurall veirse direct,
Bot vnto him that can thame weill correct?
Befoir quhome suld this mater ga to licht,
Bot to ane faithfull, Godly, Christin Knicht?

To quhome can I this lytill throuch propyne,

5

Bot vnto ane of Excellent Ingyne?

Not for the termes, nor for the worthynes

Of ony thing that I do heir expres;

Bot for because I aucht, of bound dewtie,

To dedicat to him sum Noueltie.

10

Go, bill, than, to the Laird of Dune I send the,
 Beseiking him to tak his pen and mend the.
 Mend the, (alaik!) quhy suld he tak that pane?
 To sicht the ones, it will bot vex his brane.
 For as, in sum Schyre, thair is bot ane myre, 15
 Quhilk is our all, that man and beist dois tyre;
 Sa into the he sall bot ane fault find,
 Quhilk is our all, befoir, and als behind.
 3it not the les I know him sa discreit,
 Gif he mend not thy veirse and hauling feet, 20
 3it at the leist sa surely he will byde the,
 That poets nane sall se the to diryde the.
 Pas on, than, bauldly, and to him deploir
 This present stait. Fair weill: I say no moir.

¶ The Lamentatioun of Lady Scotland, Compylit be hir self,
 speiking in maner of ane Epistle, in the moneth of Marche, ye
 3eir of God 1572.



E vapurs wak, and watters in the air!
 3e Seyis sa deip! 3e fludis and fountanis
 fair!
 Heir my complaint; to 3ow my cace I
 mene,
 That 3e may wellis gif to my febill ene,
 To testifie with teiris my wofull cace, 5
 And with 3our murning weid absconse my face.

¶ My husband, deir gude Johne, the Cōmoun-weill,
 To quhome I did all my affairis reueill,
 As he to me did, in our faithfull dayis,
 But fraude, or gyle, or tressoun ony wayis: 10
 Than lusty, gay, and flurischung wer we;
 Trew, faithfull Children he begat on me.

Sic lufe and faith to vther thay did beir,
 That thay knew not quhat beist was Ciuile weir.
 My heid wald not disdane my leggis and feit, 15
 My Eine foirsaw all perallis nicht me meit.
 My hands and armes, ay reddy to defend me,
 To snib my children gif they did offend me.
 My bodie was weill cled with Policie;
 My Hat was of Justice and Equitie; 20
 My Coller, of trew Nichtbour lufe it was,
 Weill prenit on with Kyndnes and solas;
 My Gluifis wer of fre Liberalitie;
 My Sleifis wer of to borrow and len glaidlie;
 My Lais and Mailzies of trew permanence; 25
 My stomak maid was of clene Conscience;
 My waist was gyrdit with Sobrietie;
 My leggs and feit schod with Simplicitie;
 My hart was haille; my stomach weill disposit;
 Of peice and rest my Bowellis wer composet. 30
 Quhat wald 3e moir? Schir commoun-weill and I
 Held hous lang tyme; bot Sathan had Inuy
 To see vs so; than callit he Seditioun,
 With pryde his Sone, to quhome he gaif cōmissioun
 To tak with thame discord, and Nichtbour feid, 35
 Efter, I mene, that our gude bairnis wer deid,
 To poyssoun me with thair Infectit cryme,
 With sum of my awin children of this tyme:
 Of quhilks I pray the Lord God mak me fre.
 Ambitioun will not lat thame aggre. 40
 Thir mony 3eiris thay haue me disconfortit,
 I trauell 3it as I had thame aduortit:
 The malice greit, that ilk to vther beiris,
 Dois ryfe my bowells with thair Ciuile weiris:
 Sair boistit thay my husband commoun-weill, 45
 And maid thair vowis and aithis him for to Keill,
 In ony part quhair thay him with me fand;
 Quhairfoir, for feir, he fled from me, Scotland.

Away, sum sayis, to Veneis is he gone,
 Or to the Swisches, as thay do suppose, 50
 Quhair he is saif from danger, hurt, or skaith;
 Heir wald he deit of cauld and hounger baith.
 Thus am I left as wedow in distres
 For commoun-weill : my bairnis left Fatherles.

¶ Children I had, in all vertewis perfyte : 55
 To peice and Justice was thair haill delyte.
 Sum of displesure deit for wo and cair;
 Sum wyrreit was, and blawin in the air;
 And sum in Stirling schot was to the deid,
 That mair was geuin to peice nor Ciuile feid. 60
 Bot ane was slane, vnto my skaith and schame,
 Becaus he socht to fetch my husband hame :
 He was my deir and best belouit Sone;
 All that he did, for my weilfair was done.
 Lyke ane gude Mediciner, or gude Syruge, 65
 Of euill humouris he did my body purge.
 Quhat wald 3e moir? sen James in Falkland deit
 Nane for my weill sa weill with me aggreit,
 Nor 3it sa weill did lufe Schir Commoun-weill,
 Nor vnto me bure sic ane feruent 3eill. 70
 Mordreist he was in Lythgow tratrouslie;
 The murtherars vnto my heid did fle,
 Quhair thay tuik hald, and 3it dois hald thame fast,
 And ay sensyne my heid hes bene agast.
 For quhy throw Falset and Subtillitie 75
 Thay chaist away Justice and Equitie;
 For laik of quhilks my heid dois wark and 3aik,
 And all my body trymbill dois and schaik :
 For, quhen the heid is seik, the Prouerb is,
 That all the members be the worse, I wis. 80

¶ My claithis ar ruin, that pietie is to se;
 Particular weill hes spulzeit policie.

My Coller rent is be Dame Fremitnes ;
 The Prenis thairof ar reft be sad Nysenes ;
 Dame Nigartnes my Gluifis hes hint away ; 85
 Tak for himself my Sleifis dois reist and stay.
 My Lace and Mailzeis tane be Variance ;
 My Stomak worne is be dissimulance ;
 My belt is cuttit of pure Gluttonie ;
 My leggs and feit now schod with Pouertie ; 90
 My hart is seik ; my stomach keipis na meit ;
 My bowells Rumbills as thay wald vther eit.
 Now for to couer all this villannie,
 Ane Cloik thay gif me of authoritie.
 Authoritie, (alaik !) na les thay mene, 95
 For thay desyre neuer to se thair Quene ;
 Bot that thay may in hir Name bruik offices,
 With power to cleik vp the benefices.
 Nane I excuse on ather syde ; for quhy
 Ilk ane his awin hous seikis to edify, 100
 And nane dois cair for Commoun-weill ane prene.

¶ I grant I had ane Douchter was ane Quene,
 Baith gude and fair, gentill and Liberall,
 Dotit with vertewis and wit Naturall ;
 Prignant in Spreit, in all things honourabill, 105
 Lusty, gude lyke, to all men fauourabill ;
 Schamefull to euill, baith honest, meik and law ;
 Thir vertewis all scho had, quhyls scho stude aw
 Of God Eterne, as of hir Gouvernour,
 And quhen scho did regaird hir hie Honour. 110
 Bot at the last, throw filthy speiche and Counsell,
 That scho did heir of sum curst Kittie vnsell,
 Fra scho gaif eir to sic vyle bawderie,
 God, Schame, and honour, scho forzet all thre.

It wer to lang the vices to reheirse, 115
 Quhairin from thyne scho did hir self exerce :

The Reidar wald thame think maist Insolent,
 Bot I thame leif, becaus thay ar Recent :
 For quhilks scho was thocht vnworthy to Ring,
 Ane Crowne to bruik or ony Royall thing : 120
 Sa all my Children, with hir awin consent,
 Deposit hir in oppin Parliament.
 Than wald scho that thay suld hir awin sone crowne,
 Quhilk thing thay did sa Syce vp and Sink downe :
 God saue his Grace : for quhy the same is he 125
 In me that hes the trew authoritie.

Praisit be God, I haue, fre at command,
 That fair 3oung Prince in Stirling, my richt hand.
 Wer not in hope I leif to se that day,
 That he sall purge thir foull humouris away, 130
 And me restoir agane vnto my helth,
 3ea, caus my Children flurische in all welth :
 Wer not he is brocht vp in all gude thing
 Affeiring to ane Godly Prince and King,
 Be gude Lord Deddy, my trew faithfull freind, 135
 Cum of ane race of men to me maist kynd ;
 For Lady Minnie, I dar tak in hand,
 Happy is he hes sic ane gouernand :
 Wer not thir thingis that maks me leif in hope,
 At libertie to se this Lyoun scope, 140
 One day to Rore and Ramp vpon his fois,
 To bring thame law, that now sa proudly gois :
 Wer not thir thingis, I say, and vthers mo,
 I wald dispair, and die for pane and wo.
 To 3ow, Vapouris, and watters in the air, 145
 And seyis sa deip, I downe my plaint declair.
 3e seyis, I say, gif passage, and 3e can,
 Till sum faithfull to bring hame my gude-man.

¶ And 3e, my Kirk, my Faithfull Mother deir,
 That purgit art of Channoun, Monk, and Freir, 150

Of Papist Priest, Papist, and Papistrie,
 Bot not, allace, clene of Hypocrasie,
 Of auarice, pryde and ambitioun,
 Thocht 3e haue left all Superstitioun :
 I grant the word of God is trewlie Preichit, 155
 And in the schuills Exercise trewlie teichit ;
 3it, sayis the Commounis, 3e do not 3our office,
 For vpaland thay haue not dew seruice :
 The rowmis appointit pepill to confidder,
 To heir Gods word, quhair thay suld pray togidder, 160
 Ar now conuertit in scheip Coits and Fauldis,
 Or ells ar fallin, becaus nane thame vphauldis ;
 The Parische Kirkis, I mene, thay sa misgyde
 That nane for wynd and rane thairin may byde :
 Thairfoir na plesure tak thay of the tempill ; 165
 Nor 3it to cum quhair nocht is to contempill
 Bot Crawis and Dowis cryand and makand beir,
 That nane throughly the Minister may heir ;
 Baith Fedders, Fylth, and Doung dois ly abrod,
 Quhair folk suld sit to heir the word of God ; 170
 Quhilk is occasioun to the aduersaryes
 To mok and scorne sic things befoir 3our eyes.
 Thus to disdane the hous of Orisoun
 Dois mak folk cauld to thair Deuotioun.
 And als thay do disdane to heir Gods word, 175
 Thinking the same to be ane Jestig bourd ;
 Thay go to labour, drinking, or to play,
 And not to 3ow vpon the Sabboth day :
 Sa thay prouoke the wraith of God, allace !
 Quhilk hes maid me to fall in this distres. 180
 3it suld I not blame 3ou, that sic dois perische,
 Bot Lords, and Lairds, & Cōmouns of ilk Parische,
 The quhilk wer wont for to caus euerie pleuch,
 In vphalding the Kirk, to pay aneuch.
 To do the same 3e suld thame 3it exhort, 185
 Togidder that thay suld the pure support.

The Prouerb is : of Palice, Kirk and brig,
Better in tyme to beit nor efter to big.

3e collegis and Uniuersitie,
That to all vthers suld exempill be, 190
I se 3our tempills cassin downe and reuin :
The maist part are bot theikit with the heuin.
This, quhilk to 3ow I do sa planely wryte,
The commounis speiks of 3ow and dois bakbyte.
Amend sic things, I humblie 3ow beseik, 195
And dit the mouths of thame that sa dois speik,
Making 3our lyfis and Conuersatiouns
To preiche and teiche lyke vnto 3our persouns.
It suld be 3e, Mother, suld me instruct ;
It suld be 3e, to Christ suld me conduct ; 200
It suld be 3e, suld schaw me the richt way,
How I suld serue my God baith nicht and day ;
It suld be 3e, that suld do diligence
For to aggre this Ciuile difference ;
It suld be 3e, throw Preiching, suld me mufe 205
To Cheritie and freindly Nichtbour lufe ;
It suld be 3e, that suld gif gude exempill
Of lyfe and warks to thame dois 3ow contempill ;
It suld be 3e, that suld be at all tyme
Clene without spot, and purgit of all cryme ; 210
It suld be 3e, Mother, it suld be 3e,
To quhome the pepill suld giue eir and Ee ;
It suld be 3e, schortly, I say no moir,
That to all vertewis suld 3ow Indeuoir.

¶ And 3e, my Barrouns and Nobilitie, 215
That dois oppres my pure Communitie,
Quhair is 3our wit, 3our ressoun, sence, and feill,
To fle away my husband Commoun-weill ?
Quhat haue 3e wyn sensyne ? lat se 3our ganis :
Gar pryse 3our proffeit, & esteme 3our panis. 220

The panis, I wait, the proffeit will surmont,
 A greit daill moir nor 3e can mak 3our compt.
 I find, sensyne the 3ow hes borne the bell,
 Wyfis Maisters bene in geuing hail Counsell
 To Lords and Lairds ; I speik generallie, 225
 As may be sene, allace ! our weill on me.
 Hume, Huntly, Grange, and all 3e of that syde,
 Behald now how 3e do the mater gyde,
 To caus my Sisters France and Ingland scorne 3ow,
 That walterars of Courts 3e lat suborne 3ow : 230
 3it 3e and thay did sweir with aithis condng,
 And did subscriue to be trew to the King.
 In takin quhairof, with all 3e did aggre,
 To Crowne and place him in authoritie.
 Gif 3e wirk weill, 3our deids ane day will schaw, 235
 For raising fyre aganis my actis and law,
 In halding towns and strenths 3our King aganis,
 Putting the rest of 3our brether to panis ;
 Quhome I excuse not, as I said befoir,
 For I persaif, ambitioun and vane gloir 240
 And gredynes to reule dois blind 3ow baith,
 Quhilk dois redound to my greit hurt and skaith.
 3our tennents plenzeis that thay ar opprest
 Be 3ow and 3ours, that dois thame soir molest.
 3e hicht yair maills ; yair pleuchs 3e dowbil on yame ; 245
 Thay tyne thair tyme at sic things to opone yame ;
 For na rest will 3e get into 3our raggs,
 Gif sum sect knaw that thay haue geir or baggs ;
 3our Nichtingails will sing sa in 3our eiris,
 That 3e sall nichtly haue Domestik weiris. 250
 “ 3on carle,” quod scho, “ my Joy, dois beinly dwell,
 And all prouisioun hes within himsell,
 In barne or byre, in hall, Girnell, and Seller ;
 His wyfe weiris weluot on hir Gowne and Coller ;
 Thay ar sa riche, that thay do vs misknaw ; 255
 Than better sone to drag nor lait to draw.”

Sone in his Gersum hichtit, and his Maillis ;
 Him self grows waik, his geir and houshald faillis :
 Quhair sic wer wont to haue Guse, Cok, and Hen,
 Breid, drink, and bedding, to treit honest men, 260
 Now drink thay Mylk and Swaits in steid of Aill,
 And glaid to get Peis breid and watter Caill :
 Quhair sic wer wont to ride furth to the weir,
 With Jak and Sword, gude hors, Knapskull, & speir ;
 Quhair sic wer wont brauely to mak thame bowne, 265
 With Lord or Laird to ryde to Burrowis towne ;
 Quhair sic wer wont at all Games to be reddy,
 To schuit or loup, for to exerce thair body :
 Now mon thay wirk and labour, pech and pant,
 To pay thair Maisters Maillis exhorbitant ; 270
 Ryue out the Mures ; the bestialls gers intak :
 Thay ar sa waik thay dow not beir a Jak,
 And gets waik bairns, euill nureist, in distres :
 Sa be sic wayis my Commouns dois dicres.
 My torment sair constrynis me this to speik ; 275
 Na merweil quhy, for I am wondrous seik ;
 Beseiking 3ow my seiknes to remeid,
 Quhilk may be done, ceissing 3our Ciuile feid
 To follow Christ and his Commandement,
 Quha said, befoir his last department ; 280
 “ Ilk one lufe vther with sic freindly lufe,
 That 3e may be the bairnis of God abufe ;
 And cleith 3ow with fair Garments clene & quhyte,
 Without malice, contentioun, or dispyte,
 Aganis my cūming quhilk trewly salbe, 285
 Quhen 3e leist wene, in twinkling of an Ee.”
 Thus said the Lord to 3ow, and to all men,
 That be thir marks thay sall God’s children ken.
 Heirfoir, my Nobills, seik peice, do that 3e can
 To follow Christ, and chais away Sathan, 290
 With his Supposts, and all that taks in hand
 For to diurse me from my gude husband.

¶ Now 3e, my Burges, Craftis, & Merchand men,
 And 3e, my Commounis, with my hynd 3emen,
 To 3ow I haue sum purpois for to say, 295
 How, quhen, and quhy, my husband fled away.
 First, thair come in, lurkand vpon 3our gait,
 Pryde and Inuy, with Falset and Dissait.
 Thir four socht ludgeing all the towne about.
 Quhat suld thay seik? Lang time thay lay thairout, 300
 Till ane 3ule euin 3our wyfes to counsall went;
 Than spak ane Lawers wyfe, baith trym and gent:
 "Cūmers," quod scho, "it is a pietie to se
 Folk in a towne for cauld and hounger die;
 It is mair schame in Burgh for to se beggers 305
 Nor is it skaith in Crawmont to want dreggers:
 Quhairof dois serue our greit cheir and fair bigging,
 Bot for to help the pure that gais a thigging?
 Quhairof dois serue our husbands gold and rent,
 Bot to sustene the pure and Indigent? 310
 3it lat vs ludge 3one twa that gais befoir,
 Pryde and Inuy, gif we will do no moir;
 And gif our husbands speirs quhy did we so,
 Answer we may, we left them vther two.
 Now gif 3e pleis, Cummers, I sall begin 315
 This same cauld nicht to tak ane of thame in."
 "We knaw thame not," quod thay; "bot tak 3e ane,
 We must not leif the vther bird alane."
 So thay did skaill; and scho tuke with hir Pryde;
 And on the morne scho come furth lyke ane bryde, 320
 With hir new Gaist, als proud as ane Paycok,
 And in hir hart scho did hir cummers mok:
 Quhilk quhen thay saw, with speid thay ran in hy,
 And for dispyte amangs thame ludgit Inuy,
 In counterfuting hir in all kin things, 325
 Courche, Coller, Cloik, Belt, Braislets, & Rings.
 Then wox the Lawers wyfe richt proud in hart;
 Bot 3it hir cummers callit scho apart,

Saying, "Cummers, quhat is the caus, and quhy,
 That, in dispyte of me, 3e treit Inuy?" 330
 "Becaus," quod thay, "that 3e alone tuik Pryde,
 And thocht that we suld not marche 3ow besyde;
 Thairfoir we thocht in that point 3e did wrang vs:"
 "Aggre," quod scho, "and ludge thame baith amang vs."
 Quhilk thing thay did, and all did condiscend 335
 To treit and keip thame to the warlds end.
 Thus hes 3our wyfis thir twa tane to be thairs,
 And left the vther twa for 3our affairs.
 Quhilk seing 3e and 3our wairs gros and grof,
 And with 3our wyfis thir two so muche maid of; 340
 3e gros geir left, and went for wyne and spyces,
 Frenche claith and silks, for to cleith vp thir vyces:
 Quhilks for to out with dowbill met and mesure,
 The vther tway 3e ludgeit at thair plesure.
 Quhat wald 3e moir? 3e wait weill quhat I mene: 345
 Disludge thame now, and chais thame from 3ow clene.

¶ 3e Hammer men, 3e that maks schois and claiths,
 3e treit thir twa with mony manesworne aiths;
 And 3e lykewise, all Crafts in Generall,
 Alaik, I feill 3ow to thame bound and thrall: 350
 Mairouir, 3our drinking Extraordinair
 Maks oft 3our wyfis and bairns euill to fair:
 Quhen 3e wald drink in hous, 3e may be bauld
 To do the same at hame with 3our houshold:
 All byganis mend: in tyme to cum, luick 3e 355
 Begyle na man, bot wirk 3our wark trewlie.

¶ To 3ow, my Commouns, quhat mair can I say?
 I pietie 3ow as far furth as I may;
 Now pure 3e ar, 3it purer wald 3e be
 For vsing proud pure Prodigalitie. 360
 Thair is na Lord nor Laird in all this land,
 Bot 3e man counterfait in claiths fra hand,

Fra top to ta, thocht 3e suld beg and borrow.
 Johne, ga 3our way, for it will not be for 3ow :
 3e suld 3our ground grube with Simplicitie, 365
 And mak 3our claiths conforme to 3our degre ;
 Bot 3e, 3our wyfe, and bairns, can tak na rest,
 Without 3e counterfait the worthyest :
 Buft brawlit hois, Coit, Dowblet, sark, and scho :
 3our wyfe and bairns conforme mon be thairto. 370
 Leif of, and leirne 3our bairns to saw and teill :
 Sic doings chaist away the Commoun-weill.

All thir foirfalt that I haue done reheirs,
 That Lords, Lairds, Ladys, and Lawers dois exerce,
 Kirk, Burges, Merchand, Cōmouns, Crafts and all, 375
 Hes haill the wyte of this my wofull fall.
 Amend heirfoir and call to God for Grace,
 Beseiking him to gif vs rest and peace,
 In our lyfe tyme, that we may trewly know
 Ane God Eterne, ane Faith, ane King, ane Law ; 380
 And at the last to bring vs to his gloir,
 To Ring with him in blys for euer moir. Amen.

The Conclusion be P.R. to all and Sum.

¶ All that this reids, the mater sad will think ;
 Sum that this heirs, I wait, will discommend it ;
 Thocht all and sum heir at partly do schrink, 385
 3it sory I that thay suld be offendit ;
 Heirfoir, I wald that this wer blythlie endit.
 For to mak all or sum lauch at the last,
 Than all and sum sall heir, in tyme bypast
 Quhen Fornicatioun haldin was na cryme, 390
 How that sum prelats did walk, pray, and fast,
 And serue in Kirk according to that tyme.

¶ A prelat ane day in his bed, to sport him,
 Did clap his lufe with kisses soft and sweit ;
 In this meane tyme, thair was, to recomfort him, 395
 Peirtryks and pleuers pyping on the speit.
 Then vp he rais, and made him for thame meit,
 With gude quhyte wyne and all the partinence.
 Quhen he had tane this on his conscience,
 He gaif ane greit pech, lyke ane weill fed stirk, 400
 “Och, Lord,” quod he, “Now gif me patience !
 Quhat stres thoill we to serue thy haly Kirk !”

FINIS.

¶ Imprintit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekpreuik.

1572.

XXXIV.

Ane Exclamatioun maid in England vpon the deliquerance of the Erle of Northumberland furth of Lochlevin quho immediatly thairefter wes execute In Yorke. [1572.]

[SIR RICHARD MAITLAND'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1555-1586, in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Quarto MS., fol. 89^b. — PINKERTON'S ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS. 2 vols. crown 8vo. London, 1786.]



WHO list to mark the Scottisch gyse,
Or knaw the customes of thair kyndis,
Sall weill persave thair craftie wyse,
And fals, dissaitfull, doubill myndis :

For quhair as thay gud will profes,
The treuth apperis—thay mein no les.

5

Gif travell, be occasioun, try
Of foraine landis the Inclinatioun,
Be pruif richt weill I doe espy
The Scottisch tred and nauchtie fassioun
To be so bad, that from the rest
Thair lyfis and guydingis ar detest.

10

Thair fassioun I abhor, in deid ;
Thair conversatiounis is defylit ;
Faire speich prevaillis thameselfis to speid ;
Quho to thame trustis ar clein begylit ;

15

For thay richt simplie will declair,
Of quhome the Just aucht to be war.

The fairer speich, the falsir hairtis :
The suirest bandis, the sonest brokin : 20
The greater lordis, the falser partis :
Gif þis worde may agane be spokin ;
For Lordis and Lairdes ar nather Just,
Nor 3it the cōmounis to be trust.

In falset thay excell in kynd ; 25
In wordes thay maist of all exceid ;
In treasoun none lyik doe I find ;
In treuth thay neuer observe þair creid :
For, say and promise quhat thay can,
Thair wordes and deidis will neuer pan. 30

Gif Judas pairt wes tressonabill,
Or Pylatis Judgmentis comptit bad,
Quhy sould I think thame ressonabill ?
For honest trust thay neuer had :
Experience be thame selfis appeiris 35
Of thair greit tressoun in few 3eiris.

And now, of lait, the gretest wrang
That euer nobill man possest—
Ane baneist Lord wes thame amang,
Quho fled for feir to be opprest ; 40
Northumberland hecht þis Lord to name,
Sumtyme of honor and greit fame.

Quho, for releif in time of wo,
Did helples wander in thair land,
As baneist wichtis wer wont to go, 45
Till efter grace thay better fand.
Murray, Mortoun, and Ruthvenis caice,
For slauchter in thair princis place,

With thowsandis mo of lordis and lounis,
 Of that vngracious natioun bred, 50
 Quho fand releif in all or tounis,
 As custome and gud fassioun led ;
 Thocht vnder color thay pretendit,
 3it baneist wichtis wer ay defendit.

Gif trespass be so greit ane sin 55
 As disobedience dois deserue,
 Gif no refudge ane man may win,
 The penitent for helpe may sterue :
 In Scotland had not bene sic tuill,
 Gif this had bene þe cōmon reull. 60

Fy on the, Scotland, and thy seid !
 Abone all realmis woe the befall !
 Thy lordis hes done so schamfull a deid
 That tratoris ay men will 3ow call :
 3ow ar so gredie on Englisch gold 65
 That all 30^r credit now is sould.

And gif that you had bene in mynd
 The auncient leig, as trewis requyrit,
 Nocht heirtofoir 3ow sall on find
 That to thair deith hes bene delyuerit ; 70
 Muche moir ane nobill baneist lord :
 Quhy sould 3e sell him to the cord ?

This cryme of 3ours is so manifest
 Abone all subtill treasounis greit,
 The gold 3e gat for suche ane gaist 75
 Will neuer by 3our childring meit ;
 It will decay, and 3it 3our fame
 Cōtinew sall with cruell blame.

Gif France had bene of 3our accord,
Or Flaunderis gevin thame selfis to gaine, 80
Thair is remaning 3it one lord
That had possest this wofull paine ;
Bot 3it these lordis sall hono^r haue,
Quhen 3e with schame sall go to grave.

And thocht I wryte aganis 3our act, 85
3it am I glaid we have the man :
God may be gude, and 3it 3our fact
3our childeris childrein may it ban :
God is gracious quhen we repent,
And our Quene mercifull in Judgment. 90

FINIS.

XXXV.

The Answair to the Englisch Ballad.

[SIR RICHARD MAITLAND'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1555-1586, in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Quarto MS., fol. 91a. — PINKERTON'S ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS. 2 vols. crown 8vo. London, 1786.]



OW that doe wryte aganis the Scottis,
 Thair action for to deprave,
 Thame taxing with so schamfull blottis,
 Sould haue alledgit ressounis grave :

I 3ow advyise, call in 3our scroll,
 3ow wait not quho will it controll.

5

Thocht sum have playit Judas pairt
 In selling gud Northumberland,
 Quhy sould the hoill, for thair desert,
 That faine wald haue that fact withstand,
 Or 3it the countrey beir the blame?
 Let thame that sauld him haue the schame.

10

Mar, and the divelische Douglassis,
 And, namelie, Mortoun and Lochlevin,
 Mackgill and Orknay, Scottisch assis,
 And Cleisch quhom to þe gold wes gevin,
 Dunfermling that the py prepaired,
 And lowse Lindsay quho was his gaird—

15

These onlie wer the Judassis ;
 These onlie gave thairto advyise ; 20
 And onlie these twa Douglassis
 Participatit of his pryce ;
 So lat his bluid be on thair heidis,
 On thair posteritie, and seidis.

3our Quene had pruif that Mortounis race 25
 To covatice wes hoill Inclynde ;
 And so, to prosecute this caice,
 Addrest hir onlie to that kynd,
 And not to all, bot Mortoun rather,
 Be money that corrupt his father. 30

Quho tuik King Hareis money so,
 Our cardinall to keip in hauld,
 And syne for money luit him go,
 And for fyve hundreth crounis him sauld :
 Of kynd so Mortoun hes it then, 35
 To chope and chainge and to sell men.

3ow sould not preis disestimation
 To such as thairin no lak had ;
 Thocht thair be also of o^r natioun,
 As of all otheris, gud and bad, 40
 3it blame not all for one or two
 That meinis no treuth to freind nor fo.

Sen France producit ane Ganzelon,
 And England monye traitor^{is} bred,
 Quhat fairlie, than, thocht we haue on? 45
 3it it is not ane Scottisch tred :
 For Scotland ay of auld and new
 To baneist wichtis wes euer trew.

Henrie the Sext wes heir exylde,
 For quhome we micht haue had greit gane ; 50
 As for his Quene and onlye chyld,
 3it wer thay nather sauld nor slaine :
 3our storeis schawis, wer thay pervsit,
 Greit stoir : bot nane that wes euill vsit.

This Lordis wyfe socht to Lord Home, 55
 As Leonard Dakeris and mony mo,
 Quhome all the gold in Christindome
 Wald not have movit to sell thame so :
 3e knaw quhat hairme he hes susteind,
 For that he trewlie thame mainteind. 60

The Erle of Sussix can recoird,
 Quhen he desyrit thame of his hand,
 The generous ansuer of that lord,
 That he maid to his schairpe demand :
 Said he wald rather give his heid 65
 Or he sould do so vyild ane deid.

For deid wald lest bot for ane sessoun,
 And pas sone with celeritie ;
 The vyile and filthie blot of tressoun
 Wald staine his haill posteritie : 70
 Wer it to doe, he wald ressave thame,
 And he nor nane sould neuer have thame.

So tressoun is no Scottische gyse ;
 To terme it so, 3e haue no ground,
 Sen heir afflictit wichtis alwyse 75
 Hes euer ayd and favo^r found ;
 Althocht sum trator^{is} be amang ws,
 In blaming all, forsuith, 3e wrang ws.

Ȝe sould not all the realme detract,
Nor Impute falset to our kynd, 80
Sen monye with that filthie fact
Ar soir offendit in thair mynd,
And to avenge it wald be glaid :
Will Ȝe concur, Ȝe sall have ayd.

Ȝour Quene abhoris thame in hir hairt, 85
Mislyking for thair filthie naturis ;
And wald be glaid to sie thame smart,
Lyking Ȝe treasoun, not Ȝe tratoris ;
Scho knawis thay did it not for love :
It wes hir gold that did thame move. 90

Wald Ȝe doe for yo^r countrie man,
As for o^r honoris caus we wald,
We sall avenge it on that clan,
Ȝour freind that to the scambills sauld :
So pruif and deid sall testifie 95
Ȝour kyndnes and o^r honestie.

FINIS.

XXXVI.

Ane Schort Inveccyde maid aganis the delgurance
of the erle of Northūberland.

[SIR RICHARD MAITLAND'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1555-1586, in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Quarto MS., fol. 93*b*.—PINKERTON'S ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. London, 1786.—THE POEMS OF SIR RICHARD MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT. (Maitland Club.) Glasgow, 1830.]



WHAT faithfull hairt dois not for sorrow burst,
To heir thair realme blasonit and blasphemit,
And of all other countreis comptit as accurst,
Discreditit, disdanit, disestemit,
And men þerof as doubill tratouris demit, 5
And taxit with so mony schamfull blot,
So poyntit out, and from all faithfull flemit,
Saying : avoyde the fals dissaitfull Scot?

Avoide thay bid thay fals and filthie trato^{ris},
So, generallie, we ar of straingeris stylit, 10
And repete of sa fals, mischevous naturis,
As na man may beleif ws, vnbegylit :
God wait how we ar ralit on, and revylit,
And blamit for monye tressounis moniefauld,
And quhat Inveccyde ballatis ar compylit, 15
Sen þe gud erle Northūberland wes sauld.

Alace ! quhy sould not wit and worthines,
 Honestie, hono^r, and humilitie
 Assuagit sumquhat have sic gredines ?
 That paragon of trew nobilitie, 20
 And perfyte patroun of civilitie,
 So courtes, stout, trew, liberall, and kynd,
 Sould have bene quyte with moir fidelitie,
 And have with mercye movit [much] 30^r mynd.

That loving lord, sa voyde of all dispyte, 25
 Of Vertewis having sic pluralitie,
 In honest pastyme takand his delyte,
 With monye rair and princleie qualitie,
 So nobill port and liberalitie,
 Sic hardines and hairt heroicall, 30
 Deservit rather Immortalitie
 Then to haue had ane end so tragicall.

Alace ! that euer Scotland sould haue bred
 Sic to thy awin dishono^r, schame, and greif,
 That, quhen ane nobill man wes thairto fled, 35
 At neid to seik sum succour and releif,
 Sould have bene coulpit twyise ; first be ane theif,
 Then be Lochlevin, quho did thre 3eir him keip,
 That gat greit gaine to saue him from mischeif,
 Syne sauld him to the skambillis lyik ane scheip. 40

Our antecessor^{is}, and fatheris honorabill,
 Could not be movit be favo^r, force, nor feir,
 To doe ane deid so vyle and detestabill,
 And mekill les for gredines of geir,
 As be our storeis plainlie dois appeir ; 45
 Bot oft Incurrit monye doutfull daingeris,
 And oft tymes baid þe hasard of þe weir,
 For þe resset and succouring of straingeris.

Greit lordis and erlis, 3e, dyuers duikis and kingis,
 For quhome þis realme hes sufferit mekill paine, 50
 Exylit from þair countreis and thair ringis,
 In Scotland saiflie lang tyme did remaine,
 As Richard, and Henrie the sext makis plaine;
 And monye ma exampillis may be gevin,
 Of quhome thay micht haue gottin gretar gaine, 55
 Quhose luk wes gud thay came not in Lochlevin.

Fy on the, Mar! that euer thow consentit
 Ane nobill man sa falslie to dissave!
 Þow may weill leif quhill thow at lairge repēt it,
 And thou trowit M'Gill, that drinking knaif, 60
 Or Dumfermling, that the sic counsall gave;
 Or had to doe with Mortounis fellowschep:
 Lowse Lyndsay 3it did better with þe laif,
 That tuik þair geir, and luit thame selfis slip.

Fals mischeant Mortoun, febill and vnkind, 65
 Thy wretchit hairt could neuer schame eschew!
 How could so small ane sowme haue movit 3o^r mind,
 Be this vyild act auld tressounis to renew?
 Thow never wes vpricht, trustie, nor trew
 To freind, to fo, nor to na other man: 70
 On sic vyild treasoun vengeance man ensew
 On the, and all thy fals degenerat clan.

Lochlevin, that wes ay faithles to thy brother,
 To quhome thow wes so bound be benefeit!
 How could thow keip thy credit to ane other, 75
 That schamefullie aganis his will and wit,
 The air of Buchane, quhom he did cōmit
 To thy keiping, put on thy brotheris bed;
 And, sen his deith, him to dishono^r 3it
 Hes rasis ane schamefull summoundis to heir red? 80

Thow left him falslie in aduersitie,
 And all his freindschip vtterlie refusit,
 And work buir witnes of thy loyaltie,
 Quhen that þe Quene wes in the Louche Inclusit;
 Baith hir and him thow tratourouslie abusit, 85
 And gave gud tryell of thy lytill treuth;
 Quhen scho escapit how could thow be excusit,
 Bot thair wes slicht, or ellis ane wilfull sleuth?

3it, trato^r! this vnhonest, bludie blok
 Surpassis far thy tresounis all of auld; 90
 Quhair ever thow gangis thow art ane gasing stok;
 For all the pepill cryis: "cum and behauld
 The trato^r that þe gud lord Persie sauld,"
 Wissing his bluid to be vpon thy heid:
 From age to age thy treasoun wil be tauld, 95
 And be ane schame for euer to thy seid.

Judas, that sauld our Saluiour to be slaine,
 Ane vyler draucht nor thow did neuer draw;
 Nor Ganzelon, aganis Charles the maine;
 Nor Andro Bell, that wicked vyld outlaw; 100
 Nor 3it the tratour Eckie of þe Hairlaw,
 That says he sauld him to redeme his pledge:
 3our deid is war, as all the warld dois knaw;
 3e can nothing bot covatice alledge.

3it sen the act wes so Inordinat, 105
 And it behuiffit be cheif tratouris to be,
 I wait 3e wer thairto preordinat,
 Not be ane chance, bot fatall destanie,
 That nane it could have execut bot 3e;
 For quha 3o^r nature cleirly vnderstandis 110
 Will think ane act of so greit villanie
 Behovit of force to fall into 3o^r handis,

As metest merchand for ane Maister steik,
 Baith fals of kynd, and in the craft expert,
 And þerby garis 3our kitchingis daylie reik. 115

Na other men could haue found in thair hairt
 To sell the saikles as ane slauchter mairt ;
 Had Christ himself bene in the Perseyis rowme,
 I wait 3e wald have playit Judas pairt,
 Gif Cayphas had offerit 3ow the sowme. 120

3it, for 3o^r mischeāt and mischevous deid,
 The countrey aucht not for to beir the blame ;
 Bot onlie that fals and degenerat seid
 Of Douglassis fals, wratchit, and infame ;
 And cheiflie Mortoun, and Lochlevin be name, 125
 That of his bluide resavit þe pygrall pryce ;
 So with the silver sall 3e have þe schame,
 And sic 3our freindis as gave þerto advyise.

O cruell, fals, dissaitfull, bludie beistis !
 To faythfull men how dar 3e hauld vp face ? 130
 How could sic tressoun breid into 3o^r breistis ?
 Quhy leit 3e not pitie rather have place,
 Sen 3e 3o^rselfis wes in þe samyn caice,
 And wait not quhen þairto 3e sall returne ?
 His bluide salbe on 3ow and all 3o^r race ! 135
 And 3e and 3ouris sall for that murther murne !

Had 3e him gevin but pryce, gratuitlie,
 Be benefeit 3ow thinkand þairto bound ;
 Or to declair 3o^r luif and amitie,
 So that no proffeit sould to 3ow redound, 140
 3our crueltie had not bene so euill found ;
 Bot 3e ressauit þe pryce and it procurit :
 Euil gottin gaine is ane vngracious ground,
 Quhairon to found ane welth and weill assurit.

The Jewis wald not put in þer cōmon purs 145

The pryice of Christ, q^{lk} Judas kaist againe :

The pryice of bluid bringis ay with it ane curs,

Q^{lk} on thy race for ever sall remaine.

Sum day, be suire, thocht thow sic dome disdaine,

Deir of his bluid þe bargane wilbe bocht : 150

Vengeance will wirk, and will nocht licht in vaine,

Bot the, thy hous, and name, sall bring to nocht.

Out of thy hand his bluid salbe requyrit,

Thow sall not chaip mischeif, doe quhat thow can ;

Nor thay, that in that blok with þe conspyrit, 155

Cheiflie the bucheris of thy bludie clan,

Quha vantis be bluid thay all thair worschip wan,

And 3it be bluid mair proudlie dois pretend ;

Be bluide thay leisit, be bluide thay first began,

And so for bluide sall haue ane bludie end. 160

FINIS.

XXXVII.

Aganis Sklanderous Tungis.

[SIR RICHARD MAITLAND'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1555-1586, in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Fol. MS., p. 257.—PINKERTON'S ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. London, 1786.—SIBBALD'S CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Edinburgh, 1802.—THE POEMS OF SIR RICHARD MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT. (Maitland Club.) Glasgow, 1830.]



IF bissie branit bodies 3ow bakbyte,
 And of sum wickit wittis 3e ar Invyit,
 Quha wald deprave 3our doingis for dispyte,
 Dispyis 3air dewilliche deming, and defy it ;
 For, fra 3at tyme and treuthe 3air talis haue tryit, 5
 The suythe sall schaw it selffe out to 3air schame,
 And be 3air speche 3air spyte salbe espyit,
 And have na fay^t nor forte aganes 3o^r fame.

Misknaw 3air crafte, and kythe not as 3e kend it :
 Thair doingis will 3air deling sone detect ; 10
 For gif 3e freit, find falt, or be offendit,
 Thair sawis to be suythe sum will suspect ;
 Bot, gif 3air lewis 3e lychtlie and neglect,
 And lat 3ame lie, and lak 3ow as 3ai list,
 Fra tyme 3ai find 3air fabillis faill effect, 15
 Thai will deny 3air deling, and desist.

14. For *lak* Pinkerton reads *tax*. The word *lak* is crossed in the folio MS., but it exists in the quarto MS., in which is a copy of the poem with the spelling slightly altered.

As furious fluidis w^t gritter force ay flowis,
 And starkar stevin, quhene stoppit ar þe stremis,
 And gorgit waters ever gritter growis,
 And forcit fyris w^t gritter gleidis out glemis, 20
 And ay moir brycht and burning is þe beymis
 Off Phebus face, þat fastast ar reflexit ;
 Sa gude Renoun, q^{lk} raillaris rage repremis,
 Advansis moir, þe moir Invyaris wex it.

The moir þai speik, þe sonar ar thai spyit ; 25
 The moir þai lie, 3our lak wilbe þe less ;
 The moir þai talk, þe treuth is sonar tryit ;
 The moir planelie þair poysons þai expres,
 The les þai caus þare credeit to increas ;
 The moir þai wirk, þe les þair wark advancis ; 30
 The moir thai preis 3our praysis to oppres,
 The gritter of 3our gloir is þe glanciss.

Do quhat 3e dow, detractouris ay will deme 3ou,
 Quhais crafte is to calumpniat but caus ;
 Bakbyttarris ay be brutis will blaspheme 3ou, 35
 Althocht þe contrair all þe cwntrie knaus ;
 And, walde 3e ward 3ow vpe betwne tua ways,
 3it so 3e sall not frome þair sayingis save 3ou ;
 Bot, gif þei see 3e sussie of þair sais,
 Blasone þai will, how ever 3e behaue 3ou. 40

Gif 3e be secreit, sad, and solitair,
 Peirtlie þai speik þat privalie 3e play,
 And, gif in publick places 3e repair,
 3e seik to see, and to be sene, thai say :
 War 3e a sanct þai suld suspect 3ow ay ; 45
 Be 3e humane, o^r humill þai will hald 3ou ;
 Gif 3e beir strange, þai 3ow esteme o^r stay,
 And trows it is 3e, or ellis sum hes it tald 3ou.

Gif 3e be blythe, 3our lychtnes þai will lak :
 Gif 3e be grave, 3our gravite is chekit ; 50
 Gif 3e lyk musik, mirthe, or myrrie mak,
 Thai sweir 3e feill ane string and bownis to brek it ;
 Gif 3e be seik, sum slychtis ar suspectit,
 And all 3our sairris callit secreit swnyeis ;
 Dais thai dispyte, and be 3e daylie deckit, 55
 Persaue, þai say, þe papingo þat prwn3eis.

Gif 3e be wyis, and weill in verteu versit,
 Cwnning þai call vncwmlie for 3our kynd,
 And sayis it is bot slychtis 3e haue seirsit,
 To cloik þe crafte quhairto 3e ar Inclynd ; 60
 Gif 3e be meik, 3it þai mistak 3our mynd,
 And sweiris 3e ar far schrewdar nor 3e seme :
 Swa do 3our best, thus sall 3e be defynd,
 And all 3our deidis sall detractouris deme.

3it þai will leif thair leing at þe last, 65
 Fra þai advert Invy will not availl ;
 Bakbyttaris brutis bydis bot ane blast ;
 Thai flwreis sone, but forder fructe þai faill :
 Rek not, þairfoir, how raschellie ravarris raill,
 For never wes vertew 3it without invy ; 70
 Sua promptlie sall 3our patience prevaill,
 Quhene þai, perhape, sic demyng sall deir by.

FINIS.

55. The folio MS. has *Dais* corrected from *Thais*, or *Thais* from *Dais*. The quarto MS. has *Dais*. Pinkerton reads *Claiths*.

XXXVIII.

Ane new Ballet set out be ane fugitiue Scottisman
that fled out of Paris at this lait Murther.

[GEORGE DANIEL'S COLLECTION, now in the possession of HENRY HUTH, Esq., 30 Princes' Gate, London.—THE PHILOBIBLON SOCIETY. Ancient Ballads and Broad-sides published in England in the Sixteenth Century, chiefly in the earlier years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Reprinted from the Unique Original Copies, mostly in Black Letter, preserved in the Library of HENRY HUTH, Esq., London. Printed by Whittingham & Wilkins, 1867.—A COLLECTION OF SEVENTY-NINE BLACK-LETTER BALLADS AND BROADSIDES printed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, between the years 1559 and 1597. Published by Joseph Lilly. London, 1867.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



OW Katherine de Medicis hes maid sic a gyis,
To tary in Paris the papistes ar tykit :
At Bastianes brydell, howbeit scho denyis,
Giue Mary slew Hary, it was not vnlykit :
3it a man is nane respectand this number ; 5
I dar not say wemen hes wyte of this cummer.

3one mask the Quene Mother hes maid thame in France,
Was maikles and saikles and schamfully slane ;
Bot Mary conuoyit and come with ane dance,
Quhill princes in sences was fyrit with ane trane ; 10
Baith tressonabill murtheris the ane and the vther :
I go not in masking mair with the Quene Mother.

¶ Italianes ar tyranis and tressonabill tratoris ;
 For gysours, deuysours, the Guysianis ar gude ;
 Bot Frenche men ar trew men, and not of thair natouris ; 15
 Than, Charlie, I farlie thow drank thy awin blude :
 I wyte bot thy mother wit, wemen ar vane,
 I greis neir to Ganzelon nor grit Charlie Mane.

¶ Thy style was Treschristien, maist Cristen King,
 Baith hiest and friest, and neist the impyre ; 20
 Bot now Prouest Marschell in playing this spring ;
 And ressoun for tressoun prouokis God to ire,
 Beleuis thow this trumprie sall stablische thy style ?
 Our God is not deed, 3it be doand ane quhyle.

¶ Suppois that the Papistes deuysit this at Trent, 25
 To ding vs and bring vs with mony lowd lauchter,
 With sic cruell murther is Christ sa content,
 To take the and make the ane Sanct for our slauchter ?
 Albeit he correct vs and scourge vs in ire,
 Be war with the wand syne he wapis in the fyre. 30

¶ For better is pure men nor princes periurit ;
 Baith schameles and fameles, we find thame sa fals ;
 With sangis lyke the seryne our lyfis thow allurit ;
 Ouirsylyt vs, begylit vs, with baitis in our hals ;
 Or as the fals fowler, his fang for to get, 35
 Deuoiris the pure volatill he wylis to the net.

¶ In Ilis nor in Orknay, in Ireland Oneill,
 Thay dar not, thay gar not thair lieges be stickit :
 Solyman, Tamerlan, nor yit the mekle Deill,
 Proud Pharaos, nor Nero, was neuer sa wickit : 40
 Nouthur Turk nor Infidell vsis sic thing
 As be their awin burreo, being ane king.

¶ Baith auld men, and wemen with babis on thair breist,
 Not lukiſ nor hukiſ, to hurll thame in Sane!
 All beand murtheriſ downe, quhat do 3e neiſt? 45
 Proceſſioun, confeſſion, and vp Mes agane:
 Proud King Antiochus was ſum tyme als haly,
 And yet our God guſchit out the guttis of his belly.

Thy ſyſter thou maryit, thy ſaces was ſour;
 Sic cuikrie for luikrie was euill interpriſit; 50
 3e maid vs the Reid Freiris, and rais in an hour,
 Abhorring na gorring that micht be deuiſit:
 Thou playit the fals hypocreit fen3eing the fray,
 But inwart ane rageing wolf waitand thy pray.

That France was confidderat with Scotland, I grant, 55
 Baith actit, contractit, and keipit in deid;
 The kyndnes of cutthrottis we cure not to want,
 Denyiſ thame, defyis thame, and al thair fals ſeid:
 It was bot with honeſt men we maid the band,
 And thou heſ left leifand bot few in that land. 60

Our faith is not warldly, we feir not thy braulis,
 Thocht hangmen ouirgang men, for gaddaring our geir,
 3e kill bot the carcaſe, 3e get not our ſaulis,
 Not douting our ſhouting is hard in Goddiſ eir.
 The ſame God from Pharo defendit his pepill, 65
 And not 3one round Robene that ſtandis in 3our ſtepill.

¶ Now, wyſe Quene Elizabeth, luik to yourſelf,
 Diſpite them, and wryte thame ane bill of defyance;
 The Papistiſ and Span3ards heſ partit 3our pelf,
 As newly and trewly was tald me thir tythance: 70
 Beleue thay to land heir and get vs for nocht,
 Will 3e do as we do, it ſall be deir bocht.

Giue pleis God we gre sa, and hald vs togidder,
 Baith surely, and sturely, and stoutly gainstand thame ;
 They culd not weill conqueis vs, culd 3e considder, 75
 For our men are dour men, and likis weill to land thame :
 Quhen Cesar himself was chaist, haue 3e for3et ?
 And baith the realmes be aggreit, tak that thay get.

¶ For better it is to fecht it, defendant our lyfis,
 With speir men and weir men, and ventour our sellis, 80
 Nor for to se Frenchemen deflorand our wyfis,
 Displace vs, and chace vs, as thay haue done ellis ;
 I meane, quhen the Inglismen helpit at Leith,
 And gart thame gang hame agane, spyte of thair teith.

¶ I cannot trow firmly that Frenchemen ar cummen, 85
 Persayfand thame haifand thameselfis into parrell :
 The Lord saue Elizabeth, thair ane gude woman,
 That cauldly and bauldly debait will our quarrell,
 With men and with money, baith armour and graith,
 As scho hes befoir tyme defendit this Faith. 90

Thocht France for thair falset be drownit in dangeris,
 For causis and pausis thay plait into Pareis ;
 3it we ar in war estait, waitand on strangeris,
 Not gyding, deuyding our awin men from Mareis :
 So weid the calf from the corn, calk me thair dures, 95
 And slay or 3e be slane, gif sic thing occures.

Bot how can 3e traist thame that trumpit 3ow ellis,
 Decoir thame, do for thame, or foster thair seid ?
 And thay may anis se thair time, tent to 3oursellis,
 Baith haitfull, dissaitfull, 3e deill with, in deid ; 100
 Anis wod and ay the war, wit quhat 3e do,
 And mak thame fast in the ruit gif thay cum to.

¶ God blis 3ow, my brether, and biddis 3ow gud nicht ;
Obey God, go say God, with prayer and fasting ;
Christ keip this pure ile of ouris in the auld richt, 105
Defend vs, and send vs the life euerlasting :
The Lord send vs quyetnes, and keip our 3oung king,
The Quene of Inglands Maiestie, and lang mot thai ring !

¶ Finis.

 Quod Simpell.

¶ Imprintit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekpriuik.
Anno Do. 1572.

XXXIX.

¶ The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh.

[BRITISH MUSEUM. A small 4to volume in Black Letter, 8 leaves including title, Edinburgh, 1573.—A FACSIMILE REPRINT in Black Letter, with a Prefatory Notice by David Constable, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh. Sm. 4to (25 copies printed). London, 1813.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



USCHMĒT of Beruik, mak 3ow for the gait,
 To ring 3our drūmis & rank 3our mē of weir;
 Addres 3our armour, boūd 3ow for debait,
 With sound of trūpet mak 3our steids to steir,
 Sen 3e ar freikes that weil dar fecht but feir, 5
 As, for exampill, we haue sene 3ow ellis :
 Lyk as the last tym that 3our Camp come heir,
 Lend vs ane bourrouīg of 3our auld blak bellis.

3our camp conuoyit but cūmer throw the land,
 In gude array, and rewlit by thair rank, 10
 Reddie to pas, as plesit vs command,
 Throw all our bounds to the west sey bank ;
 Thocht sum mē say 3e serue bot lytill thank,
 Suppose occatioun cum first of thame sellis,
 As thay haue brouin y^t bargane, sa thay drank, 15
 And rewis y^t tyme y^t euer thay saw 3our bellis.

I nill repeat na policeis put down,
 Sen plesit God that we aggrie togidder :
 Except thay crak thair credence to the Croū,
 Than fair weil thay : the find ressaue the fiddler ! 20
 God saue hir G. that will our cause considder,
 And, as I dout not, wil ourdryue thir dangeris ;
 As scho, befoir tyme, send hir forces hidder
 To keip yis coutrie cline fra forrane strāgeris.

To call to mynd hir mony fauld gude dedis : 25
 First, scho reformat the fals Idolatrie.
 I am in dout, in ony realme quha redis
 Of sa lang tyme with sic tranquillitie,
 Sic faithful iustice with ciuillitie,
 Sic frendship keipit to hir fais sa lang : 30
 Scotland may say, for oure vtilitie,
 That neuer ane bettir prince in Inglād rang.

That beand done, scho did conferme a pace,
 And maid thā freindis y^t lāg tyme had bene fois,
 With stancheīg bludesched wes not eith to ceice, 35
 That men may pas, not sperand quhair he gois.
 Syne at the sege of Leith scho sparit ane pois,
 And dang the frenchmē, quhilk we docht not do ;
 Quhill hame thay past in spyt of all thair nois,
 With lose of men, and left munitioun to. 40

Quhat tounge hes langage to declair at lenth
 Thair greit artalzerie, nor thair men of weir ?
 France wes not able to withstand thair strenth,
 For powder and bullet, bowis, and vther geir.
 Quhat chargis wes hir schipis at, may I speir ? 45
 Surmonting fiftie hunder thowsand frankis ;
 And 3it, for all the graith hir grace send heir,
 Ingraitfull people gaue hir lytill thankis.

Our Regent slane syne, as I said befoir,
 Stryfe and contentioun rais in to the land ; 50
 Treasoun, inuy, did vertue sa deuoir,
 Quhil all wes done as murthour did cōmand.
 Wes nan sa stout durst tak the steir on hand,
 Sa had the cause bene quat, wer not for shame,
 Quhil we sic frendschip furth of Ingland fand : 55
 Thay send ane army heir with Leuenox hame,

Conuoyt with Drurie, duchtellie in deid,
 And, as I hoip, mair haist wes neuer done ;
 To Glasg^w past with mony trapit steid,
 Thair skalit the sege, releuit the castell sone : 60
 Doun to Dunbartane on the morne at none
 He raid, bot few, not fering thame agane him :
 3it of that parrell, I prayse the Lord abone,
 He chapit weill fra villanis wald haue slane him.

That panefull progres I think ill to tell, 65
 Sen thay ar bowit and bruderit in our band ;
 Bot at this present tyme, exem 3our sell,
 Quhat confort hes thair Quene send to this land.
 Is not the cannonees cum at 3our cōmand,
 Strecht to distroy the tratoures wald ouir gang vs ? 70
 Commonis may crye, "lang mot that frendschip stand,"
 And blis hir banis sic blythnes broucht amang vs.

At Leith thay landit harmeles in the Heuin,
 With powder and bullet, gunnis, and vther geir ;
 Drest all thair platfumes in to dayis seuin, 75
 Not laiking na thing that belangit to weir.
 Sum workmen had we or the camp cum heir ;
 Jacques Gelliam, gangand lyke ane besy be,
 The gabiounes makand, kaist the trinschis neir :
 Quha micht do mair but ordinance nor we ? 80

The walis wes heich, we culd not weil persew thame,
 Bot quhen we gat thame doun, full deir thay bocht it :
 Be syde the woll at syndrie tymes we slew thame ;
 That euer thay saw vs, sum of thame forthocht it.
 Ane poysonit woll to drink quhat docht it ? 85
 Infekit watter sowllit thame, cheik and chin :
 Persauing that, sorrow mair thay socht it,
 Bot keppit standfulis at the sklatis thair in.

The castell segit, and all beset about
 With fowseyis wyde, inueronit be slycht ; 90
 Montanis and myndis leit neuer man luik out,
 For ordinance thay dung at day and nycht
 By weirlyk volyis : thocht the wallis wes wycht,
 3it dowbell battrie brak thame al in inschis :
 Of Daueis toure, in all the toune menis sycht, 95
 Thay riggein stanes cum tumland ouir the trinschis.

The vehement schot 3eid in at ather syde,
 By threttie Cannonis plasit at partis seuin,
 Quhill thay thair in mycht not thair heidis hyde
 For Pot Gun pellettis falland from the heuin. 100
 The Bumbard stanis drectlie fell sa euin,
 That in to dykis by dint it deidly dang thame,
 Quhill all the houssis in the place wes reuin :
 The bullatis brak sa in to bladis amang thame.

Continewand this ane dosand of dayis or mair, 105
 Quhill tyme apointit, neuer man durst steir ;
 The larum rang, the Regent self wes thair,
 My Lord Ambassat, to, stuid uerry neir ;
 The manlie Generall, lyke the god of weir,
 Not vsit to sleip quhen sic thingis ar a do ; 110
 Our Cronall als, quha is ane freik bot feir,
 With all his Capitanes reddie to ga to.

Schir Harie Leis wes present at that charge ;
 My Lord Burlayis sone, to, stuid besyde ;
 Cottoun and Dyar saw the sowt at large ; 115
 And Schir George Carie, "on the knauis !" he cryde :
 3it Hume and Crafurde to the laue wes gyde,
 With certane Soiouris of the garysoun ;
 Four Capitanis followit at thair bak to byde,
 Sempill and Hectour, Ramsay and Robesoun. 120

Bot Hume wes first that ouir the walis wan,
 As I heir say—I wes not thair my sell :
 The Generall sayis he playit the vailzeant man,
 With prayssis mo nor I intend to tell.
 Thocht Crafurdis ledder wes to schort ane ell, 125
 3it ouir the walis he wan, I wat not how ;
 Dunbartan, to, quhen sic lyke fortoun fell,
 Thir wes the men that wan it, I tell 3ow.

The Generallis band come bauldlie at thair bak :
 Schir Frances Russall, with ane gudlie grace ; 130
 3axlie and Erintoun, nather of thame wes slak ;
 Twa vther Careis, Knowis, and Capitane Kace.
 Than wes persewand at ane uther place
 Breikwell and Lammy, Mechell & Capitan Game ;
 Bauld Capitane Reid, that euir held to his face, 135
 Pickman and Wood did vailzeantly the same.

Spreill, Spadyn, Traill, Hutsoun, and all the laue,
 Bartoun and Stirlie, Capitan Duberie slane ;
 Thoise at the bak wall wes the brasche thay gaue ;
 For lake of lederis thair thay wrocht in uane, 140
 The men within maid sic defence agane,
 Thay schot gude Manfrild in athort the throit,
 Quhill force did faill, and than I saw thame fane
 To cry ' Peccaui ' with the waithman noit.

116. Orig. Gorge . . . no.

142. *Manfrild* indistinct ; might read *Manfeild*.

Halyburtoun, Strauchan, with thair standarts stuid ; 145
 Seirburne & Schaftoun hes followit on thame fast ;
 Aueris and Barrat baith wer men of gude ;
 Gresseone and Hanis wes laith for to be last ;
 Crippis and Cantrell to the parrell past ;
 Auld Capitā Leirmount with ane luik to bang thame ; 150
 Gude M. Setoun maid thair grumis agast :
 He gart the Cannones ga sa thik amang thame.

Out gais the Hergbut, in the Cannon glydis,
 Brak al in bladdis, thay docht not weil abyde thame :
 Trottar and fiftie fell, and loste the hydis ; 155
 The laue sa fleit, thay wist not quheir to hyde thame ;
 Dismontit cannones slew the men besyde thame ;
 The Suddartis swarfit, and said thay wald not sar ;
 The house wes gud, had thay had grace to gyde thame :
 Quhen all wes done, we had not bene the nar. 160

Let na man lipin in to warldlie strenth ;
 Bot Godlie ground thay may na thing induir :
 Tratouris and treasone salbe tryit at lenth,
 Quhen men wald fanest all thair vices smuir.
 Sa Grange beleuit the madin Castell suir, 165
 Haueand sic forssis to defend his touris ;
 Bot mell with madenis quhen thay play the huir :
 Win anis the entrie, and than the house is 3ouris.

The Madene Castell it wes callit lang,
 With honour ay that nobill style it buir ; 170
 With wemenis will 3e do thame lytill wrang ;
 To iaip thame sa, I think it na iniuir.
 Na mair our Madene Castell playit the huir,
 Bot tuik appointmēt quhen thair wes na parel.
 Smaikis had the wyte : I say the hous wes suir, 175
 Had thay bene gracious with ane godlie quarel.

148. *Gresseone* blurred ; might read *Greffeone* ; Dalyell has *Griffeone*.

174. Orig. appoitmēt.

Thay micht not byde it for the greit munitioun,
 Bot drew in factiones quhan the larum rang :
 Sum thocht it gude to cum and seik remissioun,
 And sum said : "best the Secreter to hang. 180
 To his ilusiones we beleuit owir lang :
 Ane cruikit Ethnik, and ane crewall Tod,
 Inuentand wichecraft, ay deusand wrang :
 Lat nane geue credance to ane drytand God."

Thē Grange grew fleyit & wald na mair defēd it, 185
 For want of watter, with ane poysonit well :
 His men wes slane, and mekle powder spendit,
 And wantit force to fill the wallis that fell.
 Thair febill smaikrie I think ill to tell,
 With luik lyke Lyounes, and sa lytill done. 190
 Fy, drukin dastartis ! 3e haue schamit 3oursell,
 That said sa weill, and syne gaue our sa sone.

Durīg this pointmēt thair wes change of graith :
 Sū gat ane butiene for thair being thair.
 Greit wes the credence geuin to suddartis faith, 195
 Baith gold and siluer and of Marchand wair.

 Be thair expenssis for thair cuming hidder ;
 Than on the morne thay maid the pluk vp fair ;
 Baith Scottis & Inglis syne all 3eid togidder. 200

Vpone that spuil3e I will spend na tyme,
 Thay socht na taile3ours for to busc thair breikis.
 The suddartis luiffis wes sa ouirlaid w^t lyme,
 Sum gripit gold and gat the thing he seikis ;

185. Orig. Grang.

197. Illegible.

199. Dalyell reads *thē pluk vp lair* ; 'The Sempill Ballates' *the pluck up late*. Cf. l. 341.202. Dalyell reads *buse* ; 'The Sempill Ballates' *bule*.

Sū stuid beside and gat not worth twa leikis,
 As I heir say—I wes not thair to se;
 Sū gat thair handfull of thir half mark steikis
 Will haue na mair within ane 3eir nor we.

Thay schot na keyis to brek the coffiris than,
 Ane day of blythnes for the men of weir: 210
 Sum stuid besyde ane wondderous sorie man,
 Ane duilfull day for thame that loist thair geir,
 First saw it tane, and syne thay durst not steir.
 Thair wes compleit the prophecie of Knox:
 “Doun fra that Crag Kirkcaldy sall reteir, 215
 With schame and sclāder lyke ane hundit fox.”

With gild of pepile sa thay brocht thame doun,
 As birdis but plumis, spulzeit of the nest:
 Part cryde: “quhair is he? lat vs se the loun;
 Go to and staen him; lat him tak na rest.” 220
 Quhē thay y^t buir him saw thame selfis opprest,
 Thay cryit for succour for to saue thair lyuis:
 The Generallis lugeing, thair thay thocht it best,
 Thay led him in, thay war sa red for wyuis.

The Regent then gart mak ane inhibitioun 225
 To leue the spuilze, under pane of deid:
 He carit for [na] thing bot the Kingis munitioun;
 As for the leue, thair wes bot lytill leid.
 To tak the hous, thair wes na mair remeid,
 With all the faultis mycht follow he wes fane; 230
 Aganis ane Haiknay I sall wed my heid,
 Grange beis not Capitan of that Craig agane.

With this the Generall wes reterit a bak;
 Went doun to Leith quhair he had bene befoir:
 Speik as 3e pleis, it wes ane vail3eant ak, 235
 And Drurie deulie did his ful deuoir.

230. For *fane* Dalyell reads *tane*.

God gatand thākis, the Quene suld haue y^t gloir :
 We thank hir Maieste, as the mater standis :
 God saue hir grace ! hes scho not gart restoir
 3one captiue rebellis in the Regentis handis? 240

By expectatioun of the commoun speiking,
 Wes it not thocht that Ingland suld begyle vs?
 And sum allegit it wes the Regents seiking,
 To sell the King, and sa thay wald ouirsyle vs,
 Creip in our strenthis, and suddanelie exyle vs. 245
 O Rurall pepill, rusticall, and rude !
 We ar the men that all the warld dois style vs,
 Remembring ill, and geue na thankis for gude.

Ingratious pepill ! ignorant and vane !
 Quhy do 3e noit 3our nychtboris ay with ill? 250
 Wer thay not blyith for to get hame agane,
 Thocht sum beleuit thay wald haue tareit still?
 To do 3ow plesour, thay haue schauin gude will,
 Baith spent thair lyues, & largelie of thair geir.
 Alace, my Joyis ! 3e had bot lytill skill, 255
 That trowit that Inglād wald haue tareit heir.

Quhat danger wes to bring sa greit munitioun
 In forane landis with sic ane force indeid !
 The only caus wes to auoyid suspitioun,
 That men suld say thay come not heir for greid. 260
 Thocht sum thair be of cankreit Cain seid,
 Sawaris of discorde dois na vther thing :
 Speik as thay pleis, schame fal thair lippis y^t leid !
 Thay mene na thing bot to mantene the King.

Haif thay not thre tymes in this threttene 3eir, 265
 Ay quhen we socht thāe, send thair forces hedder,
 Baitht Schippis & Gūnis & martial mē of weir,
 To win our kyndnes, geue we culd considir?

And now the last tyme quhen we send to bid hir,
 Hes scho not helpit to holk out 3one Tod? 270
 Long moit thir countreis leue in pace togidder,
 And grow in freinschip to the feir of God !

 The Lenuoy to the Regent.

O richteous Regent of ane Royall race !
 Tratours may trimbill to behald thy face,
 Fering thy furie for thair foull offencis. 275
 Geue gloir to God that hes the geuin sic grace,
 Riches with reasoun for to reuill that place.
 Thow beand plantit in the sait of Prencis,
 Geue thow wald prosper in thy iust pretencis,
 Beir equall ballanis baith to riche and puir : 280
 That beand done, lang mot thy dayis induir.

Sen God hes wrocht it, I am weill content
 To mak of the that onlie instrument
 To caus this countrie for to knaw the king.
 It wes the leuing Lord Omnipotent 285
 That maid the Barrones sa obedient,
 And not the force that thow to send may bring ;
 Did neuir Regent in this Realme sic thing,
 Considdering alwayis as the mater stude,
 And maid sic greance with sa lytill blude. 290

To speik of Regentes, we haue had sic thre,
 Sen God wes borne, thair micht na bettir be
 For wisdom, manheid, and for Godlynes :
 Quhairfor hes God now laid this charge on the.
 Bot lat vs ken that it is onlie He 295
 That rewlis the Realme, & not thy richteousnes.
 Remember Ahab, for his febilnes,
 Quha gart King Benhadab in his scherat go,
 Quhilk wes his wrak : be war 3e do not so.

Quhairfor put God the powar in 3our hand? 300
 To puneis lounes that hes ourlaid this land
 By murthour, treasoun, done fra 3eir to 3eir.
 Geue 3e obey not, brekand that Command,
 I am in dout geue 3our estait sall stand,
 Bot sone be rutit fra this Realme, I feir. 305
 Spair neuer Agag for na brybe of geir.
 Quhat come of Saull with his fatt Oxin thair?
 Ga, reid the Bybill : it will sone declair.

To seik exampillis of that samin tone,
 My Lord of Murray wes degradit sone 310
 For not fulfilling of the Lordis desyre.
 First, God promouit him in the place abone ;
 Bot fra he saw that Justice wes not done,
 He leit the wickit cast the wand in fyre.
 Be war sic materis moue not God to yre ; 315
 Geue 3e be myndit on this mold remaine,
 And plesit God, I wald not change agane.

Lanuoy to the Ambassade.

My Lord Ambassade I haue lang for3et,
 Quhairfor indeid I haue not done my det ;
 And he, sa cairfull for oure countrie men, 320
 For wit and wisdom worthie to be tret :
 In baith the landis thair is bot few to get,
 That wrocht sa Godlie in this cause, 3e ken.
 My dull indyte can not direct my pen,
 And thocht I culd, it wald contene ane buik 325
 To put in paper all the panis he tuk.

He is not borne of better qualytie,
 Of quiet speiche, with greit moralytie :

Swering nor bairdrie may he nan abyde,
 Detestand pryde and prodigalitie : 330
 As equall Juge, but persealytie,
 For feid or fauour, vnto ather syde ;
 Abone all vices subiect leist to pryde ;
 Ferme in his faith, and full of Godlynes ;
 With marciall hart inclynit to mykenes. 335

Weill micht the Counsels beir the gude cōmend,
 That sic Ambassade in to Scotland send,
 To speik vprichtlie and the treuth declair ;
 For na expensis did he spair to spend,
 Quhill pece wes brocht vnto ane finall end. 340
 Quhar as he fand vs at the plukup fair,
 With walkryfe labour and expensis sair,
 God knawis in Scotland quhat he had ado
 With baith the sydis, or he culd bring vs to.

In winter weddiris baith in wind and rane, 345
 Sum tyme with seiknes sa ourset with pane,
 He raid throw montanes many, mose, and myre.
 In frost and snaw, quhen all the folkis ar fane
 With double bonattis for to hap thair brane,
 Then wes he worsland our ane wondie swyre, 350
 Sum tymes at nycht, syne not to se ane fyre.
 Ar we addettet to sa trew ane strangear,
 That for our proffeit put him self in danger ?

As Caleb send wes for to se the land,
 The gydis that come gart Moyses vnderstand 355
 The land wes feirfull, and the pepill strang :
 Because he knew it wes the Lordis cōmand
 He wald not stay, bot stoutlie tuik on hand
 Richt vnabasitlie all that gait to gang,
 Ourthrew thair castellis, & thair gyantis dang, 360
 Brocht thāe to miserie maid ane mynt to wrāg vs :
 He wes y^t Caleb sen he come amāg vs.

I dar be bald to say, this hundreth 3eir,
 He wes not strangear borne mair welcum heir,
 Nor plesit the Preichours half sa weill as he. 365
 On pure nor riche he neuer sparit his geir;
 And, geue ane Suddart had bene schot in weir,
 He soinzeit not to ga him self and se:
 Quha with this countrie culd sa weill agre
 To play the wise mā quhen he wes with Lordis, 370
 Syne help the puiranis, as the cause recordis?

Sen reason wald that 3e retorne a bak,
 We thank 3ow hartlie of the Godlie ak
 3e wrocht amang vs, for to saif our blude.
 I 3ow beseik thir sempill wersis tak, 375
 With als gude will as ony man can mak.
 Because 3e knaw my cunning is not gude,
 3e man excuse my rurall rymis rude.
 God saif our King, and send him lytill ado,
 The Quene of Ingland, and hir Counsall, to ! 380

FINIS.

Quod Sempill.

¶ Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik.

Anno M. D. LXXIII.

XL.

Ane Breif Commendatiobn of Vprichtnes.

[A copy of Lekpreuik's impression, Sanctandrois, 1573, 4to, believed to be unique, in the BRITWELL LIBRARY.—DAVIDSON'S POETICAL REMAINS, 1573-1595. Edited by James Maidment, Esq. With an Account of the Author. Edinburgh, 1829, 12mo.—Printed in the Supplement to M'CRIE'S LIFE OF JOHN KNOX. Edinburgh, 1812, 2 vols. 8vo.—THREE SCOTTISH REFORMERS. Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., for the English Reprint Society. London, 1874, 8vo.]

To the maist Godlie, Ancient, and Worthie Schir Johne Wischart of Pitarrow, Knicht, M. Johne Dauidson
wisses the continuall assistance of the Spreit of God to
the end, and in the end.

CONSIDERING with my self (maist worthie Knicht) the greit frailtie and vnsureness of all strenthis eirthly quhatsūeuer, quharin mā, lefing god, vsis to put his traist on the ane part, and the sure fortres and saifgaird of vprichtnes, howbeit destitute of all aide warldlie on the vther part: I culd not withhald my pen frō vttering of that praise and commendation of vprichtnes, quhilk in my mynde I had consauit of the same. Being cheifly mouit heirunto be the Miraculous (as I may weill call it) and maist wonderfull preseruatioun of that maist notabill seruand of God, and sinceir Preichour of Christis Euangell, Johne Knox. Quha, being bot of small estimatioun befoir the eyis of the warld, (3it greit befoir

God,) was hatit vnto the deith. And that euin be Kingis, Queenis, Princes, and greit men of the warld, and finally be all the rabill of Sathanis suddartis in Scotland, Ingland, and France. 3ea, not only was he hatit, and raillit on, bot also persecutit maist scharply, and huntit from place to place as ane vnworthie of ony societie with man. And althocht thay wer michtie and potent, 3ea, and wantit na euill will, and he on the vther syde ane pure man, alane, and oft tymes without help, or assistance of ye warld, 3it was he michtely perseruit, and as in a maist sure saifgaird (all the wickits attentis quha thristit nathing mair than his blude being frustrat) conducted to an maist quyet, peaciabill, and happy end, to the greit aduancement of Goddis glorie, and singulare comfort of his Kirk, and to the confusioun of Sathan and discōfort of all his wickit instrumētis. Thairfoir that this sa notabil and euidēt ane documēt of the louing cair of our god towardis his seruāds svld not with him be buryit bot abyde recent in memorie till all the inhabitantis of this Realme in all ages to cum. I haue preissit schortly in this lytill paper to mak, as it wer, ane memoriall of the same, and yat in that lāguage quhilk is maist cōmoun to this haill Realme, to the intent that asweill vnleirnit as lernit may be partakeirs of the same. Not that I think my self abill to handill sa worthie ane mater worthelie in ony tounge, bot that partly I may schaw my gude will in this matter, and partly to gif occasioun to vtheris, that baith hes mair dexteritie in sic thingis, and greiter opportunitie of tyme, to intreit the same at greiter lenth. That, be calling to mynd this notabill exēpill of Godis louing cair towardis vs, we in all thir feirfull dayis (quharin he that seis not tryall approaching neir is destitute of Iudgement) may be strenthnit and encourageit to ga fordwart vprichtly, euerie ane in our awin vocatioun, without declyning outhur to the richt hand or the left. And principally that our watche men faint not, nor begin to iouk or flatter with the world for feir of Tyrānis, bot that thay may haue brasin facis, and foirheidis of Iron againis the threitnings of the wickit, cōdempning impietie of all persounis in plane termis, following the ensāpill of this maist zelous seruād of God, of quhōe heirtofoir we hau maid mentioun, and that being assurit

gif sa thay walk vprichtly in dischargeing of thair office, that thay ar in ye protectioun of the Almichtie.

¶ And this small frute of my sober trauellis, I have thocht gude to offer and present to 3ow (maist worthie Knicht) not sa mekill for that, that I thocht it worthie to be presentit til ony: as that I wald let my gude will and grate mynd be the same appeir towardis 3ow, throw quhais procurement I obteinit the benefite of that godly and faithfull (thocht mockit and falsly traducit of the world) societie, quhairof presently I am participant. For the quhilk I acknowlege me, and my humbill seruice alwayis addettit to 3our honour. And howbeit (as I mon confes) na thing can proceid of me that may in ony wayis correspond to 3our meritis towardis me: 3it sal the thankfulnes of mynd at na tyme (God willing) be deficient. Quhilk is to be acceptit quhair vther thingis are lacking in place of greit rewaird. And the rather haue I takin bauldness to dedicate this lytill Treateis vnto 3our honour, baith becaus I vnderstude 3ow euer to haue bene sen 3our Chyldheid ane vnfenzzeit fauourar, and mantenar to 3our power of vprichtnes, quhais praise in this lytill Volume is intreatit. And also, that this notabill seruand of God (quhais michtie preseruation, notwithstanding the wickitis rage, to ane quyet end, chiefly mufit me to this busines) was maist belufit of 3ow quhile he leuit, and yat for yat greit vprightness quhilk 3e saw from tyme to tyme maist viuely expres the self in him. And finally, that your honour may be mufit heirby, as 3e haue begunne and continewit to this day ane 3elous professour of Goddis word, mantenar of the samin, and lufer of his seruandis: sa 3e may perseuer to the end of 3our life without sclander to your professioun, euer approuing the treuth and haiting impietie in all persounis, not leaning to warldly wisdom, nor louking for the pleasure of greit men in the world: Sen nane of thir thingis, but only vprichtnes, can outhir mak ane pleasand to God or 3it sure in this warld. And sa traisting that 3our honour will accept this my sober offer (till God grant better occasioun of greter) intill gude part, I commit 3ow to the protectioun of the Almichtie, that quhen it sall pleis God to tak 3ow furth of this miserie, 3e may end 3our lyfe in the sanctificatioun

of his haly name. To whom be praise and Glorie, for euer.
Amen. From Sanct-androis the xvij of February.



EN that we se men till haue studyit ay
Into this eirth sic strenthis to prepair,
As micht be saifgaird to thame nicht and day,
Quhen ony danger dang thame in dispair,

Prouer. 10.
12. 13. 18.

Wald thow, gude Reider, haue ane strenth preclair,
Maist strang and stark to rin to in distres,

5

Ecclesi. 9.

This lytill schedull schortly sall declair

Ps. 25. 27.
91.

How that the surest Towre is vprichtnes.

Quhilk vprichtnes we may descriue to be :

Iob. 31.

Ane traid of lyfe conforme to Godds command,
Without all poyoun of Hypocrisie,
Or turning to and fra, from hand to hand ;

10

Prouer. 5.

Bot stoutly at the word of God to stand,

Psalm. 18.

Eschewing alwayis it for to transgres,
Not bowing back for thame that contramand.
This wayis we may descriue vprichtnes.

15

For first thair is na Castell, Towre, nor Town,

Q. Curt. li.
7.

Nor naturall strenth, as Alexander sayis,
Bot mānis Ingyne may vincous and ding down,
As that he had experience in his dayis,
Na strenth was sure to theme that was his fais :

20

Q. Curt. li.
7.

The Craig in Asia did beir witnes,
Howbeit in hicht vnto the sky it rais,
It was ouercum for laik of vprichtnes.

Q. Curt. li.
5.
Ieremi. 51.

Euin sa that bailful Bour of Babilone
Na saifgaird was to Darius, we reid,
Suppois it was ane maist strang Dongeone,
And mony ma I micht declair in deid :
Bot sic exempellis Foraine nane we neid ;

25

Quhat surenes fand the Bischopis halynes 30
 Into Dumbartane quhair he pat his Creid?
 It was not half sa sure as vprichtnes.

Ps. 33. 40.
 60.
 Esai. 31.
 Jeremi. 17.
 The force of men gif ony will obtend,
 Kinred, or friends to be ane gaird maist strang,
 All is bot vane, thay can not man defend, 35
 For quha mair surely into Royat rang
 Nor the greit Conquerour his friendis amang?
 3it was he poysonit, as sum dois express,
 Intill his Camp quhilk he had led sa lang :
 Than quhat is force of man till vprichtnes? 40

Prouer. 11.
 Eccles. 5.
 Iob. 11.
 Psalm. 49.
 1 Timot. 6.
 Zephan. 1.
 Ecclesi. 2.
 Nahum. 3.
 Riches and rent we ken dois not abyde,
 Bot flittis and fochis euer to and fra ;
 Than vane it is in thame for to confyde,
 Sen that we se thame asweill cum as ga :
 Thairfoir, my friendis, sen that the case is sa, 45
 That warldly strenth can haue na sickernes,
 Sum vther saifgaird surely we mon ha,
 Quhilk is nocht ellis bot only vprichtnes.

Bot sum, perchance, that winks mair wylelie,
 Will say thay wait ane wyle that I na wist ; 50
 With iouking thay will jangil craftelie,
 And on thair feit will ay licht quhen thay list,
 Thinking all surenes thairin to consist :
 Hypocrisie is quent with quyetnes,
 Bot all begylit thay ar into the mist : 55
 For nathing can be sure but vprichtnes.

For quhat become of fals Achitophell,
 For als far as he saw befoir his neis,
 The Scriptures schawis I neid not heir to tell.
 The lyke of this, in mony Historeis, 60

- Psalm. 7. I micht bring furth that to my purpois greis,
 Ester. 7. How Hypocrites into thair craftynes
 Thame selfis hes trappit with greit misereis,
 Becaus thay did eschew all vprichtnes.
- Bot quha sa euer, on the vther syde, 65
 Ester. 6. Hes preissit peirtly to leif vprichtlie,
 Dani. 6. And be the treuth bound bauldly till abyde,
 Hes euer had the maist securitie.
- Psalm. 76. For thay had God thair buckler for to be,
 Psalm. 89. Quhome we mon grant to be ane strang fortres, 70
 Of quhome the Deuill can not get victorie,
 Nor all the enemies of vprichtnes.
- 1 Sam. 17.
 18. 19. 20. 21.
 22. 29. 23. Think weill, my freindis, this is na fenzeit fair ;
 For quha sa list of Daidid for to reid,
 May se quhat enemies he had alquhair, 75
 And 3it how surely he did ay proceid ;
 Becaus he walkit vprichtly in deid,
 He was mair sure from Saulis cruelnes,
 1 Sam. 23. Nor gif ten thousand men intill his neid
 Had with him bene, syne lackit vprichtnes. 80
- Of sic exempills we micht bring anew,
 Bot ane thair is, that preifis our purpois plane,
 Dani. 6. Of Daniell, that Propheit wyse and trew :
 How oft was he in danger to be slane !
 Into the Lyonis Den he fand na pane. 85
 Dani. 3. The three Children the fyre did not oppres.
 I think this only Historie might gane
 To preif how sure a Towre is vprichtnes.
- Bot 3it, becaus exempills fetchit far
 Mufis not so muche as thay thingis quhilk we se, 90
 I purpois schortly now for to cum nar
 Vnto the but quhair chiefly I wald be :

That is to schaw the prufe befoir 3our ee
 Of thir premisses, as all mon confes
 That hes sene God wirking in this countrie, 95
 How ane hes bene perseruit in vprichtnes.

It is Iohne Knox, in deid, quhome of I mene,
 That feruent, faithfull seruand of the Lord,
 Quhome I dar bauldly byde at till haue bene
 Ane maist trew Preichour of the Lordis word. 100
 I rak nathing quhat Rebalds heir record,
 Quha neuer culd speik gude of godlynes.
 This man, I say, eschaipit fyre and sword,
 And deit in peace, in praise of vprichtnes.

Bot that this may be maid mair manifest, 105
 I will discurs sum thing in speciall
 Tuiching this Lamp, on lyfe quhill he did lest.
 First he descendit bot of linage small,
 As commaunly God vsis for to call
 The sempill sort his summoundis til expres. 110
 Sa, calling him, he gaue him giftis with all
 Maist excellent, besyde his vprichtnes.

Amos. i. 7.

Mark. 1.

1 Cor. 1.

Iaco. 2.

For weill I wait that Scotland neuer bure
 In Scottis leid ane man mair Eloquent.
 Into perswading also, I am sure, 115
 Was nane in Europe that was more potent.
 In Greik and Hebrew he was excellent,
 And als in Latine tounge his propernes
 Was tryit trim quhen scollers wer present.
 Bot thir wer nathing till his vprichtnes. 120

For fra the tyme that God anis did him call,
 To bring thay joyfull newis vnto this land,
 Quhilk hes illuminat baith greit and small,
 He maid na stop, but passit to, fra hand,

Idolatrie maist stoutly to ganestand ; 125
 And chiefly that great Idoll of the Mes.
 Howbeit maist michtie enemies he fand,
 3it schrinkit he na quhit from vprichtnes.

The greuous Galayis maid him not agast :
 Althocht the Prelats gold in greit did geif, 130
 Ouir schipburd in the sey him for to cast,
 He fand sic grace thay sufferit him to leif.
 3ea, mairatour, thay did him not mischeif,
 As thay did his Compan3eounis mair and les
 With pynefull panis, quhen thay thair pythis did preif; 135
 God sa prouydit for his vprichtnes.

In Ingland syne he did eschaip the Ire
 Of Jesabell, that Monstour of Mahoun ;
 In Scotland nixt, with terrour him to tyre,
 Thay brint his picture in Edinburgh Toun. 140
 Bot, sen to Scotland last he maid him boun,
 Quhat battell he hes bidden 3e may ges,
 Sen Dagon and thay Deuillis he gart ding doun,
 In spite of thame that hatit vprichtnes.

Thay that hes bene cheif in Authoritie 145
 For the maist part had him at deidly feid,
 3it he eschaipit all their crueltie,
 Howbeit oftymes thay did deuyse his deid ;
 3ea, sum wer knawin perfutely be the heid,
 Quha vndertuke his Dirige for to dres, 150
 3it bauldly be his baner he abaid,
 And did not iouk ane ioit from vprichtnes.

Bot cheifly anis he was put to ane preace,
 Quhen that the Quene of tressoun did accuse him
 Befoir hir Lords, in haly Rudehous place, 155
 Quhair clawbacks of the Court thocht till abuse him ;

Sa prudētly this Propheit yair did vse him,
Into refuting of thair fuliskenes,
That all the haill Nobilitie did ruse him,
And praisit God for his greit vprichtnes. 160

Quhen Quene and Court could not get him cōuict,
Bot sa wer disappointit of thair pray,
Thay fryit in furie that he schaipit quick ;
Ȝit at the leist to get thair wills sum way,
Thay wald haue had him wardit for ane day 165
In Daveis Towre, Ȝea, for ane hour or les :
It was denyit for ocht the Quene culd say :
Thair micht be sene how sure was vprichtnes.

Bot in quhat perrell trow Ȝe he was last,
Quhen Edinburgh he left with hart full sair ? 170
Doubtles na les nor ony that hes past.
In spyte thay spak that him thay suld not spair :
Thay suld him schuit into the pulpit thair,
Becaus he did rebuke their fylthenes,
And mischant murther that infects the air : 175
Ȝit God preseruit him in vprichtnes.

Mony ma dangers nor I can declair,
Be sey and land this Propheit did sustene,
In France and Inglan, Scotland, heir and thair,
Quhilk I refer to thame that mair hes bene 180
Intill his company, and sic things sene ;
Bot this far schortly I haue maid progress,
To preif how God maist surely dois mantene
Sic as continew intill vprichtnes.

For this Excellent seruand of the Lord 185
Vnto the deith was hatit, as we knaw,
For sinceir preiching of the Lordis word,
With Kingis, Princes, hie estait and law ;

3it in thair Ire him nicht thay not ouirthraw ;
 He did depart in peace and plesandnes, 190
 For all the troublis that 3e hard vs schaw,
 That he sustenit for lufe of vprichtnes.

And this is merwell gif we will considder,
 Ane sempill man but warldly force or aide,
 Aganis quhome Kings and Princes did confidder, 195
 How he suld fend from furie and thair fead,
 Syne leaue this lyfe with list for all thair plaid ;
 He had ane surer gaird, we mon confes,
 Nor ony warldly strength that can be maid,
 Quhilk was nathing but only vprichtnes. 200

Bot sum may say, quhairto suld thow prefer
 This vprichtnes, quhilk thow extolls sa hie,
 Vntil all warldly strenthis that euer wer ?
 Sen that the contrair daylie we may se,
 Gene. 4. How upricht men ar murtherit mischantlie, 205
 Matth. 14. As first was Abell with greit cruelnes,
 2 Chro. 24. Gude Johne the Baptist, and als Zacharie,
 Matth. 27. 3ea, Christ himself, for all his vprichtnes.

Euseb. To. Peter and Paull with mony may sensyne ;
 4. fol. 7. And of lat 3eiris, in Ingland, as we knaw, 210
 Vide Sleidanum. How mony piteously was put to pyne,
 And now in France that schame is for to schaw !
 James, our gude Regent, rakkin in that raw,
 Quha had rung 3it wer not his richteousnes ;
 Sa, I can se nathing sa sone ouirthraw 215
 Man in this eirth as dois this vprichtnes.

To this I answer into termis schort :
 Prouer. 11. Quhen warldly strenth is vincust and maid waist,
 With it man tynis baith courage and comfort,
 Quhen it is tynt quhairin he pat his traist ; 220

Prouer. 11. Bot quho that deith in vprichtnes dois taist
 Matth. 16. Sall haue the lyfe that lests with joyfulnes :
 Sa thay ar sure, becaus thay ar imbraist
 Be the Eternall for thair vprichtnes.

Bot this sa lichtly we may not pass by : 225
 I grant, indeed, quha preissis vprichtlie
 Matth. 16. To serue the Lord mon first themselfis deny,
 And na wayis dres to daut thame daintelie,
 2 Timot. 3. Bot thame prepair for troublis Identlie ;
 Psalm. 34. For troublis ar the bage thay mon posses, 230
 1 Pet. 5. Sen Sathan ceises not continuallie
 Iob. 1. To troubill thame that followis vprichtnes.

Luc. 21. Quhyllis harling thame befoir Princes and Kings,
 1 Reg. 10. As rauing Rebalds rudelie to be rent,
 1 Reg. 17. Accusing thame of troubling of all things, 235
 As cankerit Carlis that can not be content,
 Except all things be done be thair consent :
 Matth. 27. Now scornit, now scourgeit, now bād with bitternes,
 Ieremi. 38. Imprissonit, and sindrie fassiounis schent,
 Act. 12. And sum tymes dreuin to deith for vprichtnes. 240

This is thair lote oftymes, I will not lane,
 Into this eirth that vse to be vpricht ;
 Bot quhat of this? my purpois 3it is plane :
 Psalm. 91. That is, that thay are surer day and nicht
 Psalm. 118. For all this wo, nor ony warldly wicht : 245
 For in thair conscience is mair quyetnes
 In greitest troublis, nor the men of micht
 Hes in thair Castells without vprichtnes.

Dani. 5. For quhen Belshazzer, greit King of the Eist,
 Ane thousand of his Princes had gart call, 250
 Drinkand the wyne befoir thame at the Feist,
 Intill his prydefull Pomp Imperiall :

Euin in the middis of this his mirrie hall
 He saw ane sicht that sank him in sadnes,
 Quhen he persauit the fingers on the wall 255
 Wryting his wrak for his vnvprichtnes.

Quhat sall I say? I neid not till insist,
 To schaw how thay to God that dois Rebell,
 In thair maist micht can not be haldin blist, 260
 For in this warld thay do begin thair hell,
 As Cain did that slew the iust Abell :
 Within thair breist thay beir sic bailfulnes,
 That tounge of men can not the teynd part tell
 Of inwart torments for vnvprichtnes.

Prouer. 14. Bot thay, that walks vprichtly with the Lord, 265
 In greitest troublis wantis not inwart rest,
 Acts. 5. As the Apostillis, dounge for Godis word,
 Reioysit that for Christ sa thay were drest.
 Act. 12. Peter in prisone sleipit but molest ;
 Act. 16. Paull in the stocks and Syllas with glaidnes 270
 Did sing ane Psalme at midnicht, sa the best
 Surenes that man can haue is vprichtnes.

Sa be this surenes now I do not mene
 That Godis seruands ar neuer tane away
 Be cruell men, for the contrair is sene ; 275
 For God oftymes of his Iudgements, I say,
 Letts thame so fall, as thocht befor the day,
 To plague the warld for thair vnthankfulnes ;
 Esai. 3. Quhilk is not worthie of sic men as thay.
 Heb. 11. Bot I mene this, be strenth of vprichtnes, 280

That, quhen it plesis God to let thame fall,
 Acts. 7. Thay haue sic inwart comfort without cair,
 2 Timot. 4. That thay depart with ioy Angelicall,
 Of lyfe assurit that lestis for euer mair ;

Esai. 41.

And 3it sum tyme he dois his seruands spair,

285

Ieremi. 1. 4.
5.

To let the Tyrannis se his michtines,

In spyte of thame, that he can his alquhair

Preserue maist surely intill vprichtnes.

Quhilk we haue sene, as we can not deny,

Into Johne Knoxis michtie preseruatioun,

290

Quhilk to our comfort we suld all apply,

I mene, that ar the Faithfull Congregatioun.

Sen he departit with sic consolatioun,

Euen as he leuit, he deit in Faithfulnes,

Being assurit in Christ of his Saluatioun,

295

As in the end he schew with vprichtnes.

Sa is he past from pane to plesure ay,

And til greit eis, doubtles, vntill him sell,

Bot for ane plague till vs, I dair weill say,

As sair I feir we sall heir schortly tell

300

Schir wink at vice beginnis to tune his bell.

Bot on this heid na mair I will digres,

That gude men hes mair rest in all perrell

Nor wickit in thair welth but vprichtnes.

Psalm. 37.

Then sen alwayis we se that men ar sure

305

Throw vprichtnes, quhiddel thay liue or die,

Let all gud Cristianes Imploy thair cure,

In thair vocation to leif vprichtlie :

And cheifly let all preichouris warnit be,

That this day God and the gude caus profes,

310

Tit. 1.

Na wayis to wink at sic Impietie

As cheifly dois withstand all vprichtnes.

Taking exempill of this Propheit plane,

Quhome heir befor we breuit in this bill,

Quha Godis reuelit will wald neuer lane,

315

Quhen men begouth for to delyte in ill ;

He wald not wane ane wy for na mānis will
 For to rebuke Erle, Barrone, or Burges,
 Quhen in thair wickit wayis thay walkit still.
 Follow this Lamp, I say, of vprichtnes.

320

Let nouthur lufe of friend, nor feir of fais,
 Mufe 3ow to mank 3our Message, or hald bak
 Psalm. 40. Ane iot of 3our Commission ony wayis :
 Esai 5. Call ay quhite, quhite, and blak, that quhilk is blak ;
 Ane Gallimafray neuer of them mak,
 2 Timot. 2. Bot ane gud caus distingue from wickitnes :
 This kind of phrais sumtymes this Propheit spak,
 Quhen he saw sum not vsing vprichtnes.

325

In generall do not all things inuolue,
 2 Timot. 2. Thinking 3our selfis dischargeit than to be,
 Thocht na mānis mynd in maters 3e resolute :
 For (3it till vse this same mānis Elogie)
 Num. 23. 24. To speik the treuth, and speik the treuth trewlie,
 Is not a thing (said he) brethren, doutles.
 Thairfoir speik trewly but Hypocrisie,
 * Gif 3e wald haue the praise of vprichtnes.

330

335

2 Timot. 4. Let vice ay in the awin cullouris be kend,
 But beiring with, or 3it extenuatioun,
 Act. 17. Schawing how heichly God it dois offend,
 Esai. 58. Spairing na stait that maks preuaricatioun :
 1 Tim. 5. Let it be sene till all the Congregatioun
 That 3e sic haitrent haue at wicketnes,
 That 3e mon dampne thair greit abhominatioun,
 Quha planely fechtis aganis all vprichtnes.

340

Psalm. 38. Quhilk tred of doctrine gif 3e anis begin,
 Psalm. 41. I grant the Deuill and warld will be agane 3ow ;
 The feid of fremmit, and craibing of 3our kin,
 First 3e sall find, syne terrour to constraine 3ow

345

To syle the suith, and sun3e, I will plane 3ow.
 Nahum 1. The 3ock is not sa licht as sum dois ges ; 350
 Psalm. 31. Bot 3it haue 3e na dreid quha do disdane 3ow,
 Psalm. 34. Sen that 3our fortres sure is vprichtnes.

For pleis it God 3our lyfe to lenthen heir,
 Thocht all the warld aganis 3ow wald conspyre,
 Thay sall not haue the power 3ow to deir, 355
 Albeit thay rage and rin wod in thair Ire ;
 And gif that God thinks gude be sword or fyre
 To let 3ow fall, be ay in reddynes,
 2 Timot. 4. Being assurit that heuin salbe 3our hyre,
 Because 3e endit sa in vprichtnes. 360

Let not the lufe of this lyfe temporall,
 Quhilk 3e mon lose but let, quhen 3e leist wene,
 Stay 3ow to cois with lyfe Celestiall,
 Quhen euer that the chois cumis thame betwene ;
 Christis sentence in 3our gardene keip ay grene, 365
 Matth. 16. Quha sauis his lyfe shall lois it not the les.
 Quhilk euin into this warld hes oft bene sene,
 Quhat gaine is than to deny vprichtnes?

Than, to conclude, sen in thir dangerous dayis
 Sa mony terroures Tyranis casts befoir 3ow, 370
 Call vpon God to strenthen 3ow alwayis,
 That with his haly Spreit he will decoir 3ow,
 As he hes done his seruands ay befoir 3ow,
 Esai. 51. That 3e may neuer wink at wickitnes,
 With Gun and Gain3e thocht thay boist to gor 3ow, 375
 Sen that 3our Towre sa sure is vprichtnes.

XLI.

Ane Schort Discbrs of the Estaitis quha hes caus
to deploir the deith of this Excellent seruand
of God.

[A copy of Lekpreuik's impression, 1573, in the BRITWELL LIBRARY.—
DAVIDSON'S POETICAL REMAINS, 1573-1595. Edited by James Maidment,
Esq., Edinb., 1829, 12mo.—Printed in the Supplement to M'CRIE'S LIFE
OF JOHN KNOX. Edinb., 1812, 2 vols. 8vo.—THREE SCOTTISH REFORMERS.
Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., for the English Reprint Society.
London, 1874, 8vo.]



HOW pure contempnit Kirk of God,
In Scotland scatterit far abroad,
Quhat leid may let the to lament,
Sen baith the Tyger and the Tod
Maist cruellie cummis the to rent?
Thow wants ane watcheman that tuke tent,
Baith nicht and day that nocht should noy the;
Allace! thow wants the Instrument
That was thy Lanterne to conuoy the.

5

Thy lemand Lamp that schew sic licht
Was gude Johne Knox, ane man vpricht,
Quhais deith thow daylie may deploir.
His presence maid thy bewtie bricht,
And all thy doings did decoir:

10

He did him haillie indeuoir 15
Thy richteous actioun to mantene,
And libertie to the restoir,
Pleading thy caus with King and Quene.

He neuer huntit benefice,
Nor catchit was with Couatice, 20
Thocht he had offers mony one,
And was als meit for sic Office
As outhir gellie Jok or Johne ;
His mynd was ay sa the vpon,
Thy only weifair was his welth : 25
Thairfoir lament sen he is gone,
That huikit nathing for thy helth.

Lament, Assemblie Generall,
At thy Conuentiounis ane and all,
For thow wilt mis ane Moderatour, 30
Quhais presence muft greit and small,
And terrifeit baith theif and tratour,
With all vnrewlie Rubiatour :
Thair ioukers durst not kyith thair cure,
For feir of Fasting in the Fratour, 35
And tynsall of the charge thay bure.

But now I feir that thow sall se
Greit missing of that man to be,
Quhen craftie heidis sall na mair hyde
The hurde of thair Hypocrisie, 40
Bot all sinceirnes set asyde,
With policie will all things gyde,
Thir Balamis birds sair may thow feir :
Thairfoir be Godis buke abyde,
And to sic Bablers giue na eir. 45

Giue strange opiniounis enteris in,
 Tak tent quha sic thingis dois begin,
 And with sic matteris mynts to mell;
 For Sathan ceisis not fra sin,
 The Kirk of Christ seiking to quell. 50
 Sic foly faill not to refell,
 For, quhen the reik beginnis to ryse,
 The fyre will follow, as thay tell,
 Be it not quencheit be the wyse.

Bot cheifly murne and mak thy mane, 55
 Thow Kirk of Edinburgh allane,
 For thow may rew by all the rest
 That this day thow wants sickin ane,
 Thy Speciall Pastour, and the best
 That ony Kirk had eist or west. 60
 He did comfort the in all cair,
 And the fairwairnd of thy molest,
 Quhairby thow micht thyself prepair.

There was na troubill come to the,
 Bot he foirspak it oppinlie, 65
 Thocht sum the mater than did mock,
 Gif he spak suith now thow may se
 This day thy heid is in the 3ock.
 God send the blyithnes of this block,
 And freith the from thy fais aboue the ! 70
 For thow art the maist feruent flock
 That Scotland beiris, as deid dois proue the.

And giue God sa handills the best,
 Allace ! what sall cum of the rest
 Except repentance rin and red ? 75
 It is ane Mirrour manifest,
 Of dule and dolour to be dred,

To fall on thame this barret bred.
 Bot till our purpois to returne :
 Thocht of this feir thow salbe fred, 80
 3it hes thow mater for to murne,

Becaus that watcheman thow dois want,
 That the in puretie did plant,
 And comfortit thy Congregatioun ;
 Bot 3it thocht he be gane, I grant 85
 The Lord can send the consolatioun.
 Gif thow giue him dew adoratioun,
 He will not leaue the comfortles,
 As alreddy thow hes probatioun.
 God grant thy Preicheours vprichtnes ! 90

¶ 3e Lords also, that dois frequent
 The loft in Sanct Geills Kirk, lament
 That Bogill thair that 3e hard blaw,
 With quhome quhyles 3e wer small content,
 For the schairp threitnings he did schaw : 95
 3it thay maid 3ow sumquhat stand aw,
 Thocht not so much as neid requyrit.
 This day in graue he lyis full law,
 Quhilk langtyme was of him desyrit.

For seing all things not go weill, 100
 He said thair suld not mis ane reill
 That suld the cheifest walkin vp.
 Gif he said suith, this day 3e feill ;
 Luke gif God hes begun to quhup ;
 Bot thair byds 3it ane sowrer Cup, 105
 Except 3our maners 3e amend,
 The dreggs but dout als 3e sall sup :
 From quhilk danger God 3ow defend !

Sanctandrois als not to leif out,
 His deith thow may deploir but dout, 110
 Thow knawis he lude the by the laue,
 For first in the he gaue the rout
 Till Antechrist, that Romische slaue,
 Preicheing that Christ did only saue.
 Bot last, of Edinburgh exprest, 115
 Quhen he was not far fra his graue,
 He come to the by all the rest.

God grant that thow may thankfull be,
 For his greit graces schawin to the,
 In sending the his seruands trew. 120
 Amen. Thow heiris na mair of me.
 Bot Kyle and Cuninghame may rew,
 Als sair as ony that I schew,
 To quhome this darling was maist deir ;
 And vther gentill men anew, 125
 Quhome I haue not reheirsit heir.

Than last of all to turn to 3ow,
 That wer our brethren, bot not now :
 God grant agane 3e may cum hame,
 For we suld wis 3our weill, I vow, 130
 As also did this man be Name ;
 Thocht sum said he did 3ow defame,
 He prayit to God that 3e nicht turne,
 That 3e nicht schaip Eternall schame :
 Thairfoir 3our part is als to murne. 135

For doutles he was mair 3our freind
 Nor thay that winkit, or manteind
 3our fulische factioun and vnfair.
 In deid that 3e suld not susteind
 He thunderit threitnings to the air, 140

To terrifie 3ow mair and mair,
 And rug 3ow back that 3e nicht rew ;
 For he knew, perseueird 3e thair,
 3e wer bot schipwrak but reskew.

Than, all this land, thow may lament 145
 That thow lacks sic ane Instrument,
 Till sum not plesand, 3it sa plane
 That all the godly was content.
 Allace ! his lyke he left not ane,
 Nor, I feir, sall not se agane ; 150
 Bot 3it let vs nawayis dispair,
 For quhy our God dois 3it remane,
 Quha can and will for his prepair.

For thocht his deith we do deploir,
 3it is he not our God thairfoir : 155
 As wickit wardlings wald obtend,
 Gone is 3our God quhairin 3e gloir.
 The leuing God, we mak it kend,
 Is he on quhome we do depend,
 Quha will not leaue vs in distres, 160
 Bot will his seruands till vs send,
 Till gyde vs throw this wildernes.

Thairfoir letting thir Bablers be,
 Quhais chief Religioun is to lie,
 And all Godis seruands to backbyte, 165
 Traducing this man principallie,
 Let thame spew out in thair dispyte
 All that thay will, be word or wryte.
 Lyke as him self is into gloir,
 Sa sall all ages ay recyte 170
 Johne Knoxis Name with greit decoir.

XLII.

Ane Dialog or Mutuall talking betuix a Clerk and ane Courteour concerning foure Parische Kirks till ane Minister, Collectit out of thair mouthis, and put into verse be a young man quha did then forgather with thame in his Journay, as efter followis :

[Issued anonymously from Lekpreuik's Press, 1573.—POETICAL REMAINS OF JOHN DAVIDSON, 1573-1595. Edited by James Maidment, Esq., Edinburgh, 1829, 12mo.—THREE SCOTTISH REFORMERS. Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., for the English Reprint Society. London, 1874, 8vo.]



VNTO Dundie as I maid way,
 Nocht lang afoir Sanctandrois day,
 At Kingorne ferrie passand our
 Into þe Boit wes thre or four
 Of gentillmen, as did appeir ;
 I said, " Schirs, is thair ony heir
 Quhais Iornay lyes unto Dundie ? "
 Twa of thame answerit courtaslie :
 " We purpose nocht for to ga thidder,
 Bot 3it our gait will ly togidder
 Quhil we be passit Kennewie."
 " Than I sall beir 3ow companie,"
 Said I, and with that we did land,
 Syne lap vpon our horse fra hand,

5

10

And on our Iornay rudelie raid. 15
 Thir twa vnto Sanctandrois maid.
 The tane of thame appeirit to be
 Ane cunning Clerk of greit clergie,
 Of visage graue and maneris sage,
 His toung weill taucht, but all outrage 20
 Men nicht haue kend that he had bene
 Quhair gude Instructioun he had sene.
 The vther did appeir to me
 Ane cumlie Courteour to be,
 Quha wes perfyte and weill besene 25
 In thingis that to this land pertene.
 Be we had riddin half ane myle,
 With myrrie mowis passing the quhyle,
 Thir twa, of quhome befor I spak,
 Of sindrie purposis did crak, 30
 And enterit in amang the rest
 To speik how that the Kirk was drest.
 ¶ And thus began the Courteour :
 “Quhat think 3e of this new ordour?
 3e that are Clerkis and men of wit, 35
 I wat weill 3e will speik of it
 Amangis 3our selfis quhen 3e conuene :
 I pray 3ow tell me quhat 3e mene,
 And gif this ordour 3e allow,
 Or alwayis how it plesis 3ow.” 40
 ¶ The Clerk said, “sir, the treuth to tell,
 With princes maters for to mell
 I think it lyis nocht in our gait :
 Lat Courteouris of sic thingis trait.”
 ¶ The Courteour maid answering : 45
 “3it men will speik, sir, of the King ;
 Bot this new ordour that is tane
 Wes nocht maid be the Court allane ;
 The Kirkis Commissionars wes thair,
 And did aggrie, to, les and mair. 50

3it men may speik as they haue feill,
 Quhidder it lykis thame euill or weill."

¶ The Clerk said : "haue thay cōdiscendit,
 I think our speiking can nocht mend it ;
 Bot ane thing I dare tak on me, 55
 Gif, as 3e say, the mater be
 That thay of Kirk thairto assentit,
 Thay salbe first that sall repent it ;
 Thocht for thair tyme sum wylie winkit,
 The ages efter will forthinkit." 60

¶ The vther sayis : "thocht 3e wes skar,
 Me think that now 3e cum ouir nar ;
 I feill be the sauir of 3our end
 This ordour, than, 3e discommend, 65
 Quhairof I meruell gretumlie
 That sic ane leirnit man as 3e
 Sa lychtlie suld disdaine, and lak
 Ane ordour that wyse men did mak."

¶ Than said the Clerk : "in wordis plane,
 Syr, na gude ordour I disdane, 70
 Bot euer mair will sic approue
 As is maid for the Kirkis behufe :
 Bot this ordour I sall Impoung,
 Sa lang as I haue pen or toung."

¶ With speid than spak the Courteour, 75
 And answerit with wordis sour :
 "Mony men speikis without all Law,
 And dois condempne befoir thay knaw,
 And cheifly the 3oung men in scuilis,
 Thinking all vthers to be fuilis : 80
 Quhen 3e 3ourselvis ar daft and 3oung,
 And hes nocht but ane Pyat toung,
 3e knaw als mekill as ane Guse,
 That callis this ordour ane abuse."

The Clerk said : "Schir, 3e do vs wrang 85
 We spend our tyme in scuilis ouir lang,

Gif that we leirne na Knowledge thair,
Bot only babling without mair.

Giue we may preif the thingis we say,
I think that bauldly speik we may; 90
Thocht in all thingis we be not sene,
The veritie we may mantine :

At leist in thay things that we knaw,
Sa far as ressoun may or Law ;
Bot he that mellis with thingis vnkend, 95

And stubburnely will thame defend,
Quhiddel he be of Court or Scule,
In my Iudgement is bot ane fule ;
Thairfoir, befoir 3e me condampne,
My resounis first 3e sall exame, 100

And gif they haue validitie,
Than think 3our self to be gyltie
Of that same cryme quhairwith 3e charge
3oung men and Clerkis in talking large.

Than, that 3e may perfytlie knaw 105
That not but caus sic thingis I schaw,
I sall rype vp the mater haill,
Syne 3e sall Iudge gif that I faill.

And first, this ordour, as 3e ken,
Prescryuis sic burdingis vnto men, 110
That na wayis thay dow for till beir ;
Four Parische Kirkis to ane Preicheir,
Quhairas ane only Kirk wald craif
Four Preichouris rather for to haif :

It will defraude syne, secundlie, 115
The present age of this Countrie
Of the maist hailsum word of lyfe,
And steill it from vs, man and wyfe :

And thridly, will preclude the way
Till our Posteritie, I say, 120
To mak ma seruandis of the Lord,
Quhen thir ar gane, to preiche his word ;

With mony Incommoditie,
That I haue not schawin presentlie,
As at mair lenth I sall declair." 125

"I think, my freind, 3e haue said mair
Nor 3e will preif to me this hour,"
Maist schairply said the Courteour;
"I meruell mekill quhat 3e mene,
That dois sa raschely contrauene 130
The ordour that is thocht sa gude.
Perchance, gif that 3e vnderstude
The gude respectis hes thame mufit
To mak this ordour, 3e wald lufe it,
And not engrege the cace sa hie." 135

The Clerk said, "Schir, say on, lat se,
And I sall abill answer mak."

The Courteour began and spak,
Sayand: "3e se out throw this land
How mony waist Kirkis thair dois stand 140
But outhir Prayers or Preiching,
Or ony vther Godly thing:
3ea, thair is mony Parochinis
Of richt greit Congregatiounis,
That neuer 3it has hard the word; 145
And sum the Supper of the Lord
This seuin 3eir had not thame amang:
Luik 3e and se gif that be lang?
As Mynnie Goff, in Galloway,
Can testifie, and mony ma, 150
Quhilk Parochinis þair teindis dois pay
Als thankfully as ony of thay
That dwellis in Fyfe or Louthiane.
Suld their pepill Preiching haue nane?
Quhairfoir suld vthers mair than thay, 155
Seing thair teindis sa weill thay pay,
And als to God thay ar als deir
As ony in the inland heir?

And syne the Preichouris, as 3e ken,
 Ar far within twa hundreth men ; 160
 Quhilk number, 3e knaw, is sa small
 The Kirkis can not be stakit all,
 As thay wer placit heirtofoir ;
 The Counsell hes thocht gude, thairfoir,
 As lufe and cheritie dois craif, 165
 With Preiching for to staik the laif ;
 And sa this new ordour did tak,
 Four kirkis till ane Preichour to mak ;
 That as weill thay of Mynnie Gof,
 And rest of kirkis that ar far of, 170
 May haue the comfort of the word
 Throw all this land, as dois accord,
 As hes the burghis and Inlandis men,
 Now weill Instructit, as 3e ken ;
 That all get part, baith greit and small, 175
 And, as it wer, ane get not all.
 Sa sall the Gospell be enlargit,
 And als the kirkis also dischargit :
 With mony ma commodities
 That wyse and prudent men foirseis ; 180
 Quhilks I think all gude men will mufe
 This new maid ordour till apprufe ;
 And als mak 3ou with me consent,
 That thay that did this way Inuent,
 And did the mater Interpryse, 185
 Hes baith bene Godly, gude, and wyse,
 And full of lufe and Cheritie
 Thair nichtbouris for till edifie.
 Thairfoir declair quhat 3e think now,
 Gif 3e think as 3e thocht richt now." 190
 The Clerk maid answer modestlie,
 Sayand : " Schir, 3e haue said trewlie

Thair is ma kirkis into this land
 Voyde of the word of God that stand,
 Nor hidderto hes stakit bene 195
 With Ministeris, as may be sene ;
 Quhilk kirkis, I think, dois also pay
 Thair dewtie alsweill as thay,
 That hes had preiching and prayers
 With Reidars and thair Ministers. 200
 All this, I say, I grant be trew :
 Than 3e say, of this suld ensew
 That all be stakit equallie
 That payis alyke thair dewtie ;
 Quhilk can na vther wayis be had, 205
 Except this new ordour be maid.
 It followis not necessarlie,
 Albeit that all suld stakit be,
 That thay can be na vther way
 Bot this new ordour, as 3e say." 210
 The Courteour grew sum thing hetter,
 And said, "Schir, will 3e schaw ane better?"
 The Clerk answerit: "that sall I sone,
 Gif 3e will heir quhill I haue done.
 Gif thay that did this way Inuent 215
 Dois all this of sa gude Intent,
 As 3e declair, of Cheritie,
 Thair nedic brethren to supplie,
 And to enlarge the word ouir all,
 To sempill pepill greit and small ; 220
 Gif for the weill of Christis Kirk
 Sa busilie, I say, thay wirk,
 As presently thay do pretend,
 They suld haue socht ane vther end
 Till haue begun, as I tell 3ow, 225
 Nor this they haue Inuentit now :
 Ma Preichouris suld haue chosin bene
 The Ministrie for till sustene,

And beir the burding of that 3ok,
To keip and feid the Lordis flok." 230

The Courteour said, "quhair ar tha?
Quhair will 3e get me ony ma?"

"Quhair socht thay ony?" quod þe Clerk.
The vther said, "thay maid na werk
To seek ony, becaus thay knew 235
Thay wald be found bot nane or few."

The Clerk said: "I culd find the way
To get 3ow, within 3eir or day,
Ma Ministeris in this countrie,
Besyde thame that ar presentlie, 240
Nor ar thair number that is ellis;
Gif thay that with the Kirk Rent mellis,
Without all ordour, as 3e knaw,
On sic sort wald [not] to thame draw
The Patrimonie of the Kirk, 245
Bot it apply to thame that wirk;
That leuingis nicht be modifyit
To Preichouris that war qualifyit,
Quhairon thay nicht leif without cair,
To cure thair office, and na mair. 250

And this in deid war the richt way,
Quhilk being done, wald be, I say,
Ma Preichouris schortly nor is now:
Also I suld find out to 3ow
Of lernit and sufficient men 255
This day bezond thre scoir and ten:
Howbeit, I grant thay wald not be
Sa perfite at the first entrie
As thay that enterit hes befoir;
Vse wald perfytnes mak but moir." 260

¶ Than loudlie leuch the Courteour;
"Sufficient men!" said he, "blak hour!
Thair is skarse twentie of thame all
Sufficient men that I can call,

That are alreddy in thay rowmis." 265

The Clerk was like to byte his thowmis,
And said, "in deid, Schir, now 3e wrang þame,
For thair is mony ma amang thame,
Baith of gude lyfe and doctrine sound,
Quha in the treuth can pepill found, 270
And bring thame vp in Christ Iesu,
Perchance asweill, I tell to 3ow,

As sum that haldis thame for na Pages ;
And sa it hes bene in all ages
That all the corne of the Countrie 275
Be kempis hes not bene schorne, we se ;
Sa I call them sufficient

With quhome S. Paull can be content :
That is, that abill ar to teiche,
Syne practisis the word thay preiche, 280
Thocht all alyke can neuer be.

But gif Ilkane in thair degre
Do put thair hand vnto the Pleuch
With faithfulness, it is aneuch.

And mairattour, als we maun grant, 285
That sic ane number can not want
Fals fenzeit Iudasis at fouth,
In till all airth, baith North and South,
Sen amang Christis awin twelf we se
Ane tratour was in Companie. 290

Men cannot peirs unto the hartis,
(Tyme will thē try that playis þair partis,)
Bot man euin chuse the lyklyest,
Syne call to God to wirk the best."

¶ "For all that," said the Courteour, 295
"3e will not find me out this hour
The number that 3e spak be far,
And that war lytill, thocht sa war."

¶ The Clerk answerit, "Schir, as I said,
Let gude prouisioun anis be maid 300

For men to leif in that vocatioun,
 Ȝe sall not mis into this Natioun
 To find thame flock [to] ȝow als fast
 As did the Preistis in tymes past ;
 For ȝe ken, *honos alit artes*,
 Thairfoir *non agunt suas partes*,
 That gude Stependis dois not prepair,
 And thairof gude payment all quhair
 For to be maid with expeditioun ;
 For quha will cum but sic conditioun
 To tak the charge of ane Preichour ? ”

305

310

¶ “ I meruell, ” quod the Courteour,
 “ That ȝe na better vnderstand
 How that thair leuingis to thair hand
 Ar weill prouydit in all place. ”

315

The Clerk said, “ Schir, I pray ȝow, ceace ;
 Thay leuingis will be bot deuydit,
 As this new ordour hes prouydit,
 And will not be ane caus quhairfoir
 The Preichouris number sall grow moir.
 Of sic prouisioun I not mene
 That dois my purpois contrauene ;
 As efterwart I sall mak plane
 All that prouisioun to be nane.
 Sa laik of leuing, I conclude,
 Dois mak the laik of multitude
 To serue into the Ministrie,
 As all the world may cleirly se ;
 For, wer thair Stependis anis prouydit,
 The mater micht be esie gydit ;
 Thair wald be mony in this land,
 Euin at this tyme, I understand,
 That micht be chosin, weill I wait,
 The Lordis word to Ministrat ;
 As in Sanctandrois presentlie
 Thair micht be gottin neir twentie,

320

325

330

335

And in the countrie, far and neir,
 Wald be far ma than dois appeir :
 Our countrie Clerkis bezond the seyis
 Wald draw thame hame frō all countries 340
 Of Ingland, France, and vther partis,
 Quhair thay ar scatterit in all airtis :
 Becaus at hame thay will not giue
 Sufficient quharon thay may liue,
 Quhais number, as I vnderstand, 345
 Is greiter nor is in this land
 Of Ministeris—3ea, be sic thre—
 Giue thir men wald do gude, ges 3e ?
 3ea, strangers alswa wald draw neir,
 Giue thay hard of gude treitment heir ; 350
 Sa I think now 3e may persauē
 That skant of men we wald not haue,
 And sa that can not be ane caus
 Quhy thay suld make vs thir new Lawis,
 As 3e say, of necessitie. 355
 Ane vther Moyane we may se
 To haue the word preichit our all
 Into this land, to greit and small,
 As heirtofoir I did declair :
 Bot 3it lat vs cum farthermair, 360
 Giue (as thay said) thair purpos be
 The Kirk of Christ to Edifie :
 Quhairfoir, I speir, do thay neglect
 The meanis that seruīs to this effect ?
 Thair is sum Colleges, we ken, 365
 Weill foundit to vphald leirnit men,
 To teiche the 3outh in letters gude,
 And vtheris also that ar rude :
 Amang the rest foundit we se
 The teiching of theologie, 370
 With Rentis sum Studentis to sustene,
 To that Science to giue thame clene.

Lat anis the Counsell send and se
 Gif thir places weill gydit be,
 And not abusit with waist rudis, 375
 That dois nathing bot spendis þai gudis
 That was maid for that haly vse,
 And not to feid ane Crusit Guse ;
 And gif that thay fundatiounis auld
 Wantis Rentis sufficient to vphauld 380
 Ane gude number of sic Studentis,
 As (that thay want) lat eik thair Rentis ;
 And than I dout not 3e suld se
 Greit entres in theologie ;
 And Preichouris 3eirly to proceid 385
 Furth of the Scuillis to serue our neid,
 In sic aboundance that fra hand
 Thair suld be plantit throw this land
 At euerie Kirk, as dois affeir,
 Ane Preichour at the leist but weir : 390
 For quhy the Scuillis suld Mother be,
 To mak our Preichouris multiplie.
 And quhen the Scuillis ar not prouydit,
 How can the Kirk be bot misgydit ? ”

The Courteour, with wordis wyde, 395
 Said, “ I heir nathing bot prouyde,
 And get now that, and get now this ;
 3our talk is all of Expensis ;
 Gif leuingis heir, and found sum thair ;
 3e big gay Castellis in the air. 400
 Quhair is that geir for to be had,
 That sic prouisioun may be maid ? ”

¶ The Clerk said, “ Schir, luk 3e and se
 Gif that the teindis of this countrie
 May not do all that we have tauld, 405
 And als the pure and Scuillis vphauld ;
 Quhilk teindis dois Iustly appertene
 To sic thingis as hes talkit bene.”

"3e ar far large of Leueray,"
 Agane the Courteour can say ; 410
 "Apperandly 3e wald gif all
 The teindis of Scotland, greit and small,
 Vnto the Kirk for till dispone,
 And to the Court for till giue none ;
 Quhilk wald make thame bot proud and hie, 415
 As in the tyme of Papistrie.
 Quhat wald 3e than bestow on vs ?"

The Clerk said, "tak the superplus,
 Quhen Kirk and pure ar weill prouydit ;
 And let the mater sa be gydit, 420
 That thay of Kirk do not abuse it,
 Bot be controllit how to vse it,
 Becaus thay ar bot mortall men,
 That na wayis thay thair selfis misken."

The Courteour answerit fra hand, 425
 "It will be countit to thair hand ;
 The teindis will not cum in thair neuis,
 Sa lang as ony of vs leuis."

¶ The Clerk said : "Goddis curs pairfoir
 Sall not depart quhill thay restoir 430
 The Kirk agane to hir awin right ;
 Thocht of the mater thay pas licht."

¶ "3e say far," quod the Courteour ;
 "Now 3e haue maid ane gay ordour,
 Vnto quhilk gif all wald aggre, 435
 Quhat better wald the countrie be
 In till our tyme that leuis now ?"

The Clerk said, "I will answer 3ow :
 I wait weill, Schir, 3e haue hard say,
 Rome was not biggit the first day ; 440
 Sic thingis man haue tyme and proces,
 Or thay cum till ane perfytnes.
 And 3it the Kirk suld soner get
 Comfort ouir all withouttin let,

Be this ordour foirtauld be me, 445
Nor be this new Enormitie.

For, quhen the Kirk sa 3e haue wrakit,
3it all the Kirkis sall not be stakit ;
Quhen ilk Preichour hes gottin four,
How mony, trow 3e, will be our, 450
That Preiching than wald get no moir
Nor thay had done in tymes befor ?
Quhairfoir, 3e se, this vane pretence
Is full of fenzeit diligence.

Thairfoir, for my purpois to conclude, 455
Prouyde me weill anis claith and fude,
And neidfull thingis, na neid wald be
Of Ministeris in this countrie,
Quhilk doutles were the reddy gait
The Kirk of Christ for to debait, 460
And caus preiching to be our all,
To riche and poor, to greit and small ;
Quhilk, gif thay mynd as thay pretend,
Thay wald haue begun at this end ;
For he sall neuer mak me trow 465
That he makis North, I tell to 3ow,
That to the South dois swyftlie rin :
Bot now I will returne but din,
And my first Propositionis preif."

The vther said, "I gif 3ow leif ; 470
For I persauie, speik quhat I will,
Ane answer 3e will find thair till."

The Clerk said, "I will say nathing
For quhilk I sall not ressoun bring.
And first, I said this ordour makis 475
Far greiter burdingis on mennis bakis
Be laid, nor thay dow for to beir,
As I sall schortly let 3ow heir ;
For ane man cannot satisfie
For to do four mennis dewtie ; 480

For euerie Kirk at leist craifis ane,
 And this bindis four till ane allane.
 Suld not the Pastour knaw his scheip,
 3ea, be the heid, that he dois keip?

Agnosce vultus gregis tui

485

Est maxime officii sui.

Bot quhen ane man hes vnder cure
 Sa mony thousandis, riche and pure,
 Skarsly will he ken Ilkane,
 Quhen twentie 3eiris ar cum and gane ;
 Becaus he may not daylie be
 In all thir pepillis companie ;
 And sa cannot do thame all gude,
 For laik of daylie consuetude.

490

How can he Ilk mannis vice reprufe,
 Vnder his cure, as dois behufe,
 And comfort in particular

495

Sic as in conscience troublit ar,
 Quhairin thair bodyis hes distres?
 On force they man be comfortles,
 Becaus he knawis not be the face,
 And als for distance of the place.
 Thay that knawis this to be thair cure,
 To veseit, comfort seik and pure ;

500

And that into particulair,
 As it salbe found necessair :

505

Thir men, I think, sall vnderstand,
 Aneuch to thame to tak on hand
 Ane Parochin for till discharge ;
 Bot they that hes ane conscience large,
 And thinkis they haue na mair ado,
 Bot only Preiching to luke to,
 And that bot perfunctorie

510

Anis in four Oulkis and able ma,
 Perchance threttene or thay cum thair ;
 God wait, sa weill that flock will fair !

515

The Commentaris tunde our perqueir,
Syne sounge into the pepillis eir,
Sa rawly, caldly, and far of,
That na man can tak frute thair of ; 520
Nouthir the proud contemnar heir,
Be maist scharp threitning and seueir,
Him self till Hell their beatin down,
For his stubburne Rebellioun ;
Nor 3it the hart, syching for sin, 525
Can thair fynd comfort mair or min :
Bot all tauld our in Generall,
But mufing outhir greit or small.
For, as weill sayis Augustine,
The thing to all that spokin bene 530
To nane is spokin, as we knaw
Experience dois daylie schaw :
Sa sic Preichouris as I haue tald,
Bot not in deid sic as I wald,
That thinkis thame selfis dischargit weill, 535
Quhen thay haue run our with ane reill
Thair sairles Sermone, red 3istrene :
The hour sa spendit, thay ar clene ;
Euin as the Preistis, thair Matynis said,
To serue the tyme ane stra syne laid, 540
Schir *Celebrasti* speid 3ow sone,
And sa Goddis Seruice thay haue done.
Sic Hyreling belly goddis, I say,
I will not quyte in deid, bot thay
Vnto this Ordour will consent, 545
And for thair belly be content.
Ilkane ten Kirkis will tak in cure,
Sa of thair Stependis thay be sure :
Bot gif thay folkis sall be weill fed,
Or to gude Pastoring be led, 550
The world may Iudge : I say na mair,
But fordwart to my purpois fair."

¶ The Courteour replyit agane,
 Saying, "that ressoun is bot vane,
 To say a man may do na mair, 555
 Bot serue a kirk vntil his skair :
 Wes not all the Apostillis men ?
 And also Paull himself, 3e ken,
 At a kirk did not ay remane.
 We reid not that thay did disdane 560
 To preiche at sindrie kirkis all quhair,
 Passing from place to place, but mair ;
 Thay socht not eis, as men dois now,
 To byde at a kirk, I tell 3ow ;
 And I think, gif it had bene wrang, 565
 To sindrie kirkis thay wald nocht gang."

¶ The Clerk said, "3e ar versit, I se,
 Richt weill in Court theologie ;
 Bot 3it 3e mon reid our agane,
 And wey the Circumstances plane. 570
 The Preichouris than, 3e ken, was skant,
 And als the Gospell was to plant
 Our all the eirth, baith far and neir :
 Thay wer bot twelf that tuke the steir ;
 Quha to that Office chosin wer 575
 To mak all Natiounis pertaker
 Of thay glad tythingis of saluatioun ;
 And, for to mak new Reformatioun,
 Thair proper office was, but mair,
 To preiche the Gospell euerie quhair. 580
 Bot sa the mater dois not stand
 Amang vs now into this land,
 Quhair Reformatioun hes hed place
 Thir XV. 3eiris, or sic ane space,
 With quyetnes for to prouyde 585
 For Preichouris at Ilk Kirk to byde,

As the Apostillis did with speid,
In euerie Ceitie, as we reid ;
Thay creat Ministeris all quhair,
Quhair euer quyetnes wald spair. 590
And sa into thair tyme, we se,
Thair was men in the Ministrie
To seuerall Kirkis appointit plane
To Preiche, and thairfoir to remain,
And wer not made Apostillis all, 595
For Christ thay twelf did only call
To beir that Office Speciallie,
Quhilk was not ordanit ay to be ;
Quhen that the Kirk efter at lenth
Had growin vntill ane greiter strenth ; 600
Syne God gave to þame giftis mair large
Thair Legacie for till discharge,
Nor efter he gaue ony vther :
And thairfoir that exampill, brother,
That 3e from the Apostillis bring, 605
Aganis my purpois makis nathing ;
Becaus that thay of Speciall charge
Did Preiche the word in boundis large,
And till ane Kirk was nocht addict ;
Thairof na wayis 3e may conuict, 610
That ony Preichour now suld tak
The charge of four Kirkis on his bak ;
For nouthar dois the tyme aggre,
Nor hes men now thay giftis, we se,
Nor 3it the Office for to Preiche 615
Ouir all the warld, as thay did teiche.
Than, to conclude, but proces moir,
As I haue cleirly prouin befoir,
Ane Parochin may richt weill gane
Ane Minister thair to remane ; 620
And sa followis, Consequentlie,
Four Kirkis ouir greit burding to be

Till ane man for to tak on hand.
 And sa, I think, 3e vnderstand
 The first absurditie of thingis, 625
 That this new ordour with it bringis."

¶ "That," said the Courteour, "I grant ;
 Bot I trow ressounis sall be skant
 To prufe in plane, and mak patent
 The secund inconuenient, 630
 That 3e said come of this Ordour."

¶ The Clerk, with courtes behauour,
 Said, "I sall preif Incontinent
 That self same Inconuenient :
 To wit, gif this Ordour preuail, 635
 The pepill salbe houngerit haill
 Of Spirituall fude into this land.
 Than, for this caus, first vnderstand,
 That, as the body can not dure,
 Except in sesoun men procure 640
 Fude in dew tyme it to sustene,
 To nourische it as dois conuene,
 Na mair can mannis Saull Indure
 In gude estait, I 3ow assure,
 Except that nurischit it be 645
 Be fude that feid it spirituallie ;
 And as the body Naturallie
 At certain tymes, as we may se,
 Maun haue refreschement but delay,
 Or ellis it will faint and decay ; 650
 Euin sa the Saull hes the awin tymes
 Quhen it wald be releuit of crymes,
 And comfort[it] with Consolatioun,
 And put in mynd of Saluatioun
 That Christ hes purchest with his blude ; 655
 It suld be nurischit with his fude :
 And thairfoir God hes in his law
 The seuint day ordanit, as we knaw,

As tyme meit and convenient
 To gif the Saull his nurischement, 660
 That euerie Oulk, anis at the leist,
 It may feid on this Spirituall Feist.
 Than, sen God, quha knawis all thingis be[st,]
 Appointit the seuint day for rest,
 To feid the Saull as tyme maist meit, 665
 I think the Law that wald retreit
 This ordour, maid be God himsell,
 Of our greit arrogance dois smell ;
 And the Law makeris wald appeir
 Wyser nor God, quha seis maist cleir 670
 Quhairof mannis Saul hes greitest neid,
 And how and quhen men suld it feid :
 Bot thir Law makers, that ar now,
 Thinkis that the Saull will be sa fow
 Anis in four Oulkis, it will neid nane 675
 Quhill the fourt Sondag cum agane.
 It is ane takin, I 3ow tell,
 Saullis hounger thay feill nane þame sell,
 And thairfoir dois the word disdane :
 Thay ar sa fow now thay need nane ; 680
 And sa of it beginnis to tyre,
 And now wald flit it our the myre.
 Quhair God appointit Oulklie anis
 At leist, this Law agane ordanis
 Anis in four Oulkis, and sumquhair seuin, 685
 Our Saullis fude to cum from heuin.
 Luik 3e and se gif it growis skant,
 And gif oft Preiching we will want,
 And houngerit be of Saullis fude ;
 As dois declair this multitude. 690
 Gif seruandis of ane Familie
 Had daylie meit sufficientlie
 Prouydit for thame, and na mair,
 Than, gif the Stewart sa wald spair,

And in this sort thair meit dispone, 695
 Of ane dayis meit mak four dayis none,
 Wald not thay seruandis houngerit be,
 And leif in greit Penuritie?

Euin sa fairis of this new Law,
 Gif it cum to, as 3e foirschaw, 700
 Quhair Oulklie Preiching wes befoir,
 Anis in four Oulkis now and no moir ;
 Gif than men sall not houngerit be
 Of Saullis fude, luke 3e and se."

¶ The Courteour said, " then, I wene, 705
 Sair houngerit hes thay pepill bene
 That to this day Preiching gat nane :
 I think thay haue caus to complane."

The Clerk said, " wyte þame hes þe wyte,
 That did not mak Prouisioun tyte, 710
 As 3e hard me declair befoir,
 And add not euil vnto euil moir :

For now sum Kirkis ar weill prouydit,
 And than suld all be clene misgydit ;
 For it is better till haue part 715
 Weill stakit into euerie airt,

Nor to haue all spilt and ouirsene ;
 As it is far better, I wene,
 Gif that ane man had stedingis ten,
 Quhilk requyrit mony beistis and men, 720

And greit expensis for to cure thame ;
 Gif that this man had till manure thame
 Bot aucht Oxin into ane pleuch,
 Quhilk to all wald not be aneuch :

Quhiddel were it better, think 3e, 725
 Till labour ane of thame onlie,
 Quhair Ilkane wald ane uther hane,
 And quhilk to teill his beistis miche gane ;

Or in Ilk steding teill ane Rig,
 Quhairto ane saifgard he must big ; 730

Ane bit teillit heir, ane vther thair,
 Quhilk he micht not keip lait and air
 From wickit beistis wald cum amang it,
 For till destroy and clene ouirgang it;
 I think na wayis man will deny 735
 Bot it wer better verraly
 Ane steding for till laubour weill,
 And in dew sesoun it to teill,
 That in proces, sa being drest,
 It micht bring forth to help the rest, 740
 Nor for till spill all ten atanis,
 Quhilk he may not gyde be na meanis.
 I leif it to 3ow to conclude
 Quhat I mene by this similitude.
 Mairour, þai Kirkis, þat preiching wātīt, 745
 Thristis not mekill till haue plantit,
 For the maist part, as I beleif;
 Than quhy suld 3e thay pepill grief,
 That hounger of thair Saulis dois faill,
 And 3arnis for fude with sa greit 3eill? 750
 Trow 3e thay folkis will be content
 To want thair Pastouris permanent?
 As schortly in Fyfe micht bene sene,
 Quhat hubbilschow thair maist haue bene
 For the displacing of ane Pastour, 755
 According to this new maid Ordour;
 And how the pepil wald not grant
 Thair awin auld Pastour for till want,
 Quhais lyfe and doctrine weil thay knew,
 And him to be ane Pastour trew. 760
 Bot to return vnto our tail:
 Gif this new ordour sall preuail,
 This present age sall houngerit be
 Of Spirituall fude maist certanelie.”
 ¶ The Courteour said, “Schir, 3e knaw, 765
 This raritie will be ane saw,

To mak the word estemit moir
 Nor euer it was heirtofoir ;
 For *Rarum carum* ay, 3e ken,
 And *Quotidianum* tyris men."

770

¶ The Clerk said, "3e haue ressounis fell,
 I se, for to begyle 3our sell ;
 3e sall tak this a thing of me,
 That quha feiris God vnfenzeitlie,
 Of that sweit word will neuer Irk,
 At dew time preichit in thair Kirk,
 Bot will lament with hart full sair,
 Quhen euer that thay miss it thair ;
 3ea, mairattour, in mynd Imprent,
 That thay, that vse that argument,
 Of Goddis word neuer tuke greit cure,
 Nor 3it delyte thairof, be sure.

775

Bot in this heid I byde to lang :
 Vnto the nixt now will I gang ;
 For 3e haue hard, tak this Law space,
 It will defraude this present race
 Of Christis Euangell in this land,
 As I trow now 3e vnderstand ;
 Ane schaddow than wald only be
 Of Preiching in the Ministrie.

780

785

790

Sa now to 3ow is maid patent
 The secund Inconuenient.
 The thrid restis than for till declair,
 Quhilk suld mak all our hartis sair,
 That our Posteritie behind
 In Ignorance suld be left blind,
 Without all comfort of the word
 In publict places, as dois accord ;
 For how can Ministrie indure
 Gif thay of leuingis be not sure ?
 Quhair sall thair tytill be to schaw
 That thay haue richt be ony Law

795

800

Till ony Stendis moir or les,
 Gif that this Ordour tak succes?
 For quhair befor thay had sum Rent 805
 Be ane plane act of Parliament,
 That was, the thriddis of all and haill
 Of beneficis to thair daill,
 Vntill the tyme the teindis all
 Come in thair hādis, baith greit ād small, 810
 Quhilk is thair awin Iust Patrimony;
 Thir thriddis, I say, but stopping ony,
 The Kirkis Collectouris suld vptane,
 Syne vnto the Exchequer gane,
 And maid thair cōptis how þai were spēdit, 815
 Quhilk ordour wes to be commendit.
 The Kirk first stakit, than the rest
 Vnto the Kingis grace vse wes drest ;
 Sa then the Kirk had of their awin
 To serue thair vse, as is weill knawin. 820
 Bot now, quhen that they want þat Law,
 Quhat richt sall thay have for till schaw,
 Except of Liberalitie
 It plesit the authoritie
 Sum Pensionis for to gif thame till, 825
 And that Induring his gude will?
 This is the greitest ground I se,
 Quhilk is na tytill to stik be.
 Quhen ony Princes sall succeid
 That lytill lufis the Kirk in deid, 830
 Thay will be chappit on the cheik,
 And it will be occasioun eik
 To mak Princes Iniunctiounis geif
 To speik nathing that may thame greif ;
 And gif that ony wald withstand 835
 Vnto that vennemous command,
 And to Iniunctiounis not consent,
 Then thay wald bid him be content,

Or ellis he wald get nathing thair
 Of his said Pensioun ony mair ; 840
 Sa sould not our Posteritie
 Get trew preiching, bot flatterie."

¶ Then said the Courteour, "but mair,
 All that greit skaith, that 3e declair,
 Dois not cum of the transportatiounis, 845
 Bot it cumis of the assignatiounis."

¶ The Clerk said : "Ioyne þame baith togidder,
 Bot this Ordour is eldest brother ;
 I am assurit *Tempore*,
 The vther may be *Intentione*, 850
 Sa this new Ordour is ane way
 To mak the word of God decay ;
 And not to reache till our ofspring,
 Quhilk we suld wis abone all thing ;
 And, at the leist, 3e man confes 855
 That it precludis the way expres
 The Preichouris number till augment.
 Bot as this Ordour dois Inuent,
 That is, four Kirkis till ane Preichour,
 Quhilk I haue prouin within this hour 860
 To be bot ane dissaitfull wyle,
 The Kirk of Christ for till begyle,
 And not to feid it Faithfullie,
 As thay pretend most craftilie ;
 For may not the authoritie 865
 Object till our Posteritie,
 Quhen Ministeris ma thay do craif,
 'Quhat neid 3ow ma Preichouris to haue
 Nor our Foirbears had befoir ;
 And we knaw weill thay socht no moir 870
 Bot ane till four Kirkis in thay days ?
 3e will get na ma, go 3our wayis.'
 May not this ordour be occasioun,
 To mak Princes use this euasioun,

That Preichouris number neuer be
Augmentit mair nor now we se?
Thairfoir, Iustlie I may conclude
That this new Ordour dois preclude
The way till our Posteritie
To mak the Preichouris multiplie. 880
In this case to speik ony mair
At this tyme is not necessair,
Thair friuole foches to repeit,
That this new Ordour wald debait:
Sic as this, befoir this Ordour 885
Sum Ministers had kirkis four;
And mony vane affectioun,
Indigne of Contradictioun,
I leif as thingis of na auail;
And heir now will tak in my Saill. 890
Then 3e haue hard me schaw at lenth
How that thair ressounis hes na strenth,
And ar nathing bot craftie cloikis,
That sayis it is to feid the flokis
That sic new Ordour thay haue tane, 895
To knit four Parische Kirkis in ane;
And how þe richt meanis I haue schawin,
Ouir all to haue the Gospell sawin.
Gif that be it that thay do seik,
3e hard how I declarit eik, 900
That the maist euill and hurtfull thingis,
This new maid Ordour with it bringis,
By mony Inconuenient,
That vnto it is Consequent:
The first 3e hard, it wald men tak 905
Far greiter burdingis on their bak
Nor possibill is for till beir—
Four Parische Kirkis till ane Preicheir,
Quhen skantlie may ane man gyde ane,
Gif faithfull charge thairon be tane. 910

And nixt, how it wald mak vs quyte
 Of Christis Euangell, our delyte ;
 Of preiching we suld haue na mair
 Bot ane pretence and schaddow bair,
 Sa that this age sall be denude 915
 Of trew Preiching and Spirituall fude.
 And thirdly, 3e hard maist patent,
 That all our ofspring subsequent
 Suld be defraudit, in lyke sort,
 Of that maist excellent Comfort ; 920
 And haue na facultie to chuse
 Ma men the Preiching for till vse,
 For to enlarge the word ouir all,
 As it suld be, to greit and small.
 Sa now I traist 3e will not say 925
 Bot I haue vsit ressoun ay
 To preif my Propositionis plane,
 That this new Ordour is maist vane,
 And als maist hurtfull to the Kirk,
 Of ony that the Deuill did wirk, 930
 Sen the Euangell publictlie
 Wes preichit into this Countrie :
 Quhairfoir, gif that the Kirk consent,
 Thay will haue caus for till repent,
 Perchance soner nor thay beleif, 935
 For als fane as sum wald it preif.
 It is the way to put to flicht
 The Gospell, and bid Christ Gude nicht ;
 As sum alreddy dois espy,
 Quha did afoir till it apply." 940

¶ "I knaw not," said the Courteour ;
 "Bot thay that did mak this Ordour,
 I trow, sall proue it to be gude."

The Clerk said, "quha is he will dude ?
 I wald fane se the Courteour, 945
 Or 3it the Court flattring Preichour,

That to this Ordour did consent,
 Or ony that did it Inuent,
 Gif he to me wald Intimat
 My ressounis to euacuat ; 950
 And, gif I had into 3our place
 Ane leirnit man that wald me face,
 I suld declair at greiter lenth,
 With arguments of greiter strenth,
 The Deuillische draucht of this deuyse, 955
 And ground of all this interpryse."

¶ "Forsuith, Schir," sais the Courteour,
 "I am assurit, had Ilk Preichour
 Into the mater bene als frak
 As 3e haue bene heir sen 3e spak, 960
 It had not cum to sic an heid
 As this day we see it proceed :
 Bot I can se few men amang thame,
 Thocht all the warld suld clene ouirgang thame,
 That has ane face to speik agane 965
 Sic as the Kirk of Christ prophane.
 Had gude Iohn Knox not 3it bene deid,
 It had not cum vnto this heid ;
 Had thay myntit till sic ane steir,
 He had maid heuin and eirth to heir." 970

"Quhat weill 3e, brother," said the Clerk,
 "Go . . . vntil his werk,
 Quhilk at the first men dois not spy ;
 Bot 3it Preichouris that dois not try,
 Quhen they persauae the euill afar, 975
 And dois not warne or it cum nar,
 Sall not be gyltles of the blude
 Of thame that perische, to conclude."

¶ With that we come to Kennewie,
 Quhair that we tuke ane drink schortlie, 980

Syne raid a lytill Eist the bra,
 Quhair that our gaittis partit in twa.
 To part with thame my hart was sair,
 3it I tuke leif of thame but mair,
 And thay vnto Sanctandrois maid, 985
 And I to Dundie watter raid.
 Quhair be the way I did record
 Upon thair talking euerie word;
 And with my self I said that tyde,
 It wer ane pietie for till hyde 990
 This ressoning, gif I culd wryte,
 Or had Ingyne that culd Indyte.
 Allace! gif Poetis had bene heir,
 That culd haue maid the mater cleir,
 And set it furth in cunning verse, 995
 The thingis that I hard thame reheirse!
 Bot 3it, or it suld be supprest,
 My self to wryte I held it best,
 Thocht of all Cunning I be quyte.
 Perchance sum Poet will delyte 1000
 To put it in mair plesand Ryme,
 That I haue blokit at this tyme;
 For fault of vtheris that haue skill,
 I could not bot schaw my gude will.
 Thairfoir, all Poetis, pardoun me, 1005
 That wrait this of Necessitie,
 And not to stane 3our plesand style:
 Than I fell to, and did compyle
 This lytill volume, as 3e se,
 How sone that I come to Dundie. 1010

¶ Finis.

XLIII.

Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun.

[GEORGE DANIEL'S COLLECTION, now in the possession of HENRY HUTH, Esq., 30 Princes' Gate, London.—THE PHILOBIBLON SOCIETY: Ancient Ballads and Broad-sides, published in England in the Sixteenth Century, chiefly in the earlier years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Reprinted from the Unique Original Copies, mostly in Black Letter, preserved in the Library of HENRY HUTH, Esq., London. Printed by Whittingham and Wilkins, 1867.—A COLLECTION OF SEVENTY-NINE BLACK LETTER BALLADS AND BROADSIDES, printed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, between the years 1559 and 1597. Published by Joseph Lilly. London, 1867.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES. Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



INCONSTANT warld, fragill and friuolus,
 With feinzeit Fortoun! quha confides in the,
 Sall finde his lyfe cairfull and cruellus,
 Led in this vale of wofull miserie ;
 Quhat potent princes in prosperitie 5
 Hes sho deposd from their imperiall places !
 Hir craft quotidian we may cleirly se,
 As men in mirrouris may behauld their faces.

The worthie Bocas, in his morall buke,
 The Fall of Princes plainly dois compyle ; 10
 Amangs thame all quha euer lykes to luke,
 Sall finde Dame Fortounis fauour for a quhyle ;

For with the one eye sho can lauch and smyle,
 And with the vther lurke and play the loun;
 Sum to promotioun, and some to plaine exile, 15
 Lyke draw-well bukkets dowkand vp and doun.

¶ That variable witch makis all the warld ado!
 Quhat kingis and countreis hes sho brocht to end!
 Assyrians, Persians, Grekes, and Romaines to:
 The monarches foure micht not hir force defend. 20
 Bulworkis nor battellis bydis her nocht a bend;
 Quha may withstand her straik quhan sho list stryke?
 This nicht aneuch, the morne nathing to spend!
 Imago in Luna, and sho lukis baith alyke.

To pen the speciallis it passis mony a hunder, 25
 And makis the tyme ouer tidious to declare;
 Sum sho promouis, and sum sho puttis, to, vnder,
 And sum rewardes with wandring heir and thair;
 And sum incastrat captiues in the snair,
 And sum for flatrie dois hir freindship find; 30
 To all estates vntruethfull, quhat sould mair,
 Turnand her volt lyke woddercok in wind?

To paint her out it passis mine ingyne,
 How wonderfully she wirkes in all thir thingis!
 Sum fra thair birth brocht vp with doggis and swine, 35
 Tane fra the pleuch, and placit in sait of kingis.
 The brutell beist, ane barbour wolfe, vpbringis
 The first borne Romain, callit Romulus,
 Quhais blude as 3it into that regioun ringis,
 By expectatioun of auld Amelius. 40

Cyrus siclyke was be ane bitche vpbrocht,
 Cround as a king, ane cruell man of weir.
 Pareis in Troy, that all the toun forthocht,
 Preseruit from slauchter be souking of a beir.

And swa was Thylaphus with ane hinde, I heir ; 45
 Medas with imates, and maid ane michtie prince ;
 Plato with beis, quha did sic prudence leir,
 That all men meruelled of his eloquence.

Without respect to blude royall, or clan,
 Pureanis promouit that na man wald presume ; 50
 Torquinius Priscus, a baneist marchant man,
 Chaist out of Corinth, and cround a king in Rome.
 Siclyke was Seruius from ane shipherd grome ;
 And Tullus Hostilius fand her fauour neist ;
 Is, was, and salbe quhill the day of dome, 55
 Sic doubill dealing in Dame Fortounis breist !

Quha findis hir freindship of fauour hes aneuch ;
 To warldly glore sho gydes them all the gait ;
 Tuke sho not Gordias from the spaid and pleuch,
 And quickly placit him in a princes sait ? 60
 How far may Darius bragge of her debait,
 Tane fra the stabil ouer Persia to ring !
 Pure Agathocles, from a law estait,
 Ane potteris boy, to be ane potent King !

Of Justine, the suinehird, sho maid ane empriour, 65
 Ouer Constantinople ane king, and cround him thair ;
 Gyges the gait-hird, ane michtie conquerour,
 To Lydia land she maid him lord and aire ;
 And Wallancianus from his landwart fair,
 Tane fra the pleuch to place imperiall ; 70
 Cambyses, Nero, be the contrair clair,
 Was thair awin burreois to thair buriall.

Sa Fortoun mountit neuer man sa hie,
 Fostered with folie, suppose she make them faine,
 Bot with ane tit sho turnis the quheill, 3e sie, 75
 Doun gois their heid, vp gois their heillis againe !

64. porteris in orig.; an obvious misprint.

Of Alexander to write I war bot vaine ;
 Ouer fifty landis he lord was, at the leist ;
 3it threttie dayis lay efter he was slaine,
 Unbureit in Babell, lyke a brutell beist. 80

Xerxes, quhose armeis maid the riueris dry,
 And schippis subumbragit all the seyis on breid,
 Did sho not wait him with sic foule inuy,
 Pray to Pericles, that put him to his speid ?
 Of Julius Cesar gif thow lykes to reid, 85
 In his triumphant toun victorious,
 Slaine be his Senatis, schamefully in deid,
 By his awin kinsmen Brutus and Cassus.

Sum auld exemples heir I man induce,
 To bring my purpose to more speciall ; 90
 Quha was mair worthie, gif I wald make ruse,
 More stout, more trew, nor hardy Hanniball ?
 Danter of Romaines, to Carthage ane castell wall,
 The onely thing quhairin he maist reioysit ;
 Do quhat he docht in deidis marciall, 95
 By his awin pepill petiously deposed.

Sicklyk was Sipio saiklesly schot furth,
 That vinqueist Hanniball lyke a warriour wicht,
 His valiant workes was weyit bot litill worth,
 Quhen he was baneist with a bair gude nicht ; 100
 Not lyke a captaine nor a kindly knicht,
 Bot lyke ane beggar baneist in exile ;
 Sa Fortoun montit neuer man on hicht,
 Bot sho can law him within a litill quhyle.

Alchebead of Athenis was Duke, 105
 Of princely parents and ane royall race,
 To keip his toun sic trauell undertuke,
 He maid his fo-men fle befoir his face ;

91. Orig. git.

93. Orig. Dauter.

95. Orig. ^{*}quhar.

99. Orig. litils.

To his rewarde he gat nane vther grace,
 Ingraitly baneist, to their awin grit skaith ; 110
 And Tymistocles in that samin place :
 By their awin burgessis thay wer baneist baith.

Experience teiches me not to flyte with Fortoun,
 With auld examples that dois na thing belang vs ;
 Marke James of Dowglas, present Erle of Morton, 115
 And of the best that euer was borne amang vs ;
 Danter of theuis that dayly dois ouer-gang vs,
 Key of this countrie that kepit vs from skaith ;
 I speik na farther in feir thay sould gar hang vs :
 Preichouris and poiettis are put to silence baith. 120

Few things wer done bot Mortoun interpretit them,
 Dumbar, and Brichane, and mony vthair bloke ;
 Speik quhat thay pleis, he wrocht them and deuisit them ;
 He and his freindis ay formest in the flocke ;
 He faucht 3our querrell as kein as ony cok, 125
 Reuengit 3our murthers ma nor twa or thrie ;
 Ane nobillman and of ane ancient stoke,
 His valiant deidis demereitis not to die.

¶ Ane of the speciallis did mentene 3our croun,
 3our ferme protectour in 3our tender 3eiris ; 130
 He maid 3ow vp and all 3our fo-men down,
 His marciall manheid did mentein 3our weiris ;
 Gif he did wrang, rewarde him as effeiris ;
 Gif he did gud, God wald he sould be tret ;
 Bot as the prouerbe speikis, it plaine appeiris, 135
 Auld men will die, and barnes will sone for3et.

Was he not reowler ouer 3our realme and rigioun,
 Quhill all was pacifeit be his prudent wit ?
 Stude he not stoutly be the true religioun,
 Ane of the first that maid the freiris to flit ? 140

Franke on the feildis, and formest at the bit,
 Without respect to baggis or bodie to ;
 Your faithfull subiect, and sua he sal be zit,
 To do gude seruice, as I haue seene him do.

Than at Carbarrie hill he held a day, 145
 With litill bludeshed Bothwell was put a-bake,
 Quha slew your father and fibilly fled away,
 Syne socht yourselfe to bring this realme to sake.
 How mony clawbackes than, suppose thay crak,
 Conuenit with Mortoun quhan Bothwel tuk the chase? 150
 Try or ze tine him, and trow not all thay spak ;
 Lat workes beir witnes : vaine wordis sould haue na place.

Sone efter that the Counsell cround yoursell,
 Quhan godly Murray as a regent rang ;
 Zit thair was some that bauldly did rebell, 155
 That to your lawis wald nouthar ryde nor gang.
 Quha thair conuenit for to reuenge your wrang,
 Albeit your action was thocht innocent?
 It was the Dowglassis douchtaly them dang,
 And pleit your proces in that parliament. 160

Quha could declare our langsum lyfe in Leith,
 Fechtand all day, and syne lay in our clais?
 Gif Lindesay lykes, that Lord can tell you eith
 Quha was your friendis, or quha your mortall fais,
 Or quha gaid formest breistand vp the braies. 165
 I dar not pen the speciallis, I do plaine you ;
 Bot, weill I wait, howeuer the world now gais,
 Thai find maist freindship, was fardest than again you.

Syne at [the] Langsyde feild your grace may ken,
 Mortoun was thair ane man amang the rest ; 170
 In Striuling toun, out of his dowie den,
 Maist lyke a fox thay fyrit him in his nest.

In Edinburgh Castell quhair thay war possest,
 He them desplaced that purposit to undo 3ow.
 Quhan 3e grow auld, I wait 3e will confest, 175
 Mortoun hes bene ane faithfull saruand to 3ow.

Quhan Regentis deit, and all the lytes inlaikit,
 The Counsell did conuene and set ane day ;
 Thay cheisit him Regent in that rowme that waikit,
 With sad advise, for few or nane said nay ; 180
 Bot 3it I think thay playit 3our grace foule play,
 Gif he was knawin than of thir crymes conuict ;
 Gif he be saikles, surely I dar say,
 They haue defamit him with ane fulich trick.

To dant the theuis had he nocht mekill ado, 185
 Abandoned the borders that na man durst rebell ?
 The Armestrangis, Elliottis, and the Johnestons, to,
 With twentie vther clans I can not tell—
 During his dayis thai durst not ryde ane ell ;
 The hirdis and hinde men in their labeis lay ; 190
 Bot thair estait, as now 3e sie 3oursell,
 All nicht to walke, and fane to wirk all day.

Aganis grit lordis committing small offence,
 With iniust challenge thay aucht na man to chessoun ;
 Mortoun hes ay bene vpricht with his prince, 195
 But spot of cryme, or ony point of tressoun.
 Albeit gude saruice be not tane in seasoun,
 His workes may witnes he neuer sparit for perrell ;
 Laitly accusit but outhir ryme or ressoun,
 As sindrie schawis me, for a saikles querrell. 200

Daft fulis defyis him because thay finde him sage,
 And cowartis contrarious for his hardiment ;
 Young men for glaikrie can not agrie with age,
 And waisteris inuyis him for his gouvernement.

And sacreit counsell can not be content 205
 To suffer lordshippis in equalitie ;
 3it I beseik 3our grace, of gude intent,
 To play the prince but parcialitie.

Adwise 3ow weill, sen he hes not offendit ;
 To keip sic senattis it sall decore 3our land ; 210
 Of rasche decreitis cumis rew and may not mend it,
 As Scottismens wisdome dois behinde the hand.
 Wyse lordis are ill ta make, I vnderstand,
 And crewelty in kingis is to abhorre :
 This sempill counsall, syr, is na command, 215
 Bot wald to God that na man louit 3ow war.

FINIS, quod Sempill.

Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekprewicke,
 dwelling at the Netherbow.

206. Orig. lorshippis.

211. Orig. detreitis.

214. Orig. trewly.

XLIV.

Ane Admonition To The Antichristian Ministers
In the Defornit Kirk of Scotland.

[1581. 8vo. Without printer's name or place. 7 leaves. A and B in fours, the last leaf blank.—Subjoined to a few copies of NICOL BURNE'S DISPUTATION CONCERNING THE CONTROVERSIT HEADDIS OF RELIGION HALDIN IN THE REALME OF SCOTLAND. Parise, 1581. 8vo.—SIBBALD'S CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Edinb. 1802.]

Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici eius.

TO THE LOUING REIDER.



IF pacience, with confidence, of God hes had
reuaird,
Gif reuerence, obedience, be giftis notabill,
Vith reason, but treason, humilitie be stabil,
To Catholik, Apostolik, the victor is declaird.

Gif periurie and traitorie be vyces venemous,
Gif sclander can rander his maister recompance,
The Protestant so molestant, be al intelligence,
For hyre the fyre sal get of Cerberus.

5

ADIEU.

TO 3ou, ministers, and Prelattis of perdition,
 This schedul schort I do direct in plane,
 Sen violentlie 3e haue fruition
 Of that gude spous quhilk man cum hame agane ;
 My counsall is, 3e think hir bot a lane, 5
 I mean the Kirk of CHRIST, our Preist and King ;
 Quha for 3our thift I traist salbe 3our bane,
 That sathan for 3our saull may dergie sing,

Quha hes sa mony saulis in error brocht,
 To 3ou conuoy to hel, that kingdome dark, 10
 Sen miserable slauis lyk 3ou hes euer socht
 To be accompaneit in all pair euill vark.
 Sa did our Lord the reprobat ay mark
 As members of sedition and stryf,
 That maisters of ane euil steik of vark 15
 Sould ay detest the godlie, vpricht lyf.

For sen the tyme that fals Apostat preist,
 Ennemie to Christ and mannis saluation,
 3our maister Knox, that vicked, venemous beist,
 Vas chaissit from the English nation, 20
 And come to 3ou to preiche abomination
 In Scotland, sumtyme Realme of renoun,
 Extreme hes bene that desolation
 3e haue sustenit in citie, tour, and toun.

The Lord behaldis 3our knauerie gret and small, 25
 3our doctrine, and 3our lyuis vicious,
 As of his sanctuarie 3e brak the vall,
 Lymmers violent, fals, and seditious !
 Sik pestis var neuer send pernicious,
 Be God our Lord, to Pharao the king, 30
 As 3ou, quhom damnit Sathan Cerberus
 Hes placit ouer Christianis to Rigne.

Sik man, sik maister, as is said,
 Sik trie, sik fructe, all tyme ve se ;
 And, as 3our maisters grund is laid, 35
 Lyk do the vallis and bigging be :
 Father of lewis, stryf, and Iniquitie,
 Tentation, blaspheme, thift, and all the laue :
 Sik childrene hes he procreat to be
 Duellaris into his Babilon, Geneue. 40

That chyre of Antichrist and desolation,
 That hure of Babylon, and Prince of Atheisme,
 That Coup of poison for monie realme and nation,
 Blasphemand CHRIST, leuand in Barbarisme ;
 Counsall that fosteris heresie and scisme, 45
 Vitcheecraft, adulterie, and may, gif 3e vill craue,
 Vith all the properteis of Sathannis dragonisme :
 Place for the Antichrist in speciall is Geneue.

Mony be fosterit vnder this huris band,
 Diuers in maners, Doctrine, and condition, 50
 Varkmen to Nemrod, quha thocht to reich his hand
 Heich to þe heauins to haue fruition.
 Ane tour he beildit for tuition,
 From the deluge of valter him to saue :
 Nemrod is Luther, sone of perdition, 55
 That romane Antichrist, blasphemous knaue.

Thus did proceid, on pryd and presumption,
 This vark attemptit contrar the michtie Lord,
 As Nemrod vas ane man of gret ambition,
 The halie vrit expreslie makis record. 60
 Bot quhen as he, in place to haue adord
 His God and makar, quha strenth vnto him gaue,
 Began to big that tour, a thing abhord,
 As may be callit the Babilon, Geneue ;

36. S. byging.

40. S. Duollaris.

38. S. blasphemie.

57. S. omits *on*.

Then God, for iust reuenge of that thair pryd, 65
 Diuersitie of tungis vnto thame sent,
 And vnto diuers cuntreis pat asyd
 The varkmen of that monstreous intent,
 Quhilk the posteritie Iustlie may repent,
 That vnitie of speiche vas then dissoluit : 70
 Nane vnderstude quhat an other ment,
 Vith confusion sua vas all thing inuoluit.

Sua, quhen 3our maister, Lucifer the Deuill,
 Be 3ou his kingdome planelie had erectit,
 Detractand CHRIST, reddie to all euill, 75
 Cofferit vithin 3ou for feir to be suspectit,
 God hes 3our tungis and myndis sa far deiectit,
 As now dois vitnes 3our varkis and vrittingis haill,
 Vith contradictions and lesingis haill infectit :
 Prophane protestantis ! lament, murne, and beuail. 80

Efter that Sathan his horne begoud to blau
 In diuers nations of Christianitie,
 To rais his kingdome tentation did sau
 Into þe hairtis of men in all degrie ;
 First to blaspheme the name of God so hie, 85
 Nixt of his sone from death that did vs saue,
 And then all sanctis vith his mother MARIE,
 As planelie testefeis that Babilon, Geneue.

Bot 3it, quha vald of Scotland knau the stait,
 Ay sen the 3eir of God threscore and ane, 90
 In place of prayer it did imbrace debait,
 So Sathan led men steid fast be the mane ;
 That nather Lord nor Knicht he lute alane,
 Except his coup var vachtit out aluay,
 Seasonit vith blaspheme, sacrilege, disdayne, 95
 All godlie lyf and cheritie to slay.

91. S. embrace.

95. S. sacrilige.

Attour, that serpent of 3our deformation,
 In euerie toun and citie he arryuit,
 Realme, kingdome, cuntrie, or nation,
 With all his micht and force ay still he stryuit 100
 That lauchfull pastors of the Kirk sould be depryuit,
 And sacrifice of the Altar eik aboleist ;
 Thus is 3our Antichrist be S. Iohne descryuit,
 Blasphemand CHRIST, our King, prophet, and priest ;

Denyand scripturis plane, and places gude, 105
 Buikis, volumes, and Propheceis so treu,
 Maist plane Euangellis, quhilk ar our saulis fude,
 Vritten in the auld, and eik the Testament neu.
 Thus Sathan in 3our knauish luggis bleu,
 Stil to deny all treuth and veritie, 110
 Sua that amang 3ou salbe fund richt feu
 Bot ar infectit with deulish blasphemie.

Quhairfore, sen nou thir thingis be manifest,
 And tyme requyris amendement of missis,
 3our deulish heresie at al time can not lest, 115
 Bot, as God louis his flock, sa he thame blissis.
 Lykuyse the visdome of the halie spreit ay vishis
 That Christianis of the Kirk sould haue remeid.
 Go hence then, lounis ! the laich vay in Abyssis :
 Kilt vp 3our Conneis, to Geneue haist with speid. 120

Sen for loun Villox to be 3our crounal strang,
 Quhais heid and schoulders ar of bouk aneuch,
 That vas in Scotland vyreenin 3ou amang,
 Quhen as he draue and Knox held steue the pleuch,
 And Methuen seu adulterie so teuch, 125
 Behind thair heillis in fornication 3eid ;
 Rou custe the vsurie hard be the beuch :
 Kilt vp 3our Conneis, to Geneue haist with speid.

99. S. and nation.
 115. all.

103. S. This.

110. S. Still.
 125. S. sa teuch.

114. S. amendment.
 126. S. yeid.

Gudman his brother and secretar man be,
 To register his prechingis of sedition ; 130
 Practeces and propheceis of Nicromancie
 Craig, that Apostat, hes in tuition ;
 Venom and poison vill furneis Chrysteson ;
 The lass he reueist at Berne : I haue not leid.
 Makbrair of vyuis fyue hes had fruition, 135
 And Blakuod four : to Geneue haist with speid.

Sua that ane metar man, in my opinion,
 Can not be fund œconomus to be ;
 Na metar cuik nor Durie, that fed loun,
 Chrysteson, 3our trumpetour, blauis loud and hie ; 140
 His boss bellie, ramforsit with creisch and lie,
 Vill serue to be a gabion in neid ;
 His heid a bullat vith pouldre far to flie :
 Kilt vp 3our Conneis, &c.

And, that 3e vant na pastyme be the vay, 145
 Meluene can play the fule, as 3e veil knau ;
 Cairnis vill rin vod, and Brog vil go astray ;
 Kinneir, I gess, to fling vil stand na au ;
 Daidson, 3our Poët, that skipper crous can crau,
 Sua that he knau the Iurnay to succeid ; 150
 Leyn, the fals preist, vil sing base to Blakha :
 Kilt vp 3our Conneis, &c.

Blak and Cahoune, I trou, vald follou sone,
 Sincere vagabundis, and outlauis suthorne suorne,
 Vith sindrie vthers quha can not fal in tone, 155
 Diuers in maners, vnhappy, fals, forlorne.
 Thir may 3our schone and buittis mak clene at morne,
 Thair sleikit tungis ar sua veil creischit indeid,
 Better gudgettis ar not of Scotland borne :
 Kilt vp, &c. 160

132. S. intuition.

136. S. Blakwood.

137. S. opinioun.

Bot, or 3e fecht for offecis in band,
 I man of force place ane afore another.
 Amang the first I fauor flattering Brand,
 Nixt men be Craig, Apostat, paillard brother :
 I can not mark tua meater of the futher. 165
 Brand salbe furriour to mark 3ou be the heid ;
 Craig, thou art clerk, I can not find another,
 To preiche poison for the treu saulis remeid.

Smeton, the baner to the I gif in gyding,
 Thou hes the thunder, subtile, satanical ; 170
 To gar thame brek pair nekkis alreddie slyding,
 Thou hes refusit God, his Kirk, and all ;
 Tentation, lichorie, libertie haue maid the fall ;
 Thou hes Blasphemit our prophet, Preist, and heid ;
 O filthie tegre Babylonical ! 175
 Display thy baner : to Geneue haist vith speid.

Vnder the schaddou lat Louson fut it steue,
 Scurgar of CHRIST, quhilk is ane odius thing,
 Tormenting and burning of the pure may preue,
 For almous crauing his cheritie gart ding ; 180
 Smeton, thou grantis the kirk this day to rigne ;
 Louson the same inuisible vil pleid :
 He is thy fallou, fals veper maligne :
 Kilt vp, &c.

Vatson, the monk, vnthrifitie campion, 185
 And, gif he tyre, Veymis may capitane be.
 I vil not say bot braggand Forguson,
 Vich halflang suord sould clame to this degrie :
 The first is mutilat in the hand, 3e se ;
 The vther fed of bellie, erss, and heid : 190
 The edge of suord for commentar seruiss the :
 Kilt vp, &c.

163. S. favour.

164. S. menn.

173. S. licherie.

178. S. Scurgear.

187. S. braggard.

Sen Furie cuikis, it may staik the ful veil
 The fyre to big, and scudle dischis clene ;
 Baith at a scule inspyrit vith the Deil, 195
 3our tungis scedicious and fals hes scourit bene.
 3our equal stoutnes is manifestlie sene :
 Furie vith dag, and murrion on heid,
 Thou vith thy scripture callit halflang, I vene,
 The peperit beif can tail3e be the threid. 200

Syn for 3our vnitie in contradiction,
 Sa man 3our advocattis and men of lau be hyrit ;
 To pleid the caus and vecht of 3our opinion
 Tak Schairp and Leslie, tua vyse men veill inspyrit ;
 Leslie to cum from lauis to 3ou he fyrit ; 205
 Schairp from 3ou vent to the lauis for neid ;
 As he vas vyse, the vther planelie skyrit ;
 Gar paint thair baigis : to Geneue haist vith speid.

And, gif 3e feir betraying of 3ame baith,
 As may befall in mater of sik cace, 210
 Kilpont, I traist, vil let 3ou tak na skaith,
 Bot strang and steidfast aganis the hil vald brace.
 Vnles his leggis var sair, sing 3e allace !
 He hes the lauis and scripture baith for neid ;
 Temporal Iuge, and prechour double face, 215
 3our meit ambassad for Sathan, I conceid.

Tak Paterson 3our victuallis hail to keip ;
 That lordlie loun and sone of Italie,
 Blakburne, man haue the pryd vnles he veip ;
 Falset I gif to Glass and Thom Makghe. 220
 Sould not the Meluene, sirris, exaltit be ?
 Sa veil the vay he kennis, and can 3ou leid ;
 Scripture perqueir he hes sinistrouslie :
 Follou 3our gyde : to Geneue haist vith speid.

193. S. Durie ; S. stouk.
 211. S. lat.

194. S. disches.

201. S. vanitie.

214. S. has.

Bot 3it 3e vant 3our trunschewan be the vay, 225
 That man be vyse and subtile lyk a tod.
 The metest man for this office, I say,
 Is Adamson, in-Constant, heater of God.
 He is, at hame, and hes bene sua abrod.
 3e knau, his last Confession maid 3ou anger, 230
 Discord amang 3ou to mak 3our euins od ;
 For, gif 3e suffer, he vil grou daylie strangar.

I gif 3ou als, to be the dispensature
 Of 3our vnthriftie vaigis, as thay follou ;
 Cuninghame, Bischop, that drunken blasphemature, 235
 For he subscriuit, 3e knaw : he can not hallou
 Except it be his cop, to sup and suallou.
 Gif 3e proceid to excommunication,
 For3et not Boyd of Glasgou vas his fallou :
 Thay thrie intendit to baneis 3ow the nation. 240

Vynrame, the loun, he may not be forgottin,
 Quha leuis quhil God a vengeance on him send ;
 He kneu the veritie, mensuorne, fals, and forloppin.
 Dunkeson, the knaue, vil neuer amend ;
 Bot 3it, gude Lord, quha anis thy name hes kend, 245
 May, or thay de, find for thair saulis remeid.
 Vith thy elect Arbuthnot I commend,
 Althocht the laue to Geneue haist vith speid.

Balcanqual salbe corporal first in place,
 Denyand plane S. Petir vas in Rome ; 250
 As he hes said into the kingis face,
 His maiestie be 3ou had onlie Kingdome ;
 Planelie denūcit the tinsel of his fredome,
 Lyk as Balquhannan vith his buke him fleid.
 The secund place hes lital Daid Home : 255
 Kilt up 3our Conneis, &c.

The bangister Hayis salbe the vther tuay ;
 Ane is the tyrane, the vther fals, I vish ;
 Dalgleish, the couart, may ga behind and say,
 He may cum on the bakuart band to blis. 260
 Lyndesay of Leith, tak thou thy pairt of this,
 Bennet but pintle may be the hand the leid,
 Denyit plane the lass that he could kiss,
 Vith Michel als, quha vranguslie baith leid.

Symson of Dumbar, quhat sall I say of the ? 265
 I knaw thou vaittis Lieutenantis place to haue ;
 I grant thy visdome soleid for to be,
 As Kellochis dreame bearis vitnes, ouer the laue.
 Sa may thou baldlie ane hear place cum craue,
 Var not thou seis full ill the band to leid ; 270
 The less experience hes thou thy flock to saue ;
 Kilt vp thy Connie : to Geneue haist vith speid.

The vther number of the congregation,
 Redaris, exhortaris, or quhatsumeuir thay be,
 That leuis this day into the Scottis nation, 275
 Let thame prepare, and hy thame haistelie ;
 Vith bag and baggage pak vp richt suddanlie
 Memoriallis, vrittingis, letteris, nedil and threid ;
 For nou thair glass is run, as 3e may se,
 Sua that of force to Geneue man thay speid. 280

Nou for 3our vage, that 3e may byt and gnau,
 For euerie day I mak 3ou assignation,
 To tak the curse and vengeance I can schau
 Of infenit people into that nation,
 That cryis to heauin : " Lord ! for thy passion, 285
 Delyuer vs from this bondage miserable,
 Quhair thy name is in abhomination,
 That the to serue thy seruandis may be abill."

Curse of the infantis gottin in adulterie,
 Fornication, Incest, filthie synnis all ; 290
 Curse of the husbandis that leuis separatlie
 From lauchfull vyf, to the Adulteres thral ;
 Curse of the people quha on the Lord do cal
 For Pastors and sacramentis, the saulis remeid ;
 Curse of the pure in nūber gret and smal, 295
 Quhom 3e haue scurgit and hungerit to the deid.

Curse of the seik lying in paynis strang,
 And sufferis dolor vith torment infenit,
 To quhoum in saul and body 3e do vrang,
 Barring auay that heauinlie benefeit, 300
 And comfortable sacrament baith of drink and meit,
 As planelie testefeis that saxt chapter of Iohne ;
 A neidfull meane vnto that kingdome sueit,
 As lykuyse is that holy Vnction.

Curse of the Kirk, our mother spiritual, 305
 Quhom 3e haue robbit and spulzeit of hir richt ;
 Curse of our Saluour, hir spous celestial,
 Quhom 3e deny pouar to haue or micht,
 And callis him lear : O ennemeis of licht !
 Curse of the Bischops and Doctors of his kirk, 310
 Quhom he hes ordanit as eyis of hir sicht ;
 Curse of the saulis quhom 3e keip in the mirk.

Curse for 3our breking of that Sacrament,
 And haly band of sacred Matremony,
 Quhilk 3e, rebellis to Christis testament, 315
 Callis bastard : Double sonnis of Deuilrie !
 S. Paul hes cursit 3ow in this point, I se ;
 Moyes forbad 3ou to giue the nichbouris vyf
 To the vnlauchful husbandis cumpanie ;
 Cursit be 3e in al 3our eage and lyf. 320

292. S. adulterers.

308. S. to have powar.

298. S. unfenit.

314. S. matrimony.

Cursit be 3e be CHRIST our saluour,
 For breking of that godly ordonnance,
 Necessar office in kirk callit Ordour,
 Quhilk 3e, bastard villanis of diffidence !
 In plane contempt of his preheminnence, 325
 Lyk Turk and Iou, vith Sathan do detest.
 O vepers, forgit of malice and offence !
 Iudas sall Iuge 3ou, and God sall scale 3our nest.

3e mereit surelie, for recompance and pane,
 A thousand cursis daylie at 3our rying. 330
 Gif godlie Noë var leuand anis agane,
 He sould accuse 3our filthie, fals misgysing,
 Of haly Kirk 3our temerar dispysing :
 3e Sodomētis discoverit hes hir members.
 Cursit be 3e for that 3our il avysing, 335
 Traitors to God, and to 3our prences lymmers.

Cursit be 3e, quhais tung did flame our Quene ;
 Cursit be 3e, quha thocht to sell our King ;
 Traitors to God, to Inglish men, I vene,
 3our treason strang 3our fyrie breist sall ding ; 340
 3e gat the purse, and vaitit better thing,
 To sel the sone as 3e did fleme the mother :
 Vnhappy clan, peruersit and maligne !
 The schip is vrang quhen 3e do steir the ruther.

Cursit be 3e for templis casting down ; 345
 Cursit be 3e for 3our consentement
 To slauchter of that freind vnto the croun :
 Fructis of 3our faith, peruersit Iugement !
 Treason, invy, slauchter ar 3our intent,
 Sua that the godlie may not leue amang 3ou. 350
 I traist to se the day 3e salbe schent,
 That for thir faultis King Iames the saxt sal hang 3ou.

337. S. fleme.

343. Wanting in S.

341. S. purs . . . waittit.

344. S. strang.

And als of liberalitie sal 3e haue
 The malediction of God omnipotent,
 His name, Angellis, sanctis, and al the laue, 355
 Quhom 3e blasphemit hail, vith villis bent.
 Coniurit scurriors of the Antichryst ! repent ;
 Leue of in tyme Christis people to deceaue,
 Vnles 3e vald incur þe Iugement,
 In hel to duel vith Pluto, leying knaue. 360

Restore thy glore, O Lord, I the beseik ;
 Indeu vith treu intelligence thy flock ;
 Thou seis the levis thy ennemeis seik
 Thy name to blame, as thay haue thy Rock.
 Cum, Lord, accord, reneu thy 3ock, 365
 That teichers and preichers had in thy Kirk.
 Auail, preuail, destroy the block,
 That vurkis thir Turkis aganis the in mirk,
 That ve may sing thy Prayse benigne,
 To the condigne, Our Lord and King. 370

AMEN.

FINIS.

DEO GRATIAS, &c.

357. S. Antichrist.

363. S. they leis.

XLV.

Heir followis The Legend of the Bischop of St Androis
Lyfe, callit Mr Patrik Adamsonsone, *alias* Cousteane.

[MS., LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH.—Another MS., LIBRARY OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—SCOTISH POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Collected by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1801.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES, Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]

The Preface.

LL fay^tfull brether that on the Lord dependis,
Mark weill this schedule that I have send
you heir,
Pestiferus prelatis that Papistrie pretendis,
Sic dewils but dout sall in o^r dayis appeir;
Yit God forwairns you, be the weidis they weir, 5
To ken the lupus in a lamb skyn lappit,
Makand thair gode of warldlie gudis and geir,
The flock new foundit, and they in furringis happit.

The text is printed from the MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The following variants occur in the Drummond MS., preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. Dalyell's readings are distinguished by the letter D.

Bischope.

1. faithfull.

2. Marke . . . cedull.

3. Pestiferous . . . pⁿdis.

4. devilis . . . doubt.

D. deuils.

5. Foirwarnes yow.

6. lāb skyne *to appeir*, the
reading of the MS.

in the Advocates'
Library, has been the
original reading in
the University MS.
as well, but in the

latter it has been
cancelled and *lappit*
written above in a
different hand.

7. guide.

8. flocke . . . foundt . . .
furrings hapt.

Veneriall pastor^{is}, in vomiting thair fay^t,
 Lyk to ane tyke returnīg to it agane, 10
 Filling thair purses with the spirituall grathe,
 Plucking the pellotis or ever the scheip be slane,
 Goddis true preceptis and preiching to prophane,
 Layand thair cuires in warldlie busines :
 Thir are the propheitis, I speik it to you plane, 15
 Coverit with coule of clockit holines.

Lyk to the scribes, closing the yeattis of heawin,
 Sayand the Pope sic power to thame gave ;
 Hyding the keyis was trulie to thē gewin,
 Thinking y^t Christians shall na entres have. 20
 A scabbit scheip wald fane infect the lave,
 Causing seditiōne into the kirk to ryse.
 Heirfoir, bewar what sermond ye resave :
 In rottin bosses no balme liquor lyes.

To Bischop Balaam, brecking the law of God, 25
 They may succeid weill as his sone and air ;
 Or Corah, Dathan, reving Aarons rod,
 With thair vsurped preisthood playit no mair.
 To Amasias I may thē weill cōpair,
 Slayand the fay^tfull flock w^tout offences ; 30
 Tane and incarcerat, kepit heir and there,
 Beggit and banist, bearing the wraith of princes.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 9. vomeiting. | 18. gaue. | 23. receive. |
| 10. Lyke . . . agaie. | 19. trewly . . . gevin. | 25. balaan breking. |
| 11. ffilling. | 20. na christians sall no | 27. rode. D. Coran. |
| 12. pellotes . . . sheip. | ētres. | 28. Wt . . . preisthoud. |
| 13. Gode trew . . . pfaine. | 21. scabit sheip . . . faine | 30. Slayand . . . faithfull |
| 14. warldly. | . . . leave. | flocke . . . offēces. |
| 15. ppheite . . . speike. | 22. kirke. D. sedi- | 31. keipit. |
| 17. Lyke . . . closeing . . . | tion. | 32. beiring . . . wrath. |
| yettis . . . heavn. | | |

In Maccabeis wha ever lykis to luike,
 By Alchimas and Jason they may leir,
 Mensuorne byschops that Moses law forsuike, 35
 Renūcing God for warldlie gudis and geir,
 With Kingis vnchristned cūand to the weir,
 Contrair thair cōsciēce and their kyndlie freindis.
 What dois our bishops now, may I no^t speir?
 Servandis to Sathan for his takkis and teindis. 40

I may cōpair thē to a painted fyre,
 But heit to warm you in the winteris cauld;
 Or to a visorne cled with trym attyre,
 Covering a skyn vncomlie to behald.
 The plesant plane-trie will the leavs vnfauld 45
 With fairest schaddow to save the sone in sȳmer—
 Be thir lait bishops may this teall be tauld—
 Beirand no fruite bot barren blockis of tymber.

Vntruethfull teachers, in thir tymes bypast,
 Some hes bene sene from yeir to yeir; 50
 Bot in this latter aige they flock so fast,
 That I beleive in deid the day be neir.
 Judas Iscariot, for a gleib of geir,
 Betrayed his Maister lyk a trayto^r tod.
 Annas and Caiphas, gif they both war heir, 55
 Culd doe no mair to slea the sanctis of God.

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|-----------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 33. macabeis. | 42. warme yow . . . cold. | 49. Vntreuthfull . . . |
| 35. mensworne bishops. | 43. wt tryme. D. vis- | tȳes. |
| 36. guide. | ioun. | 51. flocke. |
| 38. consciēce . . . kyndly. | 44. behold. | 52. indeid. |
| 39. not. | 45. plaine . . . wil . . . | 53. cleib. |
| 40. Srvande . . . take & | leivis vnfold. D. | 54. Mr lyke a traytor. |
| teinde. | pleasan. | 55. & Cajphas . . . were. |
| 41. Adv. Lib. MS. | 46. schadow. | 56. moir . . . slay þe |
| plunted. D. plun- | 47. tail . . . told. | Ste. |
| ted. | 48. tȳber. D. Bearand. | |

Blind Baals bishops, provocking God to yire,
 Your sinfull leaving hes the scheip oversyled;
 Compared to swyne returnīg to the myre,
 In thair awin filthes to get thair fames defyled. 60
 Albeit they be now Tulchin bishops stylit,
 Having proude kingis and coūsallis to decoir thē,
 Auld God is God, and will not be begylit,
 When Plutois palice beis provydit for them.

May Scotland beir sic bishops for the gallous, 65
 St Androis, Glasgou, for y^t gait anes grantit;
 What have ye lost? forloppen, leying fellowes,
 Fraudulent fellowes, that tuyse there fay^t recāted.
 The spreit of God was anes into thē planted,
 Preiching his doctrine, as indeid they did, 70
 But, fra they gat the drapping grise they wanted,
 Thair clocked knaverie culd no moir be hid.

Vngratious guydis, y^t God hes never anoynted
 Lyk to our fay^tfull pastoris past befoir,
 But be the devile, I dout not, heir appoyntit, 75
 Godis holie scripto^r for to cloik and smoir.
 For no rewarde they work but warldlie gloir,
 Plaing 'placebo' into princes faces;
 With leys and letters doing thair devoir,
 Pynand true preichoris for to possess there places. 80

57. pvoeking . . . yre.
 58. leiving.
 59. compaired . . . return-
 ing.
 60. owin filthines.
 62. proud.
 63. beguylit.
 64. pvydit.
 67. haue . . . fellowis.
 68. fellowis . . . faith.

69. plāted.
 71. grose . . . wald.
 wald in both MSS.,
 but *wanted* is re-
 quired for the
 rhyme.
 72. D. clocket.
 73. guyde . . . anoynted.
 74. Lyke . . . or faith-
 full.

75. devil . . . apoyntit.
 76. holy scriptour . . .
 cloake &.
 77. rewaird . . . worke . . .
 warldly.
 78. Playing.
 79. lies & lres . . . devoire.
 80. trew preichoris . . .
 posses.

Voracious woulfis, I wish you to rewolk,
 Ere in the den of darkness ye most lye;
 Of Godis true mercies, lyk to mercat focke,
 Selling for lucre, quha so lykis to by;
 Libidinous drückardis they dowe no^t to denye;
 May no mā had thē be thair yeis and nayis.
 Thir are the propheitis, planelie ye may espye,
 The Lord called lyers in the latter dayis.

85

Thair maister, Pluto, hes there spreitis possest,
 Who with his Lord in lyk cōtritione fell;
 Thinkand his wit and beautie by the rest,
 Against the word of God he wald rebell.
 Through his presūptous pryde he past to hell,
 Leaving the heavinlie harbrie whair he satt.
 Gif they repent no^t sone, assure they sall
 Receave sic mercie as thair maister gat.

90

95

This Adamsone may weill be borne of Eve,
 Takand hir vices of his wicked mother;
 Likkest to father Adam, I beleive,
 Surpassing Cain cursed, or ony vther:
 For he slew nothing bot his onlie brother;
 And this hes drowned hole dioceis, ye sie.
 Wanting the grace, when he shuld guyde the ruther,
 He lattis his scheip tak in at luife and lie.

100

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|-----------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 81. wolfis . . . wishe yow | espy. | 96. mr gate. |
| . . . revoike. | 88. liars . . . letter. | 97. adame sone. |
| 82. Er. | 89. Mr. | 98. þir vices . . . moþr. |
| 83. Off gode trew mcies | 90. lyke. | D. his vices . . . |
| lyke to mcat folke. | 91. & bewtie. | wicket. |
| 84. who so lyke to buy. | 93. presūptuous. | 99. lykest . . . adame. |
| 85. drunckarde . . . dow | 94. leving . . . heavinly | D. Lykkest. |
| . . . deny. | harbore wher. | 101. but . . . only. |
| 86. yeais & | 95. Giff . . . not . . . | 103. qn . . . suld . . . ruþr. |
| 87. ar . . . plainely . . . | as sure. | D. gyde. |

Reforme thair faythis gif they be found astray, 105
 From thair vocatione cleane degenerat;
 Preis not to enter be the wrangous way,
 As bastard brethrene, being reprobat;
 With hart cōtreit, and handis elevat,
 Seik thair salvatione of the samyn sort; 110
 They will not find the father obstinat,
 When synners knocke, in casting vp the port.

Heirfore, deir Brethrene, I wish you to bewar:
 Sen ye are wairned, I wald not ye were blekkit;
 To thair deceatfull doctrine come no^t nar, 115
 Singand lyk syrens to deceave the elected;
 Both art and part of Papistrie suspectit,
 As ye may see be thair workis inventit.
 To Edinburgh baillies my buike salbe directed,
 Desyrand lycence to gett live to prent it. 120

Ground you on God, the rocke and corner stane,
 As Paull dois speik to the Corrinthians.
 Swa live thir lyars and thair lawis allane,
 Packand thair penche lyk Epicurians;
 Contrair to Christ lyk Antichristians; 125
 The plane polluters of his holie tēple;
 Lyk to Scribes and fals Pharisians;
 Bellie god bishops: Quoth your brother Semple.

105. faithis.

106. vocatione . . . de-
generate.

107. wrāgous.

108. bretherne.

109. heart. D. hert.

110. saluatioune . . . samy.

112. synneris. Adv. Lib.
MS. knoxis. D.
synnaris.

113. Heirfoir . . . bretheren

wishe yow.

114. 3e . . . warmed . . .
wer bleckit.

115. deceitfull . . . cōe.

116. lyke . . . deceive.

117. airt . . . suspected.

118. 3e . . . sie.

119. Edr.

120. licēce . . . leive. D.
get.

121. yow. D. roche.

122. speike . . . corin-
thians.123. sua . . . liaris . . .
alane.

124. lyke.

125. lyke antichristians.

126. polluteris . . . holy.

127. lyke vnto scribes.

128. yor broþr Sēple.

A Lenboge.

Now, paper, pass ; and gif they speir who send the,
 Tell thame, a true mā bay^t to King and Croun. 130
 Curious poyetis, I knawe, will vilipend the,
 Saying, thou fares but of ane saucie lowne.
 Yit, with the rascall people vp and downe,
 Finding our freindis, cōfess to be myne,
 From the New Castle cūing to this towne : 135
 Concluding this, we toome a tass of wyne.

- | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 129. D. papir. | 132. savoris . . . a sawcie | confess. D. friendis. |
| 130. trew. | loun. sares? | 135. toun. |
| 131. poetis . . . know | 134. ffinding or freinde | 136. tume. |
| . . . vilepend. | | |

The Legend or Discourss of the Lyfe and Cōversatione and
 Qualiteis of the Tulchene Bischope of Sanctandrois. Set
 furth by R. S.



O all and sundrie be it sene,
 Mark weill this mater quhat I meine,
 The legend of a lymmeris lyfe,
 Our Metropolitane of Fyffe ;
 Ane schismatyke, and gude swyne hogge, 5
 Come of the tryb Gog Magoge ;
 Ane elphe, ane elvasche incubus,
 Ane lewrand lawrie licherous,
 Ane fals, forloppen, fenyeit freir,
 Ane rāungard for greid of geir ; 10
 Still daylie drinckand or he dyne,

- | | | |
|--------------|----------------------------|---------------|
| St androis. | 5. schismaticke . . . guid | 8. lewrāe. |
| 1. seine. | . . . hogg. | 9. fenyet. |
| 2. what. | 7. elph & elvashe. | 10. rānigard. |
| 3. lymmeris. | | |

A wirriare of the gude sweit wyne ;
 Ane baxters sone, ane beggar borne,
 That twyse his surname hes mensworne ;
 To be called Cōstene he tho^t schame : 15
 He tuke vp Cōstantine to name.

Some to the schoolis this knave cōvoyes ;
 Beggand his breid amonges the boyes,
 He come to letters at the lenth ;
 Then, when he grew to witt and strength, 20
 He tuike the ministrie on hand,
 And servit at Syres vp a land.

Bot, through presūptious height and pryde,
 He layed that office sone asyde ;
 Manna and quales he tho^t no fude, 25
 The pottis of Egypt was tuyse as gude.
 Thinking that poore professione vaine,
 He changed his surname over agane ;
 Now Docto^r Adamsone at last.

Whairthrow he ower to Paris past 30
 As pedagoge to young M'Gill,
 Imploying ay his spreit to ill.

To lerne disceat and subtile sawis,
 He studeis long tyme in the lawis ;
 Ilk day devysing sindrie wylis, 35

Not ane nor tua that he beguyles :
 Thair was no Scotismā dwelland thair
 Bot he deceived them les or mair :
 Maitland, Melwill, and Matchevellous,
 Learned never mair knaifrie in a scholehous ; 40

12. wirrier . . . guid.
 13. baxteris.
 15. Cowsteine.
 16. tuike . . . constan-
 teine.
 17. schoules.
 20. wit . . . strenth.
 23. presumptione heich.

24. layde . . . soune.
 26. so guide.
 27. puire.
 28. againe.
 30. over.
 33. learne deceat.
 34. studies.

35. sundrie wyles.
 36. one.
 37. Scottismā.
 38. deceivit.
 40. lairnet neuer . . .
 knaifry . . . schol-
 hous. D. Learnat.

Which tua resembles, as I suppose,
 Achitophell, and fals Triphone.
 Then finding out ane new fas cast,
 Amongis the prentars is he past,
 And promiseist to set foorth a buike. 45
 Grit sowmes of money from them he tuike ;
 Bot Bacchus, and the bordall toe,
 Maid him sic busines adoe,
 That he my^t gett na buikis cōpyld ;
 And sua the prentars were beguyld. 50
 Now Holyglass, returnig hame,
 To play the sophist thought no schame ;
 Through sindrie realmes tho^t he had ranged,
 Yit nathing in his maners changed.
 Men heiring tell how Lowrie landit, 55
 The cōgregatione him cōmandit
 To serve a kirk and keip a cure.
 Persaving thair professione pure,
 He tho^t it but ane vaine vocatione.
 He thristed, ane easiare occupatione, 60
 Amongis the lawers for to lyve ;
 Bot fra that rang not in his sleyve,
 He wald with thame no mair remane,
 Bot maid him for the court agane.
 The erle of Lennox, levand then, 65
 Our regent, and a worthie man,
 Vnto his brother hī directed,
 With secreit earrandis vnsuspectit,
 For pois to pay his men of weir ;

42. achitophel. D. Archi-
tophell.

43. fals.

44. prētāris.

45. furth.

48. bussines.

49. get no.

50. swa þe prētare wer

beguyled.

51. home.

53. sundrie.

55. lowry. D. Then.

56. congregatioune.

57. kirke.

58. puire.

59. bot . . . vocatione.

60. easier occupatioune.

61. lawiers . . . leive.

D. Amonges.

63. moir remaine.

64. againe.

65. levenox.

67. he.

68. erāde.

Bot how, alace ! as ye shall heir, 70
 Betrayed thame bay^t with a tryme cōvoy.
 Makand his bargand with a boy,
 Was ower to Flaunders fled and ferreit,
 Cryand out, harmesay ! he was herreat,
 Lamēting sair his losse and skayth, 75
 And this gait he beguylit thame bay^t :
 Bot yet with tyme his trickis were tryed ;
 He had nea toung for to denye it.
 Than, gif he had not fled for feir,
 Gude Matchewell had mist his meir. 80
 To tell how he bestowit his poise,
 The faice is weill sene on his noise ;
 For, be his craig, ye may weill ken
 Gif he be ane of Bacchus men.
 Than, when he had na vther vaine, 85
 He maid him for the kirk againe ;
 Bot for to tell what text he tuike,
 Dysertis Duschet was the buike ;
 And maid ane sermone, some confydis,
 To pleso^r fock on bayth the sydis. 90
 His mynd was mair on heich promotione,
 Groundit on geir, nor gude devotione,
 Without respect of true religione,
 As we have manie in this regione.
 Yit in the pulpet we saw him greit, 95
 Playand the publict hypocreit ;
 Then men, beholding his cōtritione,
 Beleavand he had changit cōditione.

70. sall.

wer.

87. qt. D. test . . . tuke.

71. baith . . . cōvoye.

78. no . . . deny.

89. made.

73. over . . . feriet.

79. Then.

90. pleisr focke . . . both.

74. herriet.

80. guid matchevell.

91. moir.

75. lamenting . . . lose
& skaith.

82. fais.

92. guid.

85. Then, whan . . .

93. trew.

76. baith.

waine.

95. 3it. D. Yet.

77. And 3it wt tye . . .

86. made . . . kirke.

98. beleivand . . . changed.

Then through to Paislay he was send,
 Lascivous maners for to amend. 100
 What fruite come of his ganging thair?
 Sic preist, sic pariche: what suld mair?
 For, neather with preiching nor w^t reiding,
 Tuke he that faythless flock in feiding;
 Bot meit in campo did cōmand them, 105
 And left thē ffarre war nor he fand them.
 To tell you quhat this cāpo meins,
 Thair daylie to the drink cōveins
 The obstinat papistis of the toun;
 This pasto^r with his scheip sat doun, 110
 Bot maid no work, I mak you plane,
 To bring the lost scheip bak agane.
 To copowt cōplene there he calld thame,
 But never findis whair he forbade thame
 Thair vglie aithis abhominable. 115
 They finding him so favorable,
 They thankat God that they had fūd him.
Ecce quā bonū et quā jucundū
Est habitare fratres in unū!
 Freir Jhonstoun and Maquhane about him, 120
 Tua pallartis that the Pope professis,
 Rysing at mydnycht to there messis;
Vidi, scivi, sed non audiebam,
Potum merū cū fletu miscebam,
 Carruse, and hald the cānikin clinking; 125
 Yit wha ware there to sie thair drinking,

102. paroche.

103. ffor na^{pr}.104. tuike . . . faithles
flocke.106. farre. D. some
war.

107. what.

110. pastore.

111. made . . . worke . . .

3ow plaine.

112. againe.

113. compleane ^{pr} . . .
called ^{pm}.114. forbad ^{pm}. Both
MSS. But . . . D.
Bot.

115. vgly.

117. thākit.

121. proffessis.

122. midnicht.

125. canikine clinking.
Adv. Lib. MS.klyncleine. D.
klynclene.126. 3it quha wer ^{pr}
. . . drincking.

They hald it still vp for a mocke,
 How Maister Patrik fedd his flock.
 Then to the court this craftie lown
 To be a bytescheip maid him boun ; 130
 Becaus St Androis then dependit,
 To heich promotiōne he pretendit.
 The kirk began to tak suspitiōne,
 Then knawing weill the knaifis cōditione,
 They callit him into thair assemblie, 135
 Bot not so welcome thair as hamelie.
 Grit oethes he sweirs, w^t feinyit face,
 That he suld never inioy that place ;
 And bad thame hald him vnsuspect,
 He was not gewin to that effect. 140
 Bot better packet afternone,
 The foulest turne that ever was done,
 Ben ower the barr he gave a brocht,
 And laid among them sic a lochet,
 With *eructavit cor meū*, 145
 He hosted thair a hude full fra him ;
 For laik of rowme, that rubiature
 Bepewit vp the moderator ;
 While the assemblie thocht grit schame,
 Saying he was seik, and send him hame ; 150
 And laid him backwardis in a bed,
 But not so weill nurtorit as fed.
 Sone efter that, incōtinēt,
 Erle of Mortoun gat the regimēt,
 Then sett he to, with saill and ayre, 155

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|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 128. flocke. Adv. Lib. | 135. to pair. | gaue. D. bar. |
| MS. Whow. | 137. oathis . . . fin3iet. | 144. D. locket. |
| 129. lowne. | D. feinyeit. | 146. hoisted . . . hudfull. |
| 130. bowne. D. made. | 138. sould neuer. | 147. ffor layke. |
| 132. promotiōne . . . | 140. gevin. | 148. moderatore. |
| pndit. | 141. packed efternone. | 150. seike . . . home. |
| 133. kirke. | D. bettir. | 154. Mortone. |
| 134. knowing . . . knavis. | 143. over . . . barre . . . | 155. too . . . saile. |

To seik some lowner harbore thayre,
 And caist his anckers on the raid,
 And long tyme with the lord abaid.
 His towes, I find, hes bene so fyne,
 For all the stormes hes bene sensyne, 160
 His schip come never on the schalde,
 But stak still on the ancker halde.
 His office daylie was, indeid,
 The chapter to expone and reid.
 When he that sermone celebrat, 165
 He had a worde accustomat :
 " The propheit meins this, gif ye mark it ; "
 Auld Captane Kirkburne to him harkit,
 Perceaving weill St Androis vaikit,
 And syne how sone the knave was staikit, 170
 " To all men levand he cōplenis ;
 I watt now what the propheit menis."
 This foirsaid bischope beand deid,
 Maister Ihone Wȳrome was maid heid,
 For sowmes of silwer that he had lent thē ; 175
 Bot he besoght thame to cōtent thē :
 He cravit na digniteis prophane,
 But his awin silver hame agane.
 Fra Holiglass sone hard this thing,
 He toned his dussie for a spring, 180
 And held the Regent so in hand,
 And maid him weill to vnderstand
 That he sould pay the foirsaid sowme,
 Gif he were enterit in the rowme ;
 And mair, as he wald bid him doe, 185
 To give his servantis pensiones toe.

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|---------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 156. seike . . . thyre. | 167. 3e. | Wynrame. |
| D. lowiner. | 168. cockburne. | 175. siluer. |
| 157. ankers. | 171. leivand . . . cōpleins. | 177. dignities. |
| 161. schipe . . . schald. | 172. meins. | 178. owin siluer home |
| 162. stake . . . anker. | 173. foirsd. | again. |
| D. stack. | 174. Ion Wynrome. | D. 186. servāde. |
| 166. word. | | |

Sua, with his craft, this carlingis pett
 Hes fangit ane grit fisch in his nett.
 Bot fra he was a byschope stylit,
 Mr Jhone Wyndrome was beguylit, 190
 Had he no^t had a sure probatione,
 And cald him on his obligatione.
 Bot Docto^r Patrik still replied,
 With trickis and delatouris he denyed,
 And maid manifest to men of law 195
 That he had his discharge to schaw.
 Bot how this discharge was gotten !
 When Holieglass is deid and rotten,
 His smaikrie sall nocht be forgett,
 How Docto^r Patrik payit his debt. 200
 Ane new cōceat this knaif hes tane ;
 To Willie Vylie he hes gane,
 The Regents awin cubicular,
 His servant and his secretare,
 And him besought to lat him see 205
 Off missive wrytingis tuo or thrie,
 Fra Maister Jhone Wydrome to my Lord,
 And hecht him crownes for to accord.
 This simple boy, suspecting nocht,
 Thrie of the wrytingis to him brought ; 210
 Ane of thame law subscrivit, ye ken,
 As custome is to noble men :
 He cutted off the bill abone,
 And filled the blank with falset sone,
 Dischargine him the foirsaid sowmes. 215
 It cūand in the Sessiones thowmes,
 To Maister Wyndrome they cōpleanet,
 Wha swair that he had never sene it,

188. fische.
 189. bischope.
 190. wynrome.
 191. suire.
 192. called.
 198. holigless.

200. patricke.
 202. Wylie . . . gone.
 203. regentis owin.
 204. secretar.
 205. besocht . . . sie.
 207. wȳrome.

210. brocht.
 213. above. D. cuttit.
 215. Discharging . . .
 foirsd.
 217. mr wynrome þey
 cōpleaned.

And tuike in hand for to impryve it.
 Thair Matchewell had bene mischevit, 220
 Were not his falsett was cōfesst,
 And sic a moyen with him dresst ;
 Five hūdreth merkis he to him gave,
 And tuik in hand to pay the leave,
 At certane dayis, thair was no doubt ; 225
 Bot, fra he fand the tyme ryn out,
 He pat him off with mowis and mockis,
 And had no will to louse the boxe.
 The superintendent saw na better,
 Bot raid agane, and raist a letter, 230
 And gat the harlat to the horne.
 Bot Howliglass, lang or the morne,
 New falsat forged out for to defend him :
 Ane fair suspentione he hes send him.
 The vther to the Sessione pleinyeit, 235
 And said it was both fals and feinyeit,
 And socht inspectione for impriving.
 The lymmer, feiring lyfe and leving,
 He saw na bute but bagis to louse,
 And swoir he maid it but in mowis, 240
 As Maister Andro Wilsoune wrocht it,
 And secreitlie said he forthoght it ;
 Beseikand him to keip it close,
 Or word ran to the cōmon woice.
 The vther wald na mair reprove him, 245
 But all men he forbade beleive him,
 Or ever to trow ane word he spak,
 But Holiglass behind thair back.

219. Impreiv.

220. matchevell . . .
mischevit.

224. tuike . . . leive.

226. rine.

230. againe . . . lre.

231. harlott.

232. holiglass.

234. suspensione.

235. pleinyiet.

236. finyiet.

237. impreving.

239. no.

241. Wilsoun.

242. forthocht.

244. voice.

245. no moir reprove.

246. forbad.

247. spake.

248. backe.

So in Sanctandrois happened then
 Ane callit Scot, a mareit man, 250
 Nocht verie riche in worldlie guddis,
 Save tuo pure aikers of borrow ruddis ;
 Yit with the glaikis he was owerthane,
 And in adulterie he was tane ;
 Maid to be punissit for his paik ; 255
 But he was stubburne in his talk ;
 Iniurit the elders, what suld mair ?
 This bischop, beand present thair,
 Desyrit him hame, and he suld seay
 Gif he culd lerne him to obey ; 260
 For all his crackis, doe what he can
 To know the law of God and man.
 Sua to his castell tuik him hame :
 This duble drunckerd thought no schame ;
 Foorth secreitlie he callis him syne, 265
 And fillit him fow with aill and wyne ;
 Persuading him to sell his land,
 And gat his letters in his hand.
 This beand done, as I have said,
 Vpon his duschet vpe he played, 270
 Gevand the man so mony terroris,
 That brocht him in a thousand erroris,
 That for his lyfe was no remeid,
 Gif he abaid the law, but deid.
 The pure mā, being fleid for feir, 275
 Gave him the land, and gat na geir ;

249. Santandrois hapned.
 250. married.
 251. guide.
 252. pui . . . rude.
 253. 3it wt þe glayke
 . . . overgaine.
 255. punisht . . . paike.
 257. sould.
 258. bischope . . . pnt.

259. home . . . sould.
 260. Giff . . . could.
 261. do.
 262. know.
 263. tuike . . . home.
 264. dowble drunkard
 tho^t no schāe.
 265. ffourth. D. Fuorth.

266. full.
 267. perswading.
 268. lres.
 269. haif.
 270. Vpoun . . . vp.
 274. Giff.
 275. puire . . . flied.
 276. gate no.

Maid sayle syne to the Easter sees,
 And, lyk ane dyver, thair he deis.
 Whairto this bischop tuik reguard,
 And enterit sone to Naboths yaird. 280
 The sillie wedew a quhyle defendit,
 But scho grew pure, and so scho endit,
 And left hir malisone, cōsider,
 To Lowrie, and the land together.
 Whidder hir malisone tuike effect, 285
 Or gif it was the gude wyne sect,
 Or surfesting of sundrie spyces,
 Or then a scourge for clockit vyces;
 Bot sic ane seiknes hes he tane,
 That all men trowit he had bene gaine; 290
 For leitches my^t mak no remeid:
 Thair was na bute to him bot deid.
 He seing weill he wald not mend,
 For Phetanissa hes he send,
 With sorcerie and incantationes, 295
 Reasing the devill with invocationes,
 With herbis, stanes, buikis and bellis,
 Menis mēbers, and south rinnig wellis;
 Palme croces, and knottis of strease,
 The paring of a preistis auld tees; 300
 And, *in principio*, sought out syne,
 That vnder ane alter of stane had lyne,
 Sanct Jhones nutt, and the fo^{re} levit claver,
 With taill and mayn of a baxter aver,

277. eister seais.

278. lyke . . . dies.

279. tuike.

281. wedow. D. wedo.

282. puire . . . sho. D.
Bot.285. Whither her. D.
Whether.

286. guid . . . secke.

287. D. surfeating.

288. vices.

290. gane.

291. ffor . . . make.

292. no bute . . . but.

296. D. Reising.

297. D. stanis.

298. memberis . . . rūing
welle.

299. knotis . . . strois.

300. pairing . . . old teis.

301. socht.

302. altar.

303. St Johnes . . . four
leavit.

Had careit hame heather to the oyne, 305
 Cutted off in the cruik of the moone ;
 Halie water, and the lāber beidis,
 Flyntworthe, and fourtie vther weidis :
 Whairthrough the charmig tuik sic force,
 They laid it on his fatt whyte horse. 310
 As all men saw, he sone deceissit :
 Thair Saga slew ane saikles beast.
 This wald not serve : he sought ane vther,
 Ane devill duelling in Anstruther,
 Exceeding Circes in cōceattis, 315
 For chaungene of Wlisses meatis :
 Medusas craftis scho culd declair,
 In making eddars of hir hair :
 Medeas practiques scho had plane,
 That could mak auld men young agane, 320
 By Achates, the witches god.
 Mercurius, with his charmed rod,
 The aunciēt King of Bactria,
 That first inventit magica,
 Could not so weill of stowen geir tell, 325
 As could this vglie hund of hell.
 With this the word yead through the toun,
 How lurcan Lowrie played the lowne.
 Heiring how witches wrang abusit him,
 The Kirkmen calld him and accused him, 330
 And scharplie of theis pointis reproved him ;
 That he in sorcerie beleavit him,
 Whairthrough his saule my^t come to skay^t.

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|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 305. cariet home hether. | 313. serue . . . socht. | 320. make old. |
| 306. of . . . þe cruike of | 314. dwelling. | 323. ancient. |
| þe mone. | 315. Exceiding. | 325. stollen. |
| 307. Haly watter & þe | 316. ffor changing . . . | 328. lowry. |
| lāmer beide. | Vlysses. D. chan- | 330. called. |
| 308. fflyntworthe & 40 | gene. | 331. scharply . . . þese. |
| vþr weide. D. | 317. sho could. | 333. Whairthrow . . . |
| Hyntworthe. | 318. eddaris. D. her. | soule . . . skaith. |
| 309. tuike. | 319. practiques sho. | |

The witche and he cōfessing bayth
 Scho tuike some part of white wyne dreggis, 335
 Wounded rayne, and blak hen eggis,
 And maid him droggis that did him gude.
 His ansr. being rashe and rude :
 "Suppoise the devill maid that graith,
 The seiknes sua ouersett my fayth, 340
 At that tyme, to asswage my sair,
 I wald have tane it, I tauld thame thair :"
 Then did the elders him desyre,
 Vpon the morne, to mak a fyre,
 To burne the witches both to deid ; 345
 Bot or the morne he fand remeid.
 He dred sa sair they suld have schawin
 How his knaverie was to thē vnknawin ;
 Laich in a lymbus, whair they lay,
 Then Lowrie lowsit thē long or day, 350
 And had no will they were corrected ;
 Yit with the people he was suspected,
 Trowing the teallis befor was spocken,
 Becaus they saw no presone brocken.
 There was his pretticques weill espyed, 355
 But with his ansr. he replyit,
 And said, na man, at his cōmand,
 Wald tak the presone hous in hand ;
 Into that dūgeon was sic din,
 As Beelzebub had bene therin, 360
 That never a man durst stire q^{ll} day ;
 And sua he neckit thame with nay,
 And brocht the teale bravelie about,
 How Pluto come and pullit thē out.

335. sho . . . whyt.
 337. made . . . drogis
 . . . guide.
 339. made.
 340. swa . . . faith.
 342. haue . . . tald þm.

343. elderis.
 344. make.
 347. sould haue.
 348. knaivrie . . . vn-
 known.
 349. D. lynchus.

352. 3it.
 353. tailis.
 354. prisone.
 355. thair.
 357. no.
 358. take.

Yit few or nane this Lowrie beleavit, 365
 Becaus they culd not get it preivit :
 They prayit him to amend his lyfe,
 And trow na witchcraft in a wife.
 For oght the kirk culd him forbid,
 He sped him sone, and gat the thrid ; 370
 Ane carling of the Quene of Phareis,
 That ewill win geir to elphyne careis.
 Through all Braid Abane scho hes bene
 On horsback, on Hallow ewin ;
 And ay in seiking, certayne nyghtis, 375
 As scho sayis, with our sillie wychtis ;
 And names out ny^tboris sex or sewin,
 That we belevit had bene in heawin.
 Scho said scho saw thame weill aneugh,
 And speciallie gude auld Balcleuch, 380
 The secretare, and sindrie vther ;
 Ane William Symsons, hir mother brother,
 Whome fra scho hes resavit a buike,
 For ony herb scho lykis to luikie :
 It will instruct hir how to tak it ; 385
 In sawis and sillubs how to mak it ;
 With stones that meikle mair can doe,
 In leich craft, whair scho layis them toe.
 A thowsand maladeis scho hes mēdit.
 Now being tane and apprehendit, 390
 Scho, being in the bishops cure,
 And kepit in his castell sure,

365. þis loun beleivit.

D. Lourie.

366. could . . . preivit.

368. Adv. Lib. MS.

witchcraft.

369. ffor ocht þe kirke.

372. evill . . . elphine

caries.

373. braid albaine.

374. horsbake . . . evin.

375. certane nychtis.

376. And sho . . . or.

D. sur.

377. sevin.

378. beleivit . . . heavin.

379. Sho . . . sho . . .

þem . . . aneughe.

380. spealie guid . . .

baleuche.

381. sundrie.

383. sho. D. Whom.

384. ffor . . . sho.

385. take.

386. sillubis . . . make.

387. stanis . . . meikle.

388. leitch . . . sho.

389. maladies sho.

390. aprehendit.

392. keipit . . . suire.

Without respect of warldlie glamer
 He past into the witchis chalmer,
 Closing the dure behind his bak, 395
 And quyetlie to hir he spak,
 And said his work lome was no^t worthe :
 Lowsing his poyntis he laid it furth.
 Scho sayned it with hir halie hand,
 The pure pith of the pryoris wand : 400
 To help that raipfull scho hes rest him,
 Whairfore, ye say, my ladie left him.
 For scho had sayned it tuyss or thrise,
 His rubigo began to ryiss :
 Then said the bischop to Jhone Bell, 405
 Goe, tak the first seye of hir yo^rsell.
 The witche to him hir weschell gave,
 The Bischops blissing to resave.
 What dayis of pardone then scho wan !
 The relicques of that holie man 410
 Micht save hir saule from purgatorie.
 His wyfe, cōceaving jelowsie,
 Cryed out his deid when it was done,
 Ran through the tovene, and tauld it sone.
 Ane syiss was socht sone to the wyfe, 415
 Whairas ane aunciēt laird of Fyiffe,
 Of gude report, that may be trowit,
 Befoir this Bischope weill awowit,
 Eather at Semblie or at Sessione,
 As he wha hard the wyffis cōfessione, 420

393. wtout . . . world-
lie.

395. closeing . . . bake.

396. spake.

397. workelome . . .
worth.

399. sho . . . her holy.

401. sho.

402. whairfoir, 3e.

403. ffor sho . . . twyse.

404. begane . . . rysse.

405. bischope . . . Johne.

406. take.

407. veshell.

408. bischopis blessing
. . . receave.

409. pairdone . . . shoe.

410. holy.

411. saue . . . soule . . .

purgatory.

412. conceaving.
cōceiving.

414. towne.

415. syise.

416. ancient.

417. off guid.

418. avowit.

419. ather.

D.

That this was suirle thair proceeding.
 Whair sic men gettis a flock in feeding,
 The sillie scheip wilbe devorit,
 And Goddis true doctrine daylie smorit.
 This beand done, he thocht sic shame, 425
 He my^t not tarie weill at hame,
 But ower to Edinburgh he hes past,
 Procured a licence, at the last,
 To ryde to Londoun with a letter,
 Becaus they culd not get a better. 430
 Wist ye what his cōmissione bure,
 He my^t weill serve for sic a cuire.
 Sic lipps, sic lattouce ; lordis and lownes :
 Auld creased workis payit w^t crackit crownes.
 Bot heir I will no mair remane, 435
 Returnig to my text agane.
 It may not be no mair forborne,
 How he beguylit pure David Horne,
 Ane honest man, ane messinger,
 And was St Androis pensioner. 440
 To all the Bischops thair befoir
 He doing daylie his devoir,
 He gat allowance, being leill,
 Ane pensione of a chalder of meill.
 Our to this Bischop now is he gane ; 445
 His letter of tak hes with him tane,
 Sayand, “ye man be gude, my Lord,
 And to yo^r man misericord.
 This angle noble in my neife
 Vnto yo^r Lordschip I will gife, 450

422. feiding.

424. gode trew.

426. home.

428. procured ane.

429. london . . . lre.

430. could.

431. 3e. D. he.

433. lippis . . . latuce.

434. crakit crows.

435. moir remaine.

436. againe.

437. moir. D. more.

438. begyled puire.

445. bischope.

446. take.

447. saying, 3e . . . guid.

450. lo/- . . . give.

To cause you to renew my tackis."
 The vther little answer makis.
 The Angle noble first he tuike,
 And syne the letters for to luike :
 With y^t his byknyfe furth hes tane, 455
 And maid him tuētie tackis of ane ;
 In litle crownes began to cut them ;
 The vther gaid hame backwards but them,
 Sichand, and durst say no mair,
 And left his angle noble thair. 460
 With thir, and mony sic lyke trickis,
 The haill coūtrie this loun cōvictis.
 The pure men plentis y^t duellis besyde him,
 How he creipis in a hoill to hyde him,
 And barris them fast w^tout the yettis, 465
 When they come there to crave thair debtis ;
 For kaill, candle, and knocked beir,
 Herbis to the pot, and all sic geir,
 He never payis ane pēny he takkis.
 To heir the mone the pure folk makkis, 470
 What malisones are to him gevin,
 Cryand, "a wengance from the hewin
 Come doun on this deceatfull Lowrie !"
 I wald not for all the carse of Gowrie
 To be a bischop in his esteat ; 475
 To heir, when he gangis throw the gait,
 How everie wyfe on vther puttis,
 Bidding the bischop pay for his guttis,

451. takkis.

452. litle.

456. made . . . one.

458. other.

459. moir.

461. monie.

462. countrie . . . countrie.

Adv. Lib. MS.

coūtrie . . . coūtrie.

463. puir . . . plents . . .

dvels besyd.

464. Adv. Lib. MS. *omits*

he.

465. gaittis.

466. dettis.

467. ffor . . . knockit.

468. pott.

469. Omitted in Univ.

MS.

470. puir mē makis.

471. ar.

472. vengence . . . heavin.

473. downe . . . deceit-
full.474. D. *omits* all.

475. estait.

477. every. D. wyffe.

And cryes, "gar pay me for my eall,"
 Ane vther for candle, the thrid for caill ; 480
 The fourt cryis out for knocked beir ;
 "How dar this dastard had our geir ?
 A vengeance fall his feinȝit fay^t,
 For poinding of the pure folkis graith !"
 Efter my Lord this larowme ringis 485
 For this and mony sic lyk thingis.
 Suppose it stude on all thair lyffis,
 He will not get amonges the wyffes
 Ane pynt of aill in all the tovne,
 Except the silver be laid down. 490
 Then gif ye knew his duble tackis
 Amonges the coūtrie men he mackis,
 With feinyeit seillis and antideatis,
 And tuentie vther tryme cōceatis,
 Setting the coūtrie be the earis, 495
 And takis no tho^t of ny^tboris weiris,
 So he be sure to fill his hand,
 How mekle blood be in the land.
 Gif siclyk bischops be admittit,
 Grit God and all the warld sall wit it ; 500
 This makis his trickis, his feinyeit toyes,
 What clocked knaverie he cōvoyes,
 His wattir drincking, his seiknes feinyeit,
 Fearand the kirk shuld on him pleinyeid.
 It cōes to licht now, at the last, 505

479. aill. D. cryis.

480. kaill.

481. cryes.

482. D. hud.

483. finyiet faith.

484. ffor poynding . . .
puir.

485. eftir. D. larwme.

486. lyke.

487. lyves.

489. toun.

490. downe.

491. double.

492. cūtreȝ.

493. feinȝiet . . . ante-
deatis.

494. cōceittis.

495. cuntrey.

497. suire.

498. meikle bloud.

499. Giff siclyke.

500. world.

501. finȝied.

502. knaifrie.

503. water drinking . . .
feinyiet.504. ffeirand . . . kirke
sould . . . plein-
yead.

505. comes.

Fra tyme the ministers are past,
 The trick of Guisians devysit,
 He hes bene ane to interpryse it ;
 Ane waikryfe devill daylie to wirk,
 To saw seditiōne in the kirk, 510
 Learnig a lessone at ald Frogmortene,
 As he cōfessit at his departing.
 To cōūterfute that fals cōceat,
 And speik the Quenis Grace be the gait,
 He fand his seiknes was so sair 515
 Throw all his bodie heir and thair,
 That nathing my^t his panes repell,
 Except it were some sacred well
 In Lorane, or the well of Spaa ;
 But his cōmissiōne na man saa : 520
 Which text cōtenit na vther thing,
 Bot cōmendationes fra our kyng
 Vnto the Quene of Englandis Grace,
 Beseikand hir to help his case,
 And to send new support againe him. 525
 “Mortone,” sayis he, “the lawis hes slaine him,
 And Gowrie hes gottin a cōdigne syse,
 Conformig to his interpryse,
 With sindrie vtheris that loves thair factiōne,
 That daylie dois menteane y^t actione, 530
 As Anguse, Mar, and Maister of Glames ;
 Tak thir thrie for na saikles lambes,
 But proude ambitious bangesters,
 With some seditious ministers,

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 506. ffra . . . ministeris | 512. confessit as. | 525. against, in both MSS. |
| ar. | 514. speike . . . by. | 528. enterpryse. |
| 507. tricke. | 516. Through . . . body. | 529. sundrie. |
| 508. one. | 518. wer. | 532. take . . . no. |
| 509. walkryffe . . . worke. | 520. no. | 533. proud bang- |
| D. waikrife. | 521. cōteinet. | steris. |
| 510. kirke. | 522. king. | 534. ministeris. |
| 511. auld. | 523. queine. | |

Cōtempneris of our authoritie, 535
 Subscryvit aganist our Maiestie,
 For to destroy our realme and regione,
 Without respect of true religione ;
 Beleivand we shuld bring hame the mess.
 Luke what religione ye profess ; 540
 I salbe būde therby to byde :
 Under grit God ye salbe guyde,
 My tutrix in my tender yeiris,
 Sen none in earth to me so deir is
 As ye, my kyndlie cusines. 545
 Gif I had gritter bussines,
 I think ye aucht for to defend me
 With succor, and support to send me.
 To bring this mater to ane end,
 My sacred bischop I have send, 550
 As Semple sayis, ane subtile tod,
 To bring me hame the word of God
 From Italie and Almainie ;
 In Geneva and Germanie
 To seik the trew experiēce 555
 For libertie of cōscience.
 Give ye think gud, I hald it best
 That bay^t our realmes my^t live in rest.”
 With this and vther siclyk wairis,
 Befoir the coūsall he declairis 560
 A fals, deceatfull, feinyeit taill,
 Bot alwayis for thair awin availl.
 Bot yit, or he bound to the read,
 How y^t his packmātie was maed,

536. subt against our ma-
 jestie. Adv. Lib.
 MS. your.

538. trew.

539. sould haue bring hāe.

540. Luike.

541. bund.

542. Vndir . . . 3e.

543. nutrix.

545. 3e . . . kyndly
 cousines.

547. thinke 3e aut.

552. home.

553. ffrome . . . almanie.

555. seike.

557. Giff 3e thinke guid.

558. baith.

561. deceitfull fin3ied teall.

562. owin.

563. bownd.

564. made. D. mead.

I think it best for to declair. 565
 His blew clock beand worne so bair,
 He causit an talyeo^r turne it and mak it
 Into wich maill : a frind he packit it,
 His sarkis, his schone, his ganging gowne,
 Ane fitt case for a feinyeit lowne. 570
 Na dentie geir this Doctor seikis ;
 Of tottis russet his ryding breikis ;
 Ane hamelie hat ; a cott of kelt
 Weill beltit in ane lethrone belt ;
 A bair clock, and a bachlane naig ; 575
 His ruffe curfufled about his craig ;
 The one end to his belt hang down ;
 The vther stude above his crowne.
 Thair was a brave embassado^r
 Befoir so noble ane audito^r, 580
 The Quene of Englandis Maiestie,
 Hir coūsall, and nobilitie,
 In hir tryvmphand palice placit.
 May sic fellowis be defacit !
 Alace ! that Scotland had no schame, 585
 To send sic howfing carles from hame !
 Now o^r embassado^r is boune
 With bag and bagage off the toun :
 All ny^t in Seytoun he remaned,
 Whair wyne and aill was nothing hayned ; 590
 And fra my Lord he gat a letter,
 To cause him to be treat the better,
 To Monsier, to mak him speid,
 The Frenche embassado^r indeid,

565. thinke.

566. clocke.

567. tailzeor tūre.

568. which . . . fund . . .
pakt.

569. gown.

570. fut . . . feinȝied.

571. dewtie.

572. Off Scottis.

573. hatt.

575. clocke & ane.

578. crowne. D. crowne.

579. embassadore.

580. audiore.

583. triumphand.

585. D. allace.

586. home.

587. embassadore . . .
boun.

588. Adv. Lib. MS.

baggag.

589. remayned.

593. make.

594. french embassadore.

That daylie yit in Londoun lyis, 595
 Wha can ane evill turne weill devise ;
 And syne to Berwick on the morne,
 Whair all men leuch my Lord to scorne.
 Na mulettis there his cofferis careis,
 Bot lyk a court of auld cashmareis, 600
 Or cadyers cūing to ane fair ;
 And yit some honest men gaid thair
 For fewis and takkis y^t he sic sett thame,
 Beleivand in y^t towne to get thame,
 Bot may gaip lang or he get them : 605
 As they have sped, ye may speir at them.
 Tuiching his awin tryne, ye shall heir :
 The Vicar of Dunbuge on a meir,
 That wonder weill can turne a can,
 A ganeand maister for sic a man, 610
 With vthere fellowis tuo or thrie ;
 Gude Robert Melwene of Carnebie
 I shuld not racken in with thea :
 Of honest men he had na mea.
 But he may ruse him of his ryding, 615
 In Londoun for his longsorne byding.
 Thair Holieglas begane his gaidis,
 As he was learned, amangis the laidis.
 To Maist: Hanam sone he past,
 And sowmes of silver fra him ast 620
 In borrowing, while he come bak.
 The man, beleivand it he spak,

596. D. an.

597. berwicke.

598. leuche.

599. mulettis *pr* . . .

caries. D. caries.

600. lyke . . . cash-

maries. D. cush-

maries.

601. cadgeris.

603. set.

605. long.

606. speid.

607. Twiching . . . owin

. . . 3e sall.

608. Dunbuge, in both

MSS. ; omitted

by D. *or* for *on*

in both MSS. See

line 641.

611. *vpr*.

612. Guid Rot melvine.

613. sould . . . reckon.

616. Londone.

617. Then holiglas.

618. lerned amongis.

619. Hanan.

621. bake.

622. spake.

Vnto this sophist sone cōsentit ;
 But he had efterward repentit,
 Were not a man amongis thē sell, 625
 Whose cōscience causit him to tell ;
 And quyetlie his coūsall gave him,
 That Holieglas wald sone deceave him.
 The man, perceaving it was sua,
 Gave him the gek, and lute him gea, 630
 Thankand his God and gud men baith
 For his delyvering of y^t skeath.
 O Holyglas ! thought thou no schame,
 And thou but laitlie come frome hame ?
 Vpon the secund day at morrow 635
 Suld our embassado^r gea borrow,
 And want or ever he wyn ower Tweid ?
 Bot, God be praisit, he come no speid.
 To Londoun Lowrie tuke the geat,
 With traine my^t staik for his esteat ; 640
 His wantone vicare on a meir ;
 Twa vther fellowis to turse his geir ;
 Bot never ane honest man had he,
 Save Robert Melwene of Carnebie,
 That with that bischop went about, 645
 To sett his feinyeit falsett out ;
 Bot als gude he had sittin ydle,
 As there ower land to leid his brydle,
 Considering what reward he gatt.
 Still on his owne cott taill he satt, 650
 As shalbe tauld you or we tuyne,

628. holiglas . . . deceive.

dore gae.

645. bischope.

630. geke . . . gae.

639. luike . . . gait. D.

646. feinyiet falset.

631. guid.

London.

647. guid . . . idle.

632. skaith.

640. staike . . . estait.

649. got.

633. thow.

641. vicar.

650. owin . . . taile.

634. thow bot . . . fra
home.642. Adv. Lib. MS. Swa ;
Univ. Lib. MS.

D. tail.

635. Vpoun . . . second.

sua ; D. Twa.

651. salbe . . . yow.

D. tald.

636. sould or embassa- 644. Saue Rot melvine.

In loco quo it shall come in.

To tell all ludgene whair he lay,

And ay on be the brek of day,

Wald be ower langsome to collect :

655

I wilbe breif in that respect.

Bot yit the menstrallis and the bairdis,

Thair trowand to obtene rewardis,

About his ludgene loudlie played ;

Bot menstrallis, serving man, and maid,

660

Gat Mitchell in ane auld pocke nucke ;

Save dira adew his leive he tuik ;

Then be the gait with murmo^r passis,

“Allace ! I haue forgot the lasses !

Bot yit they shall not want a plak,

665

Will God give I returne abak.”

This was to cloik his waine cōceat

For he come home ane vther gait ;

As Culen Kyngis that Christ adorned,

Per aliam viam he returned.

670

In Londone he ane ludgene tuike,

A inkeiper, ane cōmone cuike,

Ane tapster bay^t of aill and wyne,

That weill my^t staik for sic a tryne.

Vnto the court the word is gane,

675

That he had sic ane ludgene tane.

Little they said, what ever they thought.

Vnto this bischop there was brought

Ane new-maid coische for to decore him,

Ane serving gentlemā send for him,

680

652. sall.

653. ludgen.

655. longsome.

656. D. brief.

658. obteine.

659. ludgen lowdly.

661. Got nichel in ane
old poke nuke.

662. tuike.

663. Then, in both MSS.

D. He.

664. alace . . . forgott

. . . lassis.

665. þey sall . . . wāt a
placke. D. thay.

666. a bake.

667. cloike . . . vaine
cōceit.

668. one.

669. kingis.

671. londoun.

672. D. a cōmon.

673. baith.

677. litle . . . thocht. D.
evir.

678. bischope . . . brocht.

679. coshe . . . decoir.

That stude ane lang ho^r at his yeatt,
 Or he could ony entres geatt,
 While he was grathed into his geir
 Siclyke as he was wont to weir,
 As I befoir have specifeit, 685
 And Maister Willie will verefeit.
 The man that was his messinger,
 The Quenis Grace Latin secretare,
 Being eschamit fra ever he saw him,
 Said to himself, "a vengeance faa him ! 690
 Is this our brave embassado^r,
 Whome to we doe sic hono^r,
 That I am send for to hir Grace—
 A bewe bust in a bishops place ? "
 Yit in the cosche he lap at last. 695
 Into the palice are they past,
 Which callit is the fair White hall ;
 His pintle against the palice wall
 Puld out to piss, and wald no^t spair,
 Which is a thing inhibit thair. 700
 Ane porter sone did him persave,
 And to the bischop his blissing gave,
 Betuixt the schoulders a royall route,
 Turnig him wodderschins about.
 To scape the fray he was so fane, 705
 He put vp club in scheith agane.
 Cūing to presence of the Quene,
 Becaus he had not sic thingis seine,
 He wist not weill how to behave him,
 But as some vthers coūsall gave him ; 710

681. hore . . . yett.

D. To.

703. Betwixt . . . shoul-
deris . . . rout.

682. gett.

692. do.

686. mr . . . verfeit.

694. D. cowe.

705. faine.

687. messr.

695. coshe.

706. againe. D. scheath.

688. secretar.

696. ar.

707. queine.

689. eschamet.

699. pishe.

710. Both MSS. But.

690. vēgence fall.

700. inhibite.

D. Bot.

691. Adv. Lib. MS. To.

702. bischope.

And that was of a semple sort,
 As I can tell by true report
 Of gentlemen that stude besyde him,
 That he had na mair grace to guyde him
 Nor it had bene ane hieland quow, 715
 Lurcane and lowring, I wat not how.
 Then his cōmissione being red,
 Out of the palice he was sped,
 Then to the wall agane gois he
 To pisch—his part of honestie. 720
 The portars publictly reprovit him,
 And doubtles they had thair mischevit him,
 Were not the gentle men excused him,
 And thame forbade to stryke a stranger.
 He beand scapit of that danger, 725
 Hame through he past, and wald not spair :
 They maid a midwyfe of him thair.
 They bring thame farre on ābeling foiles,
 Bot send thame hame throw on thair soilles.
 Tuo moneth he tareit efter that, 730
 But never presence agane he gat.
 With bischops he began to fleich,
 Desyring licence for to preich.
 Of his auld sermon he had perqueir,
 Bot they had never hard thame heir. 735
 Of omnigatherine now his glose :
 He maid it lyk a Wealchmā hose :
Tempora mutantur was his text.
 The bischops vicar being vext,
 To ruse his maister, and set him out, 740

712. trew.

713. Off.

714. guyd.

715. beine.

719. againe.

721. portaris.

722. mischeivit.

723. wer . . excusett.

726. throughe.

727. made. D. Thay.

728. ambleing foles.

729. But . . . home . . .
soiles.

730. Two . . . tariet.

731. againe.

732. bischopis . . . fleitche.

734. sermone . . . perquier.

735. But.

736. Off omnigatherome.

737. lyke . . . welchmā.

739. bischopis.

Sayand to thame y^t stude about,
 "Gif ye his preiching could persave,
 My maister is a lerned knaif :"
 Placebois part, behind his bak,
 Vnto the people this he spak. 745
 The preiching done, the chapter red,
 They baith gaid fow aneuch to bed.
 This poysoned preicheo^r of Godis word
 Is not vnlyk ane suple suord ;
 For in the fyre when ye have heat it, 750
 To ony syde you lyk to sett it,
 It will go worth, and stand therto,
 So will this duble docto^r doe.
 For greid of geir, and warldly graith,
 On baith the gaitis he grūdis his fayth. 755
 For daylie we may se his dress,
 When Monseir gaid vnto his mess,
 Into ane gallerie neir besyde ;
 Thair wald this halie bischope byde,
 Saying, forsuith, it was not smittell. 760
 I think he weyit the mater litle
 How mony messis there was done,
 Sa he were packed weill at none :
 For daylie thair he gaid to dyne,
 To gett his fill of gude white wyne. 765
 The denner done, he wald not spair,
 Downe to a house, tuo myle and mair,
 To Lambeth, bischope of Canterberrie,
 Vpon his feit, but not be ferrie ;

742. Giff 3e.

743. knaife.

744. bake.

745. spake.

749. vnlyke . . . sowple

. . . sword. D. a.

750. ffor . . . fyre . . . 3e

. . . hett.

751. 3e lyke . . . set.

752. with.

753. dowble.

754. warldlie.

755. grounde . . . faith.

756. sie.

759. wad . . . haly.

760. D. smittel.

761. thinke.

763. wer.

765. guid whyte.

767. ane . . . mylne.

769. Vpoun. D. to ferrie.

For archness to had in a grote, 770
 He had no will to fie a bote ;
 Bot or he come neir hand the yeatt,
 Vpon ane dyke doun was he sett
 Into a secreit out of sicht,
 And sat thair till his schone wes dicht. 775
 He gave thame leive to dicht his schone ;
 To sponge his cloak durst not be done.
 It hurt the woole, and wrought it bair,
 Puld off the mottes, and did no mair :
 He had na will to weir his cleathis. 780
 Then to that bischop in he geas.
 With mony flattering taill and fals
 He held that bischop in the hals,
 Seiking the secreit of his wittis,
 And ay besydis he fillis his guttis, 785
 Wachting the wyne, for it was wicht.
 Then, when this turne cott tuke gude ny^t,
 Half way hameward vp the calsay,
 Said to his servandis for a quha say,
 " Alace ! the porter is foryett ;" 790
 But sorrow mair the men my^t gett.
 Then to a sowters chope he past,
 And for a pair of schone he ast.
 Bot or he sperit the price to pay thē,
 His thovmbis was on the soillis to say them ; 795
 Then with his knockles he on them knockit ;
 Eftir that he had long time blockit,
 With grit difficultie he tuik thame,

770. ffor archnes.

771. boat.

772. yeat.

773. Vpoun.

775. shone war.

776. live . . . shone.

777. cloake.

778. wrocht.

781. bischope . . . gais.

782. teale.

786. wycht.

787. his . . . tuik guid.

788. homeward . . .

calsey.

790. forgett.

792. sowteris.

794. But . . . speirit

. . . pryce.

795. thoumbis . . . sey.

796. knuckles.

797. Efter.

798. tuike.

And pat thame on : ewill mocht he bruik them !
 With Monsier then he moyen maid, 800
 Lamēting sair his lang abaid,
 Thinking to borrow a hundreth pundis,
 And oblist him for to be bund
 To pay or he past off the toun.
 The vther, na dowl, had laid it downe, 805
 Were not bechance he had a man,
 That with his maister roundit than :
 “ My Lord, I kend yone lowne in Parise ;
 He weill betydis that sometymes careis ;
 Ane cōdigne docto^r to all lownes, 810
 My mother lent him fyftene crownes ;
 Besydis some vtheris, nychbo^{ris} thair,
 Some lent him less, some lent him mair.
 Work what we will, it was in vaine,
 We culd nevir gett a grote agane.” 815
 The vther said nothing for schame,
 But held his toung while he turned hame.
 Ten pundis stirling furth he tuike,
 And knit it in a neapkyn nucke,
 Saying : “ forsuith, I have no mair 820
 Now at this present I may spair.”
 But when he gettis y^t geir agane,
 Thair will na river ryse for raine ;
 And, peitie, porter of hellis yeattis,
 That day this docto^r payis his debtis. 825
 This wald not serve his turne, he tho^t ;
 Some vther moyen sone he socht.

799. evill mot.

801. long.

803. obleist.

805. doubt . . . down.

806. Wer.

807. rowndit.

809. caries. tareis?

810. Both MSS. lownes.

D. townes.

813. les.

815. could never get a
grot agane. D.

uald.

817. till . . . home.

818. puns. Both MSS.

stirling. D. slid-

ling.

819. nepkyn. D. neap-

kin.

822. againe.

823. no.

824. peitie. This word is
blotted in the Adv.

Lib. MS. The

Univ. MS. has

pecter. See notes.

825. doctore.

The Scottis merchandis were lyand thair,
 I find he maid thair baggis all bair,
 And promised, vnder pane of schame, 830
 To pay so sone as he come hame.
 Bot as he payit, ye may speir,
 Gif Gilbert Donaldsone were heir;
 Or Patrik Quhyt, he weill can tell,
 Sayand thair is no devill in hell 835
 Could find sic falset for to deceave him,
 As he, when ever he come to crave him.
 Ane vther Lunden paik he playit,
 Sending some letters, as he said,
 With Patrik Quhyte, as he declairis, 840
 Bearing the wecht of grit effairis,
 To come in Scotland to the King.
 The man mensueris he saw sic thing.
 Suppose the teale be fals and feinyeit,
 Yit to the Kingis Grace he hes pleinyeit. 845
 Havand the court at his cōmand,
 He gart the pure mā leave the land:
 For all the fyve bairnes and the wyffe,
 This Metropolitane of Fyiffe
 Is enterit on his hous and geir; 850
 But how this happened ye sall heir,
 Thought it be tedious for to tell.
 The mā duellis in St Androis sell:
 He lent this lowne thrie hundreth m̄ke,
 Bot when he craveth Cok his clerk, 855
 He culd not find ane vther gait,

828. m̄chands wer.

London.

847. puire . . . leive.

830. vndir paine.

840. Patricke quhyte.

850. gier.

831. home.

841. Beiring. Both MSS.

851. Bot . . . 3e.

832. 3e.

effairis. D. af-

852. Thocht.

833. Giff.

fairis.

853. dwellis.

834. Patricke quhyte.

843. mensweiris.

854. hundr:

836. deceive.

844. feinyiet.

855. clerke.

838. lurden paike. D.

845. pleinyiet.

856. could.

Bot fred him with this fals cōceat.
 Gif this be weill, the warld shall ken,
 To raise sic schiftis on saikles men.
 Than Robert Melwin, hame to gang, 860
 On his awin charges lyand lang,
 Sayand, "this burgh I may not bruik,"
 His precept of pensione furth he tuike,
 Biddand my Lord subscrivve ane letter,
 And swa he did, but not the better. 865
 Hame to the prowest it was directit;
 But ye shall heir whow he was geckit.
 Hame to the prowest when he past,
 It greived him, and he was agast;
 Who tuke him by the lap and lewch: 870
 "Ye ken his knaverie weill aneuche.
 Of all his teyndis, both meill and beir,
 I have discharges for a yeir.
 He gart me pay thame or I ledd thame:"
 The vther tuke thame vp and redd thame. 875
 He sayned him, but he said no mair:
 Tak up his Londone wsayage thair.
 Ane burges mā there beand bound,
 Having a trvme schop in the toun,
 Vnto this Bichope sone he socht 880
 To get a licence, gif he mocht,
 For fortie last of Inglis beir;
 Said: "ten pund Stirveling I have heir,
 And mair, when misteris, you cōmand."
 The Bischop tuke it weill on hand: 885

857. conceit.

858. Giff . . . world.

859. sackles.

860. Rot melvine home.

861. owin.

862. burt . . . bruike.

866. home. D. he.

867. Bot . . . sall.

868. Omitted in Univ.

MS.

870. tuike . . . lape . . .

leuche.

871. knavrie.

872. Off . . . bier.

875. tuike.

876. bot . . . na.

877. Take . . . voyage.

879. trume schip.

882. ffor fourtie.

883. striveling.

884. misters.

885. bischope tuike.

To Secretare Welschingame gois he,
 The pearle and flowre of courtasie ;
 With signitor^r in neif alreddie,
 He send him to his Soverane Ladie
 For fourtie last of Englis beir : 890
 Bot what ane leeing maid he heir !
 He said, to serve his house at hame,
 But it was sauld in want of schame,
 And not with him that he began ;
 He happened on ane vther man, 895
 And tuentie pund Stirveling fra him tuke :
 The first merchant he cleane forsuike,
 Gave him the geck, and lat him gea :
 Gud threttie pundis he cōqueist sea.
 Amongis the Bischopis of the towne, 900
 He played the beggar vp and downe,
 Without respect of honestie,
 Or office of embassadrie.
 Ane scaffing warlot, wanting schame,
 Thrie of thair haiknes he tuik hame. 905
 He beggit buikis, he beggit bowis ;
 Tacking in earnest, asking in mowes ;
 As Maister Jhone Dowglass weill can tell,
 How slealie he deceavit him sell ;
 Borrowing ane coffer to keip his claythis, 910
 Bot with this baggage hame he geas.
 This turne cott now returnig bak,
 Trowand some great reward to tak ;

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 886. The . . . Welsch- | . . . tuike. | neis. |
| inghame. | 898. gecke . . . let . . . | 907. earnest. |
| 887. floure. | gae. | 908. Mr Johne douglas. |
| 888. signatore. | 899. And . . . sae. | 909. deceivit. |
| 889. Lady. | 900. toun. | 910. one . . . cloths. |
| 890. ffor fowrtie. | 901. doun. | 911. beggar home . . . |
| 891. leising made. | 904. warlott. | gaes. |
| 892. serue . . . home. | 905. haiknes in both | 912. turnecott . . . bake. |
| 895. hapened. | MSS. ; D. haik- | 913. grit . . . take. |
| 896. twentie . . . , stirling | | |

Bot Englis men are not so daft
 Bot they perceaved his clocked craft. 915
 They knew him for a sembling baird,
 Whome to they wald give no rewarde;
 Considering as he sett him furth,
 They gave him mair then he was worthe.
 Seing his copburde come to nocht, 920
 Tua leathering bosses he hes bought.
 "Thay will not brek albeit they fall:
 Thir strapis of trie destroyis vs all;
 They brek so mony, I may no^t byde it:"
 Heir all the inspraich he provydit. 925
 Returnig hame, as ye hard tell,
 He baid behind a day him sell,
 The simple servantis to beguyle,
 Sayand, he wald ride furth a whyle,
 To seay a bow that was sūthing wicht, 930
 Syne come agane and tak gud nycht;
 Bot on lap he and went to wair.
 Fairweill: adewe: they gat na mair.
 Gif this be honest, ye may ken,
 And, namelie, to sic honest men, 935
 Our Legat Lord in primacie,
 Besydis, his grit embassadrie
 To vse swa in vncouth places.
 Litle merwell in tēporall cases
 He had na will to give reward, 940
 That to his saule had no regard.
 For, lying *in periculo mortis*,
 Tua of the kirk to him resortis;

914. ar.

MS. steapis. stapis?

guidnyt.

917. rewaird.

924. breck.

933. adew . . . no.

919. worth.

925. inspraith.

934. Giff . . . 3e.

920. copburd.

926. home.

939. mervell.

921. lethering . . . bocht.

928. servāde.

940. no . . . rewaird.

922. breck.

929. ryd.

941. soule . . . regaird.

923. Adv. Lib. MS.

931. againe . . . tuike

943. kirke.

strapis; Univ. Lib.

Balcanquhall, as ane Christiane brother,
 And Maister Andro Melwill was the other : 945
 Both being fay^tfull, fearing God,
 Went to persuade this subtile tod
 Lascivous maneris to amend,
 Sen na mā knawis the ho^r nor end.
 This, at the lenth, he lent them eiris 950
 And brusted out in a blus of tearis.
 "Brether," he sayis, "I schame to tell
 Sa oft as I misvsit my sell,
 In guyding of the giftis of grace :
 Gif God wald lend me tyme and space, 955
 Twa horis in pulpit to deploir it,
 My synfull lyfe sall no^t be smorit :"
 With this agane begane to greit.
 The brethrene, seing him cōtreit,
 Gave thankis to God for his repentance ; 960
 But now, for all his auld acquētance,
 He playis the turnecot to deceave them,
 Denyand plane that ever he spak them.
 To George Durrie he played a juike,
 That will not be foryet this oulke : 965
 Foure hundreth merkis he gart him get him,
 For tackis of kirkis he hecht to set him,
 And syne set vther men the teindis.
 The vther, having force of freindis,
 Concludit schortlie for to slea him, 970
 For vying of his syluer fra him :

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 945. melvill. | 956. Tua horis . . . pul- | occurs in neither |
| 946. faithfull. | pet. | of the MSS. Univ. |
| 947. perswade. | 958. againe. | MS. deceive. |
| 949. knowis þe hore. | 959. bretherine. D. bre- | 964. durie. |
| 950. earis. | therene. | 965. forgott . . . olke. |
| 951. teiris. | 960. repentence. | 969. force in both MSS. |
| 952. Adv. Lib. MS. | 961. old acquētence. | D. forse. |
| Brother ; Univ. | 962. playis, in both MSS. | 970. schortly . . . slay. |
| Lib. MS. Brether. | D. playit. D. for | 971. vying . . . siluer. |
| 955. Giff. | to deceave ; <i>for</i> | |

As they had done, no doubt, in deid,
 Were not he sped him there with speid,
 And fand sic moyen for to meis them,
 Promissand proffeit for to pleis them. 975
 Whairto it turnes I can no^t tell:
 But sua the sophist savit him sell.
 To him I can find na cōpair,
 Save anes in France when I was there,
 Gud Clemet Marit had a lowne— 980
 A knaif that cūbart all the towne,
 With spreitis employed to everie vice,
 As whoredome, drincking, cartis, and dyce;
 To sweir, to ban, to steill and tak:
 Ane never my^t trow a word he spak; 985
 In everie ludgene whair he wald licht,
 Taking his leive without gud nych[t,]
 Garring the wyffis sing wallaway,
 Lyk to the Bischop of Galloway:
 But he was sum thing pure and needie; 990
 And this is feinyet, fals, and griedie.
 Galloway with no mater meld him,
 Except necessitie cōpeld him,
 Taking the warld as God wald send it,
 Having ane noble hart to spend it. 995
 Bot ay the mair this smatcher gettis,
 The closser garris he keip the yettis;
 Feiding his bellie and his bryde,
 Begging and borrowing ay besyde.

972. D. dout.

973. wer.

974. meas.

975. promisand proffeit.

976. Qrto.

977. Bot swa.

978. no.

980. Guid . . . marote.

981. knaife . . . cūbert

. . . toun.

982. Impløyed . . . every.

983. At whoirdome, drink-
ing.

984. take.

985. spake.

986. every.

987. guidny^t. D. nicht.

988. walloway. D. wyfis.

989. Lyke . . . bischope.

990. puire & neidie.

991. feinyiet . . . greidie.

994. world.

996. smatchert gettis.

997. garis . . . yeatis.

Galloway was a man of gude, 1000
 Discendit of a noble blude,
 Franck with his freind, fordward and stout,
 Having gude maneris to set them out :
 And this is but ane carle, ye sie,
 Ane baxteris sone of bas degrie, 1005
 Feable and fleid and nothing worth,
 Wanting a face to set him furth.
 What suld I lyble of this lowne?
 Not all the paper of this towne,
 And blek it baith vnder and abone, 1010
 May had the half that he hes done.
 Wha could cleirlie descryve his cases
 In Parise, and in vther places,
 Gif men my^t tyme and laser get?
 Some thingis, indeid, I have forget. 1015
 Perceaving that he was scant of clathis,
 To Londone Bischop sone he geathis,
 Desyring the borrowing of a gowne,
 He said, to preich in through the towne.
 The Bischop, obeying the first cōmand, 1020
 Send for his wardrop man fre hand.
 Tuiching that part I mā cōmend him ;
 Ane deligat gowne, indeid, he send him :
 Bot when that gowne comes hame agane,
 Winter salbe butt wind and raine. 1025
 Albeit I was not there to see,
 He weiris it yit, to verefie ;
 Growgraine of silk, bot it is gray ;
 When ever ye see it, siris, ye may say

1000. guid.

1002. ffrancke.

1003. guid.

1006. ffeible & flied.

1007. fourth.

1008. sould . . . lybell.

1009. toun.

1010. bleck.

1012. cleirly.

1013. pareis.

1014. If . . . leasure.

1015. forgett.

1016. clois. D. Parceaving.

1017. bischope . . . gois.

1019. throughe . . . toun.

1020. bischope.

1021. fra.

1022. Twiching.

1024. againe.

1026. sie.

1029. 3e sie . . . 3e.

He gat that gowne, with this ingyne, 1030
 Weill lyned with costlie furringis fyne.
 How he beguylit Jhone Harper of York,
 Ane Scottis tailyeo^r lives on his work,
 Aff fra a merchant he gart him tak
 New breikis and dowblat, for to mak, 1035
 Of Turkie taffatie—na war geir :
 Bot as he payeth him, ye sall heir.
 This turne cott with his trickis begane,
 Growand familiar with the man,
 Sayand, “forsuith my siluer is done ; 1040
 But Londone will me releive sone.
 For in this toun I tak na cair :
 The Scottis merchantis will meit me thair
 With monie als mekle as I will tak.
 Whairfore, to my returnig back, 1045
 Ye wald doe weill gif ye wald thrist me,
 And at this present not molest me.
 Ye salbe payit : tak ye no thought :
 Your tristene sall not be for nought
 At our nixt meiting.” What suld mair ? 1050
 The vther saw him speik so fair,
 To crave him forder he thocht schame.
 But turne cott, now returnig hame,
 Fand out some vther gait to gea :
 Sewin pund he payit this pure mā sea. 1055
 Some sayes he played ane fouller thing,
 Bepewed the pulpett befor the King ;
 Or ever the preiching was midpart done
 He neather held vnder nor abone.
 Na ferlie ; his cōtagious stomack 1060

1031. coistlie.

1045. bake. D. bak.

1053. home.

1032. beguylit Johne . . .
Yorke.1046. 3e . . . do . . .
3e . . . frist.1054. gae.
1055. Sevin . . . puir.

1033. worke.

1048. 3e . . . take 3e.

1056. sayis.

1034. take.

1049. fristing . . . nocht.

1057. pulpet. D. pulpit.

1035. make. D. brekis.

1050. q^t sould.1059. na^{pr}. D. neither.1044. money . . . meikle
. . . take.1051. speike.
1052. farder.1060. No fairly . . . stam-
ocke.

Was sa owersett with Burdeous drūmake ;
 And George Gipsones Iskie bae
 Had all the wyte he womit sae.
 Sone efter that, for sowmes of debt,
 A meas^r vpon the gait him mett, 1065
 Gewing him charges to obey,
 To enter in warde, or els to pay.
 This lowrie little ans^r mackis,
 Bot on a gray bonnet he tackis ;
 A scheip hewit clock to cover his cleathis ; 1070
 But lad or boy to Ley^t he geathis ;
 Lapp in a bott, and maid him boun ;
 Sen syne he come not in the toun.
 Ane vther trick, as I remember ;
 The threttene day of this November, 1075
 Vnto his bed he bownit so fow,
 Sleipping and snoring lyk a sow ;
 Dreamand some devill he had sene,
 Out of the bed he wald have bene ;
 But on the flure he gat a fall, 1080
 While doun come Cannabie and all
 Vpon his bellie with sic a brattle,
 The houshold, hearing sic a rattle,
 Mervelit mekle what it suld be ;
 Lychtit candles, and came to sie, 1085
 And fand him lyand lyk a swyne,
 Bayth bak and syde bespewit with wyne.
 Seing it rid, they waxt so red,
 Beleiving it had bene blood he bled,
 Cryand out, harmesay, he was stickit, 1090

1061. oversett . . . drā-	1070. cleoke . . . cloths.	1083. heiring . . . ratle.
mock.	1071. laid . . . leith . . .	1084. mervelit meikle qt
1063. witt . . . vomite.	gois.	. . . sould.
1064. soune. D. after.	1072. boite & made.	1085. Lichtit . . . come.
1065. vpoun.	1074. tricke.	1086. lyke.
1066. Gevin.	1075. threttin.	1087. Baith bake . . .
1067. ward.	1077. sleiping & snoiring	bespeuit.
1068. litle . . . makis.	lyke.	1088. reid pey.
1069. take.	1082. Vpoun.	1089. bloud.

While ane pat doun his hand and lickit :
 "This is not blude, tho^t it be hewit,
 But Burdeous wyne that he hes spewit."
 With schame and lack, I will not lane,
 They laid him in his bed agane. 1095
 Therefore I wald ye vnderstude
 We have na tyme for to cōclude :
 Far ay the longare Lowrie leivis,
 As fassione is of feinyit theives,
 They wilbe daylie for doing ill. 1100
 Ewin sa I will augment my bill,
 As I gett witt in mair and mair
 Of his proceidingis heir and thair.
 I sall leave blankis for to imbrew thame,
 That he a nosebitt may beleive thame 1105
 Whometo my buik salbe directit.
 Being in Paris lait suspectit
 For art and part of mūbling messis,
 Thought he hypocrysie professis :
 Albeit this be not weill set furth, 1110
 Becaus the mater was no^t worth,
 Desyre the Bischope to be cōtent,
 Becaus I am no^t eloquent.
 I have tane trawell for his saik,
 And ryme may for a raipfull staik. 1115
 Mend ye thir heidis that I rehers,
 I sall not fail to mend my vers.

FINIS. QUOD R. S.

1091. one.

1092. bloud.

1093. Bot.

1094. lacke.

1095. againe.

1098. longer.

1099. feinyiet.

1100. dayly.

1101. sall.

1102. get.

1104. leive.

1105. Adv. Lib. MS. my.

Univ. MS. may.

D. my.

1106. buike.

1107. Parise.

1108. mumbling.

1109. hypocrisie.

1114. travell . . . saike.

1116. 3e . . . reherse.

1117. verse.

Finis quod John.—The rest of the signature, and apparently another word or two, have been obliterated.

XLVI.

**Followis the Ballat maid vpoun Margret Fleming,
callit the Flemyng bark in Edinburt.**

[GEORGE BANNATYNE'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1568, fol. 123, preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.—THE EVERGREEN: Being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, 1724.—CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY, from the Thirteenth Century to the Union of the Crowns. Edited by James Sibbald. Edinburgh, 1802.—THE SEMPILL BAL-LATES. Edited and Published by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



HAIF a littill Flemig Berge,
Off clenkett work, bot scho is wicht;
Quhat pylett takis my schip in chairge,
Mon hald hir clynlie, trym, and ticht;

Se that hir hatchis be handlit richt, 5
W^t steirburd, baburd, luf and lie:
Scho will sale all the wintirnight,
And nevir tak a telzevie.

With evin keill befoir the wind
Scho is richt fairdy w^t a sail; 10
Bot at ane lufe scho lyis behind,
Gar heiss hir quhill hir howbandis skail;
Draw weill the takill to hir taill,
Scho will no^t miss to lay 30^r mast;
To pomp als oft as 3e may haill, 15
3eill nevir hald hir watter-fast.

To calfet hir oft can do non ill,
 And talloun quhair the flud-mark flowis ;
 Bot gif scho lekkis, gett men of skill
 To stop hir hoilis laich in þe howis : 20
 Ffor falt of hemp tak hary towis,
 W^t stane-ballest w^towttin vder ;
 In moneless nichtis it is na mowis,
 Except ane stowt man steir hir ruder.

A fair vesschell abone þe watter, 25
 And is bot laitly reikit, to,
 Quhairto, till deif 3ow w^t tome clatter,
 Ar nane sic in the floit as scho.
 Plum weill the grund quhat evir 3e doo,
 Haill on the fukscheit and the blind ; 30
 Scho will tak in at cap and koo,
 W^tout scho ballast be behind.

Na pedderis pak scho will ressaif,
 Althocht hir travell scho sowld tyne ;
 Na coukcald karle nor carllingis pet, 35
 That dois thair corne and caitell cryne ;
 Bot, quhair scho findis a fallow fyne,
 He wilbe frawcht fre for a souss ;
 Scho kareis nocht bot men and wyne,
 And bul3oun to þe coun3e-houss. 40

Ffor merchandmen I may haif mony,
 Bot nane sic as I wald desyre ;
 And I am layth to mell w^t ony,
 To leis my mater in the myre.
 That man that wirkis best for his hyre, 45
 Syne he salbe my mariner :
 Bot nycht and day mon he nocht tyre,
 That sailis my bony ballinger.

17. calfet. Originally *calf*, but altered to *calfet* by a later hand.

36. cryne might read *tryne*.

Ffor anker-hald nane can be fund :

I pray 3ow, cast the leid lyne owt, 50

And, gif 3e can nocht get the grund,

Steir be the compas, and keip hir rowt ;

Syne treveiss still, and lay abowt,

And gar hir top twiche wind and waw ;

Quhair anker dryvis, thair is na dowl, 55

Thir tripand tyddis may tyne ws aw.

Now is my pretty pynnege reddy,

Abydand on sum merchand blok ;

Bot be scho emptie, be our ledy,

Scho will be kittill of hir dok : 60

Scho will ressaif na landwart Jok,

Thocht he wald frawcht hir for a croun :

Thus fair 3e weill, sayis gud Johine Cok,

Ane nobill tel3eour in this toun.

FINIS. QUOD SEMPILL.

XLVII.

Heir followis the defence of Crissell Sandelandis flor
 vsing hirsself contrair the Ten Cōmandis; Being
 in Ward for playing of the loun with euery ane
 list geif hir half a croun, &c.

[GEORGE BANNATYNE'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1568, fol. 124, preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.—THE EVERGREEN: Being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, 1724.—THE SEMPILL BALLATES. Edited and Published by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



ERNITIOUS peple, perciall in despyte,
 Susanis judges, saweris of seditioun,
 3our cankert counsale is the causs and wyte,
 Bowstert w^t pryd, and blindit w^t ambitioun,
 Ffyndand na cryme, nor havand na cōmissioun 5
 To hurt Dame Venus Virgēis as 3e do;
 Gif 3e sa raschlie rin vpoun Suspitioun,
 3e may put vthiris on the pannell to.

To Sandelandis 3e wer our sair to schame hir,
 Sen 3e w^t counsale my^t quyetlie cōmand hir: 10
 Grit foulis 3e wer w^t fallowis to defeme hir,
 Havand na causs bot cōmoun voce and sklander;
 Syne findand no man in the houss neir hand hir,
 Except ane clerk of godly conversatioun.*
 Quhat gif besyd Iohine Dureis self 3e fand hir, 15
 Dar 3e suspect the holy congregatioun?

* On the margin, in a different hand, "the Minister Betoun."

Your fleslie conscience garris you tak this feir :
 Beleif ye virgynis wilbe win so sone?
 Na, god forbid : Bot men [may] bourd als neir,
 And wemen nocht the wor quhen that is done. 20
 Had scho bene vndir, and he hobland abone,
 That war a perllous play for to suspect thame :
 Bot laddis and lassis will meit eftirnone,
 Quhair Dick and Dvrie dow nocht bayth correct thame.

Sen drunkardis, gluttonis, and contentious men, 25
 Shedderis of blude, and subiectis gevin to greid,
 May not posses the hevinly gloir, ye ken,
 As in the bybill dalie do we reid ;
 Lat thir be wyit allyk till every leid,
 Syne fornicatioun plasit amangis the laif : 30
 Exemp your self throw all the toun in deid,
 Than luke how mony ye onmerkit haif.

Gif ye beleif nocht Betoun be his word,
 In hir defenss it can nocht be reffusit ;
 Lat him þat fallowis fecht it w^t þe sword, 35
 Ane anciēt law quhen ladeis ar accusit.
 Is ministeris sic men to be abusit,
 That knawis the scripture and the ten cōmandis ?
 Albeit he and scho wor in ane houss inclusit,
 He sew na seid in to hir Sandelandis. 40

As for þe rest, I knaw nocht thair vocatioun,
 Thair lyfe, thair maneris ; Bot I heir mony mene thame
 Catholik virgenis of the holy congregatioun,
 Syn wer to tyne thame, gif ye cowld obtene thame ;
 Quhat can ye say except þat ye had sene thame, 45
 W^t rem in ra, all nakkit, but adherance ?
 Than tak a bowstring and draw it doun betwene thame,
 And, gif it stickis, it hes ane evill apperance.

Catitois clerkis, quhois college 3e frequentit,
 Quhen 3e wor wanfleris of hir wantoun band, 50
 Now 3e ar lamit fra labour, I lamēt it,
 3our pistolis twmit, and bak sprent lyk a wand :
 Snapwark, adew, fra dagmen dow no^t stand,
 And worss than that, 3e want 3o^r morsing powder :
 Than cūis conscience w^t crukit staf in hand, 55
 Greitand for byganis, bowand bak and schowder.

Remembir first 3our former qualitie,
 And wrak na virgēis w^t 3o^r wilfull weir ;
 Gif 3e will no^t, than o^r regalitie
 Hes power planely to replege thame heir. 60
 Mycht thay win to the girth, I tak no feir ;
 Doun by the Cānocroce, I pray 3ow, send thame,
 Quhair Patrik Bānatyne hes promiseist to compeir,
 W^t lawfull ressonis reddy to defend thame.

On causs thair is thay can no^t be convict ; 65
 3e had na power fra the sone wes sett ;
 The provest gaif na power to Gilbert Dick,
 The speciall thing that sowld no^t bene for3ett ;
 Thay war nocht theivis, nor 3it condempt in dett,
 Nor ridhand tane, quhilk was na causs, 3e knaw ; 70
 Bot 3e latt rukis and ravynis rin throw the nett,
 And saikles dowis makis subiect to þe law.

3our parcial Juge, we may declyne him, to ;
 Bot sett me doun the persone Pennycuke ;
 Or Sanderis Guthrie, lat see quhat he can do : 75
 He kēnis the caice, and keipis 3our awin court buke.
 Ffor men of law I wat nocht quhome to luke ;
 Auld James Bānatyne wes anis a man of skill,
 And gif he cūis nocht thair, I wald we tuke,
 To keip oure dyet, Maister Daud Makgill. 80

Quhat cūmer castis the formest stane, lat see,
 At tha peure winschis 3e wranguslie suspect
 Ffor sklenting bowttis : Now better war lat bee,
 Nor to begin to gett 3our selffis ane geck.
 The grittest falt I find in this effect, 85
 3e baith tuke money and put thame selffis to schame ;
 Bot, quhen the court cūis to þe toun, quhat reck ?
 We sall restoir thame to þair stok agane.

In 3our tolbutth sic presouneris to plant
 Wilbe ressaut weill, 3e may considder ; 90
 Gud Captane Adamsone will nocht lat thame want
 Bedding, howbeit thay sowld lig all togidder.
 As for his wyf, I wald 3e sowld forbid hir
 Hir eyndling toyis : I trow thair be no denger,
 Becauss his lome is larbour grown and lidder, 95
 But vndirstanding now to treit ane strenger.

The grittest greif I find, 3e haif defamett
 Thir leill trew luvaris, and done thair freindis bot lack ;
 Becauss thair bandis wer reddy to be proclamit,
 The pairteis mett and maid a fair contrack ; 100
 Bot now, allace ! the men ar loppin aback
 Ffor oppin sklander, callit ane speikand devill :
 In grit effairis 3e had no^t bene sa frack,
 Concernyng the rewling of 30^r cōmoun weill.

To pvneiss part is parcialitie ; 105
 To pvneiss all is hard to do in deid ;
 Bot send thame heir to oure regalitie,
 And we sall see gif we can serve thair neid.
 This rurall ryme, quha sa lyk for to reid,
 To Dict and Dury is directit plane : 110
 Quhair I offend thame in my landwart leid,
 I salbe reddy to reforme agane.

FINIS, Q. SEMPLE.

XLVIII.

Followis the Ballat maid be Robert Semple of Jonet
Reid, Ane Violet, and Ane Quhyt. Being slicht
wemen of lyf and conuersatioun, and tabernaris.

[GEORGE BANNATYNE'S MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1568, fol. 125, preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.—THE EVERGREEN: Being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, 1724.—CHRONICLE OF SCOTTISH POETRY, from the Thirteenth Century to the Union of the Crowns. Edited by James Sibbald. Edinburgh, 1802.—THE SEMPILL BAL-LATES. Collected and Edited by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872.]



FF cullouris cleir quha lykis to weir,
Ar sindry sortis in to this toun,
Grene, zellow, blew, and mony hew,
Bayth Pareiss blak, and Inglis broun ;
Lundoun sky quha lykis to by, 5
Bot Cullour derroy is clene laid down ;
Dundy gray, this mony a day,
Is lychleit bayth w^t laid and loun.

Stanche my fyking, and stryd my lyking,
Ar semely hewis for sommer play ; 10
Dundippit in zello ffor mony gud fallo,
As Will of Quhit-hawch bad me say ;

I will no^t dennyt till nane þat will by it ;
 For silver nane salbe said nay ;
 ʒee no^t to plenzie, my clayth will no^t stenzie, 15
 Suppois ʒe weit it nycht and day.

And I haif Quhyt off grit delyt,
 And Violet, quha lykis to weir,
 Weill werand Reid, quhill ʒe be deid,
 Quhilk sall nocht failzie, tak ʒe no feir. 20
 The Quhyt is gude, and richt weill lwid,
 Bot ʒit the Reid is twyiss als deir ;
 The Violet syne, bayth fresche and fyne,
 Sall serve ʒow hosing for a ʒeir.

The Quhyt is twiche, and fresche ennewche, 25
 Soft as the silk, as all men seis ;
 The Reid is bony, and socht of mony :
 Thay hyve abowt the houss lyk beis.
 W^t Violet, to, gif ʒe haif ado,
 It meites lyk stemmyne to ʒo^r theis ; 30
 Seure, be my witting, not brunt in the litting,
 Suppois baith laidis and lȳmeris leis.

Off all thir thre hewis I haif left clewis,
 To be oure court-men wintter weid ;
 Twynit and small, the best of thame all 35
 May weir the claith for woll and threid.
 Bot in the walk-mill the wedder is ill ;
 Thir ar nocht drying dayis indeid,
 And gif it be watt, I hecht for that,
 It tuggis in hoilis, and gais abbreid. 40

ʒit it is weill walkit, cairdit, and calkit,
 Als warme a weid as weir the deule,
 Weill wrocht in the lwmis with wobster gwmis :
 Bayth thik and nȳmill gais the spwle.

Cottond and schorne, the mair it be worne 45
 3e find 3our self the grittar fule ;
 Bot bony, forsuth, cum byit in my bwth,
 To mak 3ow garmentis agane 3ule.

Bot mixt thir togidder, 3ourself may cōsider,
 Quhat fyner cullour can be fund, 50
 And namely of breikis, gif ony man seikis,
 Sall haif the pair ay for a pund.
 Howbeid it be skant, na wowaris sall want,
 That to my bidding wilbe bund :
 Weill may thay brukit, thay neid no^t to lukit, 55
 Bot graip it marklynis be the grund.

3our court-men heir hes maid my claith deir,
 And raisd it twell-pēnis of the ell ;
 3it is my claith seuer for sadillis to ceuver,
 Suppois the sessioun raid thamesell. 60
 The Violet certane wes maid Dumbartane,
 The Reid wes walkit in Dumkell,
 The Quhyt hes bene dicht in mony mirk nicht,
 Bot tyme and place I can not tell.

Now gif 3e wirk wyislie, and schaip it precyslie, 65
 The elwand wald be grit and lang ;
 Gif the byess be wyd, gar lay it on syd,
 And sa 3e can nocht weill ga wrang.
 And, for the lang lest, it wald be schewid fast,
 And cair no^t by how deip 3e gang ; 70
 Bot want 3e quhyt threid, 3e can no^t cum speid :
 Blak walloway mon be 3o^r sang.

Bot tho^t it be awld, and twēty tymis sawld,
 3it will the freprie mak 3ow fane
 With vlis to renew it, and mak it weill hewit, 75
 And gar it glanss lyk Dūmygrane.

Syne w^t the sleik stanis, that servis for the nanis,
 Thay raiss the pyle, I mak 3ow plane ;
 With mony grit aith thay sell this same claith,
 To gar the byeris cum agane. 80

Now is my wob wrocht, and arlit to be bocht ;
 Cum lay the paymēt in my hand,
 And, gif my claith fel3ie, 3e pay nocht a mel3ie :
 The wobb salbe at 3our cōmand.
 The merkit is thrang, and will no^t lest lang : 85
 Thay by fast in the bordour land ;
 Albeid I haif tynsell, 3et mon I tak hansell,
 To pay my buth maill and my stand.

My claith wald be lwd w^t grit mē of gwd,
 Gif lawdis aud lownis wald latt me be : 90
 3it mon I excuss thame ; how can I reffuss thame,
 Sen all mēis penny makis him free ?
 The best and the gay of it, myself tuk a say of it,
 A wylie-coit, I will nocht lee,
 Quhilk did me no harme, bo^t held my cost werme, 95
 A symple merchant, 3e mā see.

This far to releif me, that na man repreif me,
 In Jedburgh, at the Justice air,
 This sang of thre lassis was maid abone glassis,
 That tyme that thay wer tapstaris thair. 100
 The first wes ane Quhyt, a lass of delyt ;
 The Violet, bayth gud and fair ;
 Keip the Reid fra skaith, scho is worth thame baith :
 Sa, to be schort, I say no mair.

FINIS. QUOD R. SEMPLE.

END OF VOL. I.

TEXT.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

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Scottish Text Society

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SATIRICAL POEMS

OF THE

TIME OF THE REFORMATION

EDITED BY

JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D.

PART I.

1889-90

Printed for the Society by

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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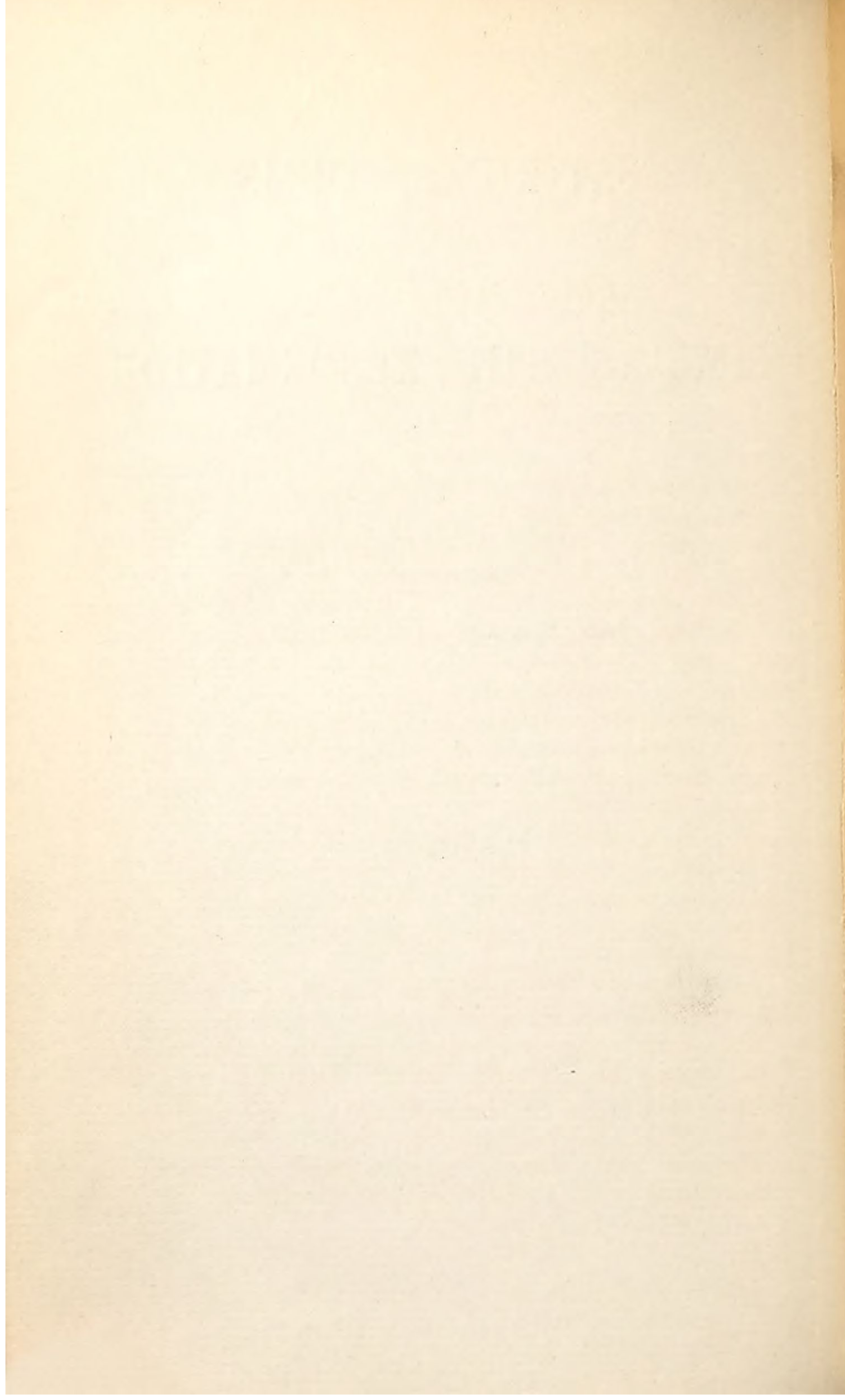
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EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXC



PREFATORY NOTE.

*[The substance of this Note will be embodied in the Introduction
to be given with Part II.]*

THE Poems in this collection will embrace a period of nearly twenty years [1565-1584]. Those contained in the present Part extend from the middle of 1565 to the spring of 1572, and mainly relate to Queen Mary, Lord Darnley, the Regent Murray, Sir William Maitland of Lethington, Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, and events in the Regencies of Lennox and Mar. They are nearly all of a political or party character, and are largely tinged with the satirical element.

The collection, for the most part, consists of Broad-sides, in Black Letter, many of which are unique, while others are extremely rare—duplicates of a few, and triplicates of two being all that are known to exist. All the bibliographical information I have been able to glean regarding them is prefixed to the different pieces.

Interspersed with these Broad-sides will be found several MS. poems of considerable interest, inasmuch as they supply missing links, or tend to throw additional light on the manners and customs of the time.

The first piece, “Maister Randolpes Phantasey,” here printed for the first time, is undoubtedly the work of an Englishman: hence its claim to appear among Scottish Texts may be questioned. The language and style belong to the Elizabethan period of English literature; but the subject-matter, as well as the circumstance that it is the first of a pretty long series of compositions in verse bearing on a singularly interesting time in our national history, seems to me to warrant its presence among pieces the

reproduction of which more immediately concerns the Scottish Text Society.

A similar plea must be entered for Poem IX., which is English in form, if not of English birth. It will, however, be welcome to some as an antidote to pieces devoted to the aspersion of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and the indiscriminate and effusive laudation of the Regent Murray.

The other MS. poems in the present Part are of undoubted Scottish origin, and claim no further notice here.

Most of the pieces, as will be seen from the bibliographical notes, have been issued in some form or other. Those in the Maitland MS.—only one occurs in this Part, and then by way of collation—were printed by John Pinkerton in ‘Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. Collection of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knt.’ London, 1786. 2 vols. crown 8vo. Pinkerton was not the most conscientious or painstaking of editors, but it is by his transcript alone that many pieces in the Maitland MS. have hitherto been accessible to the general reader.

A few of the longer pieces were printed by Sir John Graham Dalyell in his ‘Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century.’ Edinburgh, 1801. 2 vols. 12mo. Of the merit of these volumes it is impossible to speak too highly.

A much larger collection was issued in a handsome volume entitled ‘The Sempill Ballates,’ by Thomas George Stevenson. Edinburgh, 1872. 1 vol. 8vo. The typography and general appearance of the volume are all that could be desired; but errors in transcription render many passages wholly unintelligible.

In the present issue the titles, ornaments, and colophons of the Broad-sides have been carefully reproduced, and collations have been made of all duplicates and triplicates known to exist.

The Second Part, completing the Text, is in the hands of the printer.

J. C.

ROXBURGH HOUSE,
STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
May 1890.

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OF THE

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EDITED BY

JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D.

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1890-91

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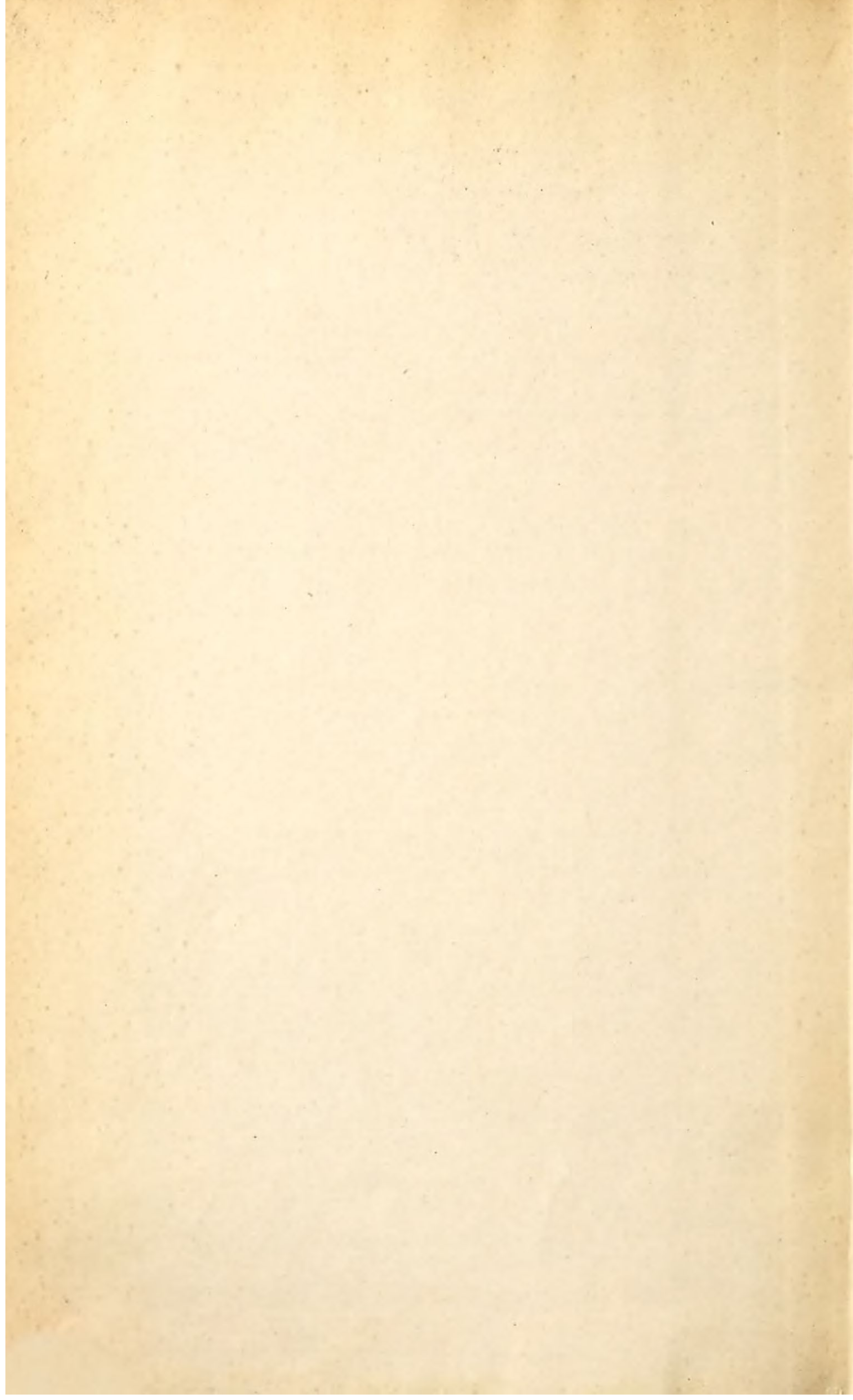
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